

XIUZHEN
SHIJI

荒岛求生

方想 著

LANXIAO WARRIORS

左莫此时充满了斗志，就像打了鸡血一般，这个时候不要说来一个凝脉期，便是来个金丹期，他也会噼里啪啦冲上去，把对方剥了！

修真世界 3



修真世界 点击量过亿

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弱肉强食的世界
一个失去记忆的
『问题少年』
引爆最炫修真风！

World of Cultivation

(修真世界)

Volume 03

Seeking Survival On A Desolate Island

Fang Xiang

(方想)

Story Description:

An unknown disciple from a small sect battling against the strongest in the cultivation world! The long journey working at cultivation, the realization of destiny and the chance to reach the apex of the world.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. Zuo Mo is a zombie faced low level cultivator in a minor sect of a little world. Ever since he was picked up by the sect leader two years ago, he has no memories of his earlier life except a recurring nightmare. Navigating the rigid class structure and intricacies of the cultivation world, as one of the lowest possible of the lowest class, Zuo Mo's dream is to earn money, and lots of it through being a spiritual plant farmer. A chance occurrence reveals that someone powerful had changed Zuo Mo's features and erased his mind. The money grubbing zombie decides to set out on a journey of cultivation to find out answers. Fate colludes with chance, the drums of war are beating, the ghost of his past is coming... ..

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Chapter 156: Brothers in Difficulty

“Don’t forget”

“Even in death, you must not forget”

... ..

Zuo Mo woke up and slowly opened his eyes. The first thing he noticed was the pain! It was like the bones in his body had been rattled. Just the slightest of movements had caused bone-aching pain. He instantly became docile and motionless.

The familiar fragrance of medicine entered his nose. He instantly realized where this was.

Oh, his life was really bad. It seemed every time he attended a fight, he would enter the Fragrant Ginger Yard. It looked like he was quite heavily wounded this time.

“Cough, Shidi, you’re awake.”

Suddenly, a familiar voice came from his right.

Eldest Shixiong? Zuo Mo instinctively turned his neck to look right. Just as he moved, he couldn’t help but inhale sharply. So painful!

He moved his head with great difficulty. When he saw Eldest Shixiong on a bed not far away at his right, he was instantly shocked.

Lying on the bed where Eldest Shixiong voice came from was a person whose body was entirely bound in bandages with only his eyes left uncovered.

“Eldest Shixiong, is it you?” Zuo Mo asked with uncertainty. This person who was wrapped up like a mummy, was he really the courageous and invincible Eldest Shixiong?

“En.” The person under the bandages responded. It really was him. He said, “You’ve been unconscious the longest. We were all very worried about you.”

“Eldest Shixiong, who wounded you like this?” Zuo Mo asked in

disbelief.

“Ha ha, I fought with Gu Rong Ping, he did this.” Wei Sheng’s tone was relaxed.

Zuo Mo still didn’t quite believe it. “That little white face shouldn’t be this strong!”

“He isn’t much better off.” Wei Sheng smiled. “In the end, I managed to slice him twelve times in succession.”

Hearing this, Zuo Mo sweated. Sliced twelve times even if that little white face was a big carrot, he would have been sliced into a toothpick. However, he felt that this was expected. In the same generation, how could there be anyone who could overpower Eldest Shixiong to the point he could not retaliate?

seeing Eldest Shixiong worse off than he was, his mood which had been down due to his injuries instantly became much better. He felt this way even though Wei Sheng was Zuo Mo’s respected and loved Eldest Shixiong.

Brothers in difficulty

Suddenly, Wei Sheng suddenly shouted in Zuo Mo’s direction, “Luo Shidi, are you better today?”

Zuo Mo unconsciously turned his face to the left.

There was a bed on his left. Luo Li was lying on top. Even though it wasn’t as severe as Eldest Shixiong, but his expression was withered, his complexion pale. It was easy to see he was seriously injured.

So there wasn’t just one brother in difficulty Zuo Mo was struck.

When Luo Li looked at Zuo Mo, his expression was slightly unnatural. Zuo Mo immediately remembered that the person who had wounded Luo Li had been himself. That wondrous state had disappeared, but Zuo Mo clearly remembered what had happened during that time.

If Zuo Mo’s face could move, his expression right now would certainly be extremely unnatural.

Due to the fact he had been in a strange state, he had performed beyond his abilities. Even if he was completely healed and set up the seventy-two child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation again, he might not be able to successfully perform [Moon Chime Sound Storm] successfully one in ten times.

“Is Shixiong better? Luo Li avoided Zuo Mo’s eyes and asked Wei Sheng. His mentality was much better than before. Even though Wei Sheng had once been his sword servant, but right now, he was Wu Kong Sword Sect’s Eldest Shixiong.

Greater power meant a greater status, the rules of the sect had always been so.

Now, no one in Wu Kong Sword Sect would doubt Wei Sheng Shixiong’s strength. Facing Zuo Mo, Luo Li still had some desire to compete, but facing Wei Sheng he had completely submitted.

“Much better.” Wei Sheng’ tone was nothing like that of a seriously wounded patient, extremely optimistic. “After a bit of time, I’ll probably heal.”

The three of them were all severely wounded, unable to move as they laid on the bed.

At the beginning there was a slight barrier between Zuo Mo and Luo Li, but now that they were in the same predicament, their relations gradually improved. After a while, they conversed freely. Before, Zuo Mo hadn’t liked Luo Li. Upon further acquaintance, he found that Luo Li was not as bad as he had imagined. Quite the opposite, in fact. Even though he would unconsciously reveal the pride ingrained in his bones, his personality was straightforward and he was a forthright person.

The two of them had fought two times. Both times, each of them had been seriously wounded. To a certain degree, their relationship was forged in fighting.

The two of them were also full of admiration towards each other’s strength.

Nothing needed to be said of Luo Li to Zuo Mo. Right now, Zuo Mo had become one of the hottest people in Dong Fu. At the end, he had fought one on five, and it had turned into a legend in Dong Fu. No one had saw the one-on-five fight, but everyone had clearly seen the terrifyingly gigantic hole in the Great Pine Pavilion.

Zuo Mo knew how much his strength was really worth. Each time Eldest Shixiong and Luo Li mentioned this matter, his heart was extremely insecure. In his perspective, Luo Li's strength was much stronger than his.

Suddenly remembering this matter, Zuo Mo couldn't help but ask in curiosity, "Shixiong, that day, I seemed to see a woman in front of you, who was that?"

Luo Li was instantly slightly embarrassed. He muttered, "That's my sword spirit."

"So Shidi is walking the road of spirit manifestation." Wei Sheng instantly realized. Seeing Zuo Mo not understanding, and then remembering this guy did not study what he should be, he painstakingly explained. "There are many ways to cultivate the sword, many of them strange. Sword spirit is one of these. It means to nurture the sword essence to made it into a spirit. However..."

He couldn't help but glance at Luo Li several times. "I really didn't see that Luo Shixiong's emotions are pretty sensitive." Seeing Zuo Mo still not understanding, he said with a smile, "People that cultivate a sword spirit mostly have sensitive feelings. This way of the sword uses emotion to enter this path of the sword. When the sword spirit is forming, it needs to use emotion as the guide for the sword spirit to take form."

Zuo Mo finally understood. Luo Li instantly blushed red.

"Our sect is a sword sect. Shidi must not slack off on the sword scriptures." Wei Sheng said to Zuo Mo.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh." Zuo Mo unconcernedly responded. He suddenly thought about the Kun Lun jade scroll, and couldn't help but ask, "This Sword Test Conference, has the rankings come out? Who entered the top ten?"

Wei Sheng shook his head. "Wounded like this, how can we know the situation outside?"

Zuo Mo turned towards Luo Li. Luo Li also shook his head.

Zuo Mo could only say, "I'll ask when Xiao Guo and the others come next time." These past few days, it had been Xiao Guo, Li Ying Feng and the others who had been looking after the three of them. The sect elders were not seen.

The three of them didn't know the ranking for the Sword Test Conference had become a great problem.

Zuo Mo's last move had disrupted the competition. Tian Song Zi saw that the Great Pine Pavilion had been damaged to a such a degree had instantly stopped the competition. No competitor had opposed the decision. Having seen the terrifying collision with their own eyes, they didn't have any more interest in competing.

Many of the xiuzhe that rushed to the explosion had been left shocked, dazed, and withered. What was even more unexpected was that the time those people spent with a low mood was much longer than others had imagined. Their elders started to become worried.

From this, it could be seen just how much of a blow that world-shattering collision had given them!

For Tian Song Zi who was hosting the Sword Test Conference, there were more things that caused a headache for him. He could slowly fix the damage in the Great Pine Pavilion but he must immediately solve the problem of the Sword Test Conference's ranking.

This was an extremely troublesome problem!

Because the competition had been stopped in the middle, the number of people in the Great Pine Pavilion was far more than ten. These competitors were also all people of some strength. Wei Sheng and Gu Rong Ping had both been wounded and became unconscious. The other spectacular competitor, Zuo Mo, also was seriously wounded and unconscious.

It was not easy to rank the first ten.

The reason that the four of Pei Yuan Ran and the others were absent was due to this matter.

Who could imagine a group of jindan experts in a room shouting furiously like a group of children. Some slammed the table, others sword, some bounced back and forth. It was very boisterous.

After Pei Yuan Ran and the others left Dong Fu Hall, even if they were of astounding cultivation, there was tiredness on their faces.

Su was lying on the bed. Even now, there was a layer of black gauze over her face.

“Do you feel better today?” Lin Qian asked attentively.

Su nodded and didn’t speak.

Lin Qian’s expression was full of self-blame. He took out a jade bottle and said gently, “I didn’t think you would be wounded this time. It is my fault. This Youth Dan will be very beneficial for you. Consume it quickly.”

Su’s body gently shook.

Her gaze stared at the jade bottle in Lin Qian’s hand.

She had heard of the name Youth Dan. It was an extremely rare and expensive lingdan, especially suited for female xiu to consume. It had great benefits for cultivation. Using it to heal, she felt it was a great waste.

“Who really are you?” Su’s gaze moved from the jade bottle to Lin Qian as she asked coldly.

She had heard the name of the Youth Dan but she was also very clear about its rarity. Heart Lake Sword Sect might be the top tier sect in Sky Moon Jie, but such a high grade lingdan such as Youth Dan wasn’t something they could possess.

She had always assumed that Lin Qian was a disciple of one of the elders, but when he took out the Youth Dan, she suddenly realized that Lin Qian definitely couldn't be a disciple of her sect.

Then the other question was, where did the sect token in Lin Qian's hand come from?

What goal did he have?

Su's gaze was like an arrow. Lin Qian laughed lightly, his expression normal. He gently put the Youth Dan in front of Su. "I am not Shimei's enemy."

He then asked, "The matter I asked last time, does Shimei have the result?"

Seeing the calmness on Lin Qian's face, Su hesitated and shook her head, saying, "It's not him."

Lin Qian did not seem surprised at this result. He nodded. "Many thanks, Shimei. Shimei, please relax and rest. As to forging your sword, you can give it to this one. I will not disappoint Shimei."

Finishing, he left.

Su looked at the figure that disappeared outside the door and felt this person was even more mysterious.

In a distant mountain valley of Ling Ying Sect, there were two people speaking. It was Chang Heng and the yellow-faced man. The expressions of the two seemed untouched, but their complexion and alertness was much worse than before the competition.

The two of them had not escaped unscathed. They had been wounded to various degrees.

"This is what you need." The yellow-faced man handed over a jade scroll.

Chang Heng took over the jade scroll. Without looking, he put it away.

The yellow-faced man saw Chang Heng didn't move and said in satisfaction, "This is the first half. It's the deposit. After the matter is concluded, I'll give you the other half. I'll notify you of the general time."

Chang Heng nodded and said expressionlessly, "Alright."

Finishing, he turned and left.

*

Translator Ramblings:

Wei Sheng has become a mummy. Luo Li has the ghost. It's a band of monsters, the zombie, the mummy and the ghost.

Chapter 157: Unexpected

When Zuo Mo, Wei Sheng, and Luo Li saw the sect leader and the other shishu, they instantly became obedient.

“Humph, you guys are very good. Went to attend a Sword Test Conference and not one of you came back whole.” Shi Feng Rong who had been working tirelessly saw these three and her already bad mood became even worse. The responsibility to heal the three had all landed on her head.

The three shook in fear. Shi Feng Rong might be the youngest of the sect elders, but in reality, the outcome to having offended Fourth Shigu was very bad.

Pei Yuan Ran and the others did not have good complexions. Everyone that was dragged to Dong Fu Hall had to shout and sort out the mess naturally were not in good moods. Even more, these three disciples were seriously wounded. The expenses were very high.

“Alright, alright.” Yan Le came out to smooth things over. “Really, you guys got yourselves into this state. As your elders, how can we not worry? You have to remember there is no meaning in one victory or defeat. As long as you are alive, you always have the chance to take it back. But if you don’t have a life, what does victory mean?”

The three murmured.

Pei Yuan Ran’s expression relaxed slightly and took over, “Your Shishu is right. You have to remember this. You are the hope of the sect. In the future, the prosperity of the sect rests on you. If you do not take care of your body, you will fail the teachings the sect has given you. Ha ha, but you guys were very good this time. The rankings for the Sword Test Conference have been finalized. The situation was special so the final rankings were calculated using the jindan elder’s judgement. All three of you are in the top ten. Wei Sheng second, Zuo Mo third, Luo Li seventh.”

Luo Li couldn’t help ask, “Didn’t we lose and were unconscious?”

Pei Yuan Ran narrated the situation after the Sword Test Conference had ended before Wei Sheng and Luo Li understood. When they looked at Zuo Mo, it was like they were looking at a monster. This guy was the true criminal for the ending of the competition!

Zuo Mo's head was dazed, his eyes were blank. Kun Lun introductory formation jade scroll. He had given up hope on obtaining it for a long time now, but the sect leader was telling him that he was ranked third. This meant that the jade scroll was basically his!

"Who's first?" Wei Sheng asked.

"It's Gu Rong Ping." Pei Yuan Ran glanced at Wei Sheng. Afraid the other couldn't bear it, he explained, "Gu Rong Ping's level might not be as high as you, but he suppressed you. If it really was truly a matter of life and death, the likelihood of him winning is bigger." In reality, he still had something he didn't say. Heart Lake Sword Sect was the first ranked major sect in Sky Moon Jie, how could the others not give them some face?

"That's right." Wei Sheng nodded, unconcerned. "Gu Rong Ping really is the strongest opponent I encountered. I learned many things this time."

Seeing Wei Sheng's mind was so open, Pei Yuan Ran was very comforted.

Luo Li wanted to speak when he suddenly saw Xin Yan Shibo stare with icy eyes at Zuo Mo. He instantly didn't dare to speak.

Did Xin Yan Shibo have some opinion about Zuo Mo Shidi? He was slightly puzzled. Rationally, Zuo Shidi's performance this time could be labeled spectacular. Why wasn't Xin Yan Shibo satisfied?

He peeked at Zuo Mo and found the other's eyes were unfocused as though the other had wandered away. These few days, the three of them had grown their relationship. Luo Li couldn't help but panic on Zuo Mo's behalf. He wanted to speak to remind him, but the words shrunk back when it came to his moth.

Xin Yan Shibo's gaze was really sharp, even sharper than a flying sword!

Zuo Mo gradually came out of his shock and instinctively asked, "What

time can we get the prizes?”

Once the words came out, the four elders stopped speaking, their faces becoming dark.

Zuo Mo finally came back to his body. Seeing the sect leader and others have faces blacker than the bottom of a pot, he shook.

Not good!

The four of them stared unkindly at Zuo Mo, causing him to have goosebumps.

No one expected the first person to break the pressuring mood was Xin Yan Shibo. However, once he opened, it was like the wind of the tundra sweeping through the room, the temperature freezing, “Good! Very good! Extremely good!”

After three “good”, without another word, Xin Yan Shibo turned and left.

Pei Yuan Ran and Yan Le did not have good expressions. The two turned and left. Shi Feng Rong’s face was black. Her eyes looked as though she was going to skin Zuo Mo alive.

Zuo Mo was very good at deciphering people’s expressions. Seeing Master’s expression, the bad feeling inside shot up, and he murmured, “Master”

“Very good!” Shi Feng Rong snorted coldly, turning to leave.

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck.

The suddenly change also scared Wei Sheng and Luo Li. When had the two ever seen the elders so angry?

Wei Sheng hesitated before asking, “Shidi, what did you do?”

“Yeah!” Luo Li couldn’t resist. “Everyone’s angry at you! You’re going to die!”

Anyway Zuo Mo heard it, this guy’s words were full of laughter at his misfortunes. However, he wasn’t in the mood to attend to that guy. Thinking about the “good” that Xin Yan Shibo had said, his heart

trembled.

Just offending Master, his days would be difficult. This was good. In one stroke, he had completely offended all the elders, and from the tone, it seemed to be pretty severe.

What made Zuo Mo even more depressed was that, up until now, he didn't even understand where the problem was.

Theoretically, his display this time wasn't bad. Zuo Mo's heart shook.

Only Wei Sheng looked thoughtful.

Zuo Mo had no solution to the anger his Master, shishu, and the sect leader held. However, he was extremely easy-going. Knowing that it was useless to worry, he didn't think about it any further. Thinking about the Kun Lun introductory formation jade scroll that was going to be in his hands soon, the worry in his heart was washed away.

As Shi Feng Rong had come back from Dong Fu Hall, the speed the three healed at increased greatly. After a few days, they could all stand and move. They only needed to calm down and rest for a while before they fully recovered. Already sick of lying on the bed, the three went to take a breather outside.

On the mountain peak, the wind was very strong. The three of them enjoyed it immensely. Only after being stuck on the bed for so long did they know how pleasurable it was to have the cold wind blowing like this.

Looking at the figures hard at work below, Wei Sheng sighed, "Our sect is going to prosper!!

The mood of Wu Kong Sword Sect had transformed completely. Along the mountain valleys and in the woods, there were always figures of Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples working hard. All the disciple's eyes were full of admiration and respect when they saw the three of them.

The present Wu Kong Sword Sect was full of vitality and growth. The faces of the disciples were filled with confidence and motivation that they never had before. In their eyes this vitality Wei Sheng and the others could see hope, hope and longing for the future of their sect!

As they walked through the mountain, the three of them deeply felt it.

Luo Li nodded. "Not bad, after this Sword Test Conference, our sect's position in Sky Moon Jie is set, we are unable to be stopped!" His eyes also flashed with yearning and hope. The prosperity of the sect meant the core disciples would get the greatest benefits. Cultivation was not an empty building. Without jingshi, without materials, without spells, it was impossible to catch up to other people's cultivation speeds.

Zuo Mo was slightly unfocused, his thought wandering.

"Shidi, what are you thinking?" Wei Sheng noticed Zuo Mo's absentmindedness.

Zuo Mo focused and disguised, "I'm calculating what time I can get the prize."

Wei Sheng couldn't help but grin.

Luo Li's face was also helpless. But he then asked curiously, "You are so greedy, but why did you pick such a crappy item. There are so many good talismans." Wei Sheng and Luo Li had been very surprised by the jade scroll that Zuo Mo had picked. They had all assumed that Zuo Mo would pick a fourth-grade talismans, or at the very least, the finest third-grade talisman. They hadn't expected that he would be a non-descript jade scroll.

Zuo Mo rolled his eyes. "If you don't understand, don't talk."

Luo Li was not angry. He remembered just how ugly the sect leader and the others looked when Zuo Mo had requested the jade scroll, and managed to understand why the sect leader and the others were so angry.

He met Wei Sheng's eyes and smiled. The two of them did not warn Zuo Mo.

Able to walk and move around, the three of them quickly moved back to their own residences. No one was willing to keep staying in Fragrant Ginger Yard.

Zuo Mo moved back to his Little West Wind Yard.

Lazily soaking in the sun, when he occasionally raised his head, he could see Silly Bird on the roof top posturing and showing off. If it was any other time, Zuo Mo definitely would have thrown a stone. But there was a period of time since they saw each other. He found it was quite endearing.

Xiao Guo was slicing up all kinds of fruits for Shixiong. Li Ying Feng Shijie had brought over the fruit. Li Ying Feng and Zuo Mo were chatting.

“Ha ha, Shidi should quickly recover. This time, Shidi really shocked everyone. Everyone was left speechless when the ranking came out.” Li Ying Feng suddenly thought of something. She smiled and said, “Nan Men Yang entered Dong Fu Hall and became Yu Bai’s shidi. As to Zong Ming Yan, supposedly he is very seriously wounded. Shidi has become the most unwelcome person of Dong Qi Sword Sect. Dong Fu has been very boring recently. Everyone is healing. The prices of recovery medicines of the market have been skyrocketing”

Zuo Mo chomped at the fruit, the juices flying as he mumbled, “Doesn’t matter, it has nothing to do with me... ..”

Li Ying Feng smiled and said, “Shidi needs to recover faster. There’s many people that have come to my shop to ask if Shidi is taking orders. Shidi’s reputation in formations has passed through all of Sky Moon Jie. Adding on your fame from the Golden Crow Pill, there has been many people that have placed orders.”

Zuo Mo became alert. No news other than this could make him more excited!

Right now, he was penniless!

The gigantic formation belt he set up in the Sword Test Conference had almost taken up all the materials he had bought from the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion. The prize he had picked was a jade scroll, and there wasn't one piece of jingshi there.

So when he heard Li Ying Feng's news, his eyes became green.

However, he thought and then shook his head. "This has to wait until my wounds heal."

"That's natural." Li Ying Feng said. "Shidi needs to rest and recover. When your body is good, you will have everything. Right, Elder Tian Song Zi suddenly announced two days ago that the local xiuzhe who entered the top one hundred are allowed to enter the secret realm."

"Secret realm?" Zuo Mo's eyes were wide. He said in disbelief, "Dong Fu Hall has a secret realm? They can bear to let us enter?"

"Yes! Supposedly, it is to nurture the local younger generation. Elder Tian Song Zi especially made the decision," Li Ying Feng said.

The two chatted for a bit more but Zuo Mo wasn't interested in chatting after Li Ying Feng's weighty news. Seeing the situation, Li Ying Feng left behind a lot of healing lingdan and left.

Seeing off Li Ying Feng, Zuo Mo pushed Xiao Guo to practice the sword. He then sunk into thought.

That same day, he made a decision -- seclusion!

Chapter 158: Seclusion

Zuo Mo did not impulsively decide to enter into seclusion training.

The wounds on his body were mostly healed. The only thing left was rest. He needed to calm down and organize what he had gained and lost this time. This Sword Test Conference, what he had encountered was much more than he had originally imagined. Only now did he have the time to think about it.

There were many things he wanted to ask Pu Yao, like splitting his consciousness. But when he had first opened his eyes after the conference, he found that Pu Yao was in the middle of meditation. No matter how he shouted and tried to get Pu to respond, it was useless. He could only work it out himself.

There were too many things that he needed to think deeply about.

Another important reason that he decided to enter seclusion was the news that Li Ying Feng had about the secret realm. Zuo Mo knew what a secret realm was. Because he knew it was a rare opportunity, he decided to enter seclusion!

There would be many opportunities inside the secret realm. If he was lucky and found some rare materials, he would really make a profit. But it would be wrong to think of the secret realm as his own ling fields. Tian Song Zi was allowing everyone to explore the secret realm and this suggested that this secret realm was still unexplored because if it had already been explored and all the rare materials had been taken away then there would be no meaning to letting people explore it again.

In the secret realm, other than the opportunities, what was more prominent was the danger. Secret realms were usually guarded by yao beasts. The more rare and valuable the item, the stronger the guardian yao beast was.

Other than yao beasts, what was harder to defend against was the hearts of people. Direct benefits meant direct conflicts of interest. Different from the competition of the Great Pine Pavilion, there would not be judges, no

one calling a stop to fights. The fighting would be even more straightforward and bare. If someone killed for treasure, Zuo Mo wouldn't be surprised.

The world was like this! But it would be too stupid not to attend due to this risk.

To be able to gain something, other than being lucky, it required strength.

He might have been ranked third but he knew his own strength. Luck was a major factor in his third place ranking. The formations that he was skilled in were not suited for fighting. He guessed that the sect leader would have the three disciples from their sect to move together at that time. Undoubtedly, the three pronged trident of Wu Kong Sword Sect would form the strongest team. After them, it would probably be the team of Yu Bai and Nan Men Yang.

However, Zuo Mo didn't want to drag the others down. Other xiuzhe may avoid them due to their strength, but those yao beasts wouldn't recognize them.

There were too many comprehensions from this Sword Test Conference that he needed to organize. He also needed to do a thorough examination of his Five Colored Pagoda.

Pu Yao was always unreliable at the most crucial times, Zuo Mo thought irritably.

Wu Kong Hall.

"He's in seclusion?" Pei Yuan Ran said.

Other than Xin Yan who was still cold and unaffected, the other two appeared to have a headache.

Yan Le rubbed his forehead and said, "He does need to seclude himself

and ponder the experiences he received this time.”

“Ponder what?” Shi Feng Rong was furious when it was mentioned. She clearly remembered the mockery from the audience. “Ponder his formations? Or ponder how to make jingshi?” When she remembered how Zuo Mo had asked when the prizes were being awarded when he heard he was third, anger poured out of her heart.

Why did she have such a greedy disciple who didn’t like the sword?

She couldn’t help but peek at the cold Second Shixiong, the anger in her heart growing even stronger. She knew that Second Shixiong was really angry this time.

This little ruffian, he made Second Shixiong angry! Shi Feng Rong raged. She decided to find a chance to sort out this lawless guy.

“No matter. Let him enter seclusion.” Xin Yan suddenly opened to the surprise of everyone else. They had grown together from childhood and knew each other very well. It just wasn’t Shi Feng Rong who saw he was angry.

Seeing Zuo Mo continuing to delve further into formations and not study what was right, Xin Yan did not stop him. According to their thinking, Xin Yan should personally have gone and grabbed Zuo Mo, severely punishing him and then guide him onto the proper path.

Wu Kong Hall was a patch of silence. Everyone was shocked at Xin Yan’s attitude.

In the silence, Xin Yan’s cold and pressuring voice echoed.

“I will make him understand why sword xiu can unite and lead the world of cultivation!”

“Wu Kong Formation Sect! He can’t go”

The murderous and dark voice made the other three shudder. Sympathy came onto their faces.

Zuo Mo didn't know at this time just how decisive Xin Yan Shibo's resolution was. He quickly received his prize. Just like he had imagined, this jade scroll came into his hands without a problem. His choice surprised many people. The Sword Test Conference might have finished but the events of the Sword Test Conference still made waves in Dong Fu.

There were praises, and mockery. Zuo Mo's choice was the most unexpected choice in the top ten.

Whatever this Scalping Zombie did always surprised people.

Zuo Mo was not concerned with this. With the jade scroll in his possess, he had no more cares, perfect for seclusion.

He burrowed into the stone room, and entered meditation.

Inspecting the situation inside his body, he found his state was bad. The wounds he received this time were much more severe than he had imagined. Under Master's care, the channels in his body had basically healed, but compared to him at his peak, they had shrunk.

Zuo Mo decided to nurture of his channels.

It was not difficult to nurture channels. It was only using ling power to slowly permeate the channels and re-awaking the vitality inside. However, it was a detailed job and especially demanded patience.

Luckily, Zuo Mo was not in a rush. Slowly nurturing the channels, he took the chance and examined his own body in detail.

The ling power would be absorbed by the mo matrix automatically when it came close to him. The mo matrix would automatically take in ling power. What Zuo Mo marveled at was that the mo matrix, other than automatically taking in ling energy, it was like a filter and automatically purified the power.

Tempering ling power was a step that was unavoidable in cultivation. Ling power that was not purified was not only unable to be used, but could also harm the body.

But with the marvelous mo matrix, Zuo Mo did not need to spend time on purification.

The problem of storing ling power was still unresolved. The ling power would be absorbed through the mo matrix into the body, circulate through the channels, and dissipate inside the body. The greatest storage place inside his body for ling power was his dantian. Compared to the ling power that was absorbed into his body, it could only be considered a small pond.

The remaining ling power was unable to be stored. They flowed along the channels and dissipated into the body.

Normal xiuzhe needed to spend long periods of time to absorb ling power, tempering it over and over to purify it. It would take a long time to fill the dantian.

But Zuo Mo felt the problem was not this.

If a xiuzhe was a container, and the amount of things this container could hold became smaller, then it definitely was a problem with the container. In other words, something was likely wrong with the dantian. His thoughts were very clear.

As expected, when he focused his attention on his dantian, he finally understood why his cultivation would increase so slowly.

The dantian was like a pool, and the ling power the water inside the pool. However, this pool was marvelous in that, as the water rose, the walls of the pool would also rise. That way, the ling power stored inside the body would increase. However, the problem was with the mo matrix. He didn't know what that a**hole, Pu Yao, was thinking! One region of the mo matrix coincidentally passed through his dantian.

It was like there were two holes in the wall of a pool and once the water inside the pool rose above the height of the holes, the water would be lost. His ling power was spilling out through the holes. These two holes were not small, so even though there was water constantly added to the pool, the height of water inside the pool would not rise.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but grimace.

He really had tasted the bitterness of low cultivation in the Sword Test Conference. His cultivation was not enough, it meant that he had no strength to face someone else in the open. Tricks may be hard for people to deal with, but if he used them too many times, it wouldn't work.

Damn it!

Even though he knew what the problem was, he didn't know what to do.

Changing the dantian wasn't something a person like him who was just in zhuji could accomplish.

Without any other solution, he could only open his eyes.

He could only slowly work on the problem of cultivation. It was useless to rush. He could only comfort himself with the fact that finally knew what the problem was, now he only had to slowly think of a solution.

Compared to the pause in his ling power, his consciousness had rising quickly and without his knowledge, he had broken through to Fifth Breath. In the void above his sea of consciousness, there was another star.

In reality, before the Sword Test Conference, Zuo Mo didn't have many good feelings about the [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. It may have been able to increase ling power, but its primary effect was strengthening the consciousness. For Zuo Mo, the consciousness had been far less important than ling power. Even more, it was strong in cultivating his consciousness, but there was no way to use his consciousness. In a person as pragmatic as Zuo Mo's eyes, it was useless.

But now, Zuo Mo placed much more importance on [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] than any other scripture or spell.

That strange and indescribable state, the ethereal star dust, the feeling as though it was a part of his body

Zuo Mo looked at the Five Colored Pagoda in his hand. A feeling rose as though it was connected to his blood. The little pagoda was like a part of his body, intimate and familiar.

The other reason he entered seclusion was for the Five Colored Pagoda. In the fight during that last great clash, he had been severely wounded, and the Five Colored Pagoda had also received severe damage. He had Master to help heal him, but only he could work on the damage of the Five Colored Pagoda.

The Five Colored Pagoda was dim and dull, and had cracks over the body. If it wasn't for the feeling of connectedness that existed between them, Zuo Mo would be suspicious that this wasn't his Five Colored Pagoda.

Feeling the weakness passed on by the Five Colored Pagoda, Zuo Mo couldn't help but reach out and caress the Five Colored Pagoda.

He closed his eyes, his mind sinking into the Five Colored Pagoda.

Entering the Five Colored Pagoda, he jumped in fright.

Inside the Five Colored Pagoda, the five balls of five element essence were all dim, so faint that they appeared to be able to vanish at any moment.

The ball of consciousness weakly floated in the middle of the five balls of elemental essence without any of the liveliness of before. If the Five Colored Pagoda had been the beginnings of a five element world before, then this five element world was now on the edge of disintegration!

Zuo Mo's expression was terrible. The situation was worse than he had imagined!

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Translator Ramblings: I feel this chapter is the true analysis of Zuo Mo's fight. He's not being humble, he's very realistic. Nothing is worth more than his life. At the same time, Pu Yao is not the internet or Zuo Mo's personal assistant. It's probably better that Zuo Mo is able to stand on his own without Pu Yao's constant help.

Chapter 159: Gains

The power of the Five Colored Pagoda had left a deep impression on Zuo Mo.

What was most precious was the feeling of connectedness as though it was his arm or finger. He had never felt the same with other talismans. It was hard to determine just how much he had imprinted on it, but it was now the most powerful talisman in Zuo Mo's possession.

In Zuo Mo's eyes, it wasn't just a talisman. It could control the formations. Didn't that mean that he had an extra set of hands?

He also had a feeling inside that if the Five Colored Pagoda really was ruined, he would also be affected. There were never such beneficial and fortuitous incidents in this world. If it was connected deeply to him as though it were his arms, then if his arms broke, how could he be unaffected?

No matter the cost, he needed to fix the Five Colored Pagoda.

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth. He took out all the materials from his ring and threw them inside the Pagoda.

The Five Colored Pagoda seemed extremely hungry. When the materials left his hands, they were sucked away.

One by one, the materials entered the Five Colored Pagoda and were deconstructed and converted into the five elemental essences.

Zuo Mo saw the materials flow like water into the Five Colored Pagoda and felt pain. These materials were all bought with large sums of jingshi. Now, they had all been fed to the Five Colored Pagoda. However, what comforted him slightly was this solution was extremely effective. The cracks on the body of the Five Colored Pagoda slowly disappeared with speed visible to the naked eye.

He could feel the five element world inside the Five Colored Pagoda being supplied by large amounts of five element essence and gradually stabilize.

But

The empty ring left Zuo Mo with a feeling of heartache.

Competing in the Sword Test Conference had completely cost him all his wealth. He had an impulse to spit blood.

What he wanted to spit blood at even more was the Five Colored Pagoda hadn't fully recovered even as the last bit of material was absorbed. Compared to the pagoda's original condition, it was still much dimmer in color. Heavens, how large of a quantity of materials would be needed to completely repair it?!

How much jingshi would that require... ..

Zuo Mo didn't just have any jingshi, and he had no materials left at all. It's been a long time since he was so poor!

Just at this time, a ball of substance that appeared to be grey mud flew out of the Five Colored Pagoda into Zuo Mo's palm.

Hm! Zuo Mo stilled. This was the first time he had seen the Five Colored Pagoda spit something out. Quickly, the Five Colored Pagoda passed on information that allowed him to understand what this grey mud was.

Everything belonged to the five elements, this was an extremely broad generalization. In this world, there were still a few things that did not belong to the five elements.

The little ball of grey mud in Zuo Mo's hands would be the remnants after the Five Colored Pagoda deconstructed the materials into the five elemental energies. These remains did not belong inside the five elements so it was not absorbed by the Five Colored Pagoda and was pushed out.

The corners of Zuo Mo's eyes jerked!

Eat mine, drink mine, and now shitting on my hand!

The brat, he was lawless!

Burning in rage, he raised his hand to throw the grey mud at the Five Colored Pagoda. The Five Colored Pagoda seemed to know Zuo Mo was angry and skipped away to dodge.

But the hand Zuo Mo raised up suddenly stopped, the anger inside disappearing without a trace.

It did not belong inside the five elements!

Right, this stuff didn't belong inside the five elements!

Five elements contain all. There were extremely small number of things that were not, and without an exception these items were all extremely rare.

These days, what did rarity mean?

One word -- expensive!

Zuo Mo suddenly became excited. That's right, the rarer it was, the more expensive it was! The grey mud in his hands was not inside the five elements and definitely should be valuable. Thinking about it, he carefully scraped the mud off his hands into a jade bottle and then put the jade bottle inside a sandalwood box before putting it inside the ring.

Sometime in the future, he should inquire to how much jingshi the grey mud was worth.

The Five Colored Pagoda temporarily stabilized, Zuo Mo's mood was better now that he found another use for the Five Colored Pagoda.

Looking at the Five Colored Pagoda, he was reminded of his consciousness and the stardust the stars in his consciousness had slowly scattered. However, when he inspected his consciousness, there had not been any change. That was normal. With the slow speed that the stars shed off star dust, it would take a long time for the star dust to spread into the entirety of his consciousness.

Zuo Mo speculated a large amount of stardust was needed to create evident change. Of course, it could also just be his dream. Maybe there would not be a change at all.

He quickly threw the problem of the consciousness to one side.

Formations. His abilities with formations had surprised people, and also increased his confidence. Whenever he thought about the peerless power

of the [Moon Chime Sound Storm] of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], he still couldn't help but become excited!

One against five, each person multiple times stronger than him. Even if it was only one move, and it was the Five Colored Pagoda controlling it, even if it was a fight inside the formation belt

Even so, that battle was something that he would never have been able to imagine before. Even now, he still felt it was like a dream.

If he had a deeper understanding of formations, if his control could be stronger, if he had been more careful in setting the formations

A fight like that could appear again, it could be copied.

Even more, he now had an introductory formation jade scroll from Kun Lun!

Suddenly, Zuo Mo was full of confidence about the future.

Xiao Guo absentmindedly practiced the sword. Shixiong was in seclusion. For some reason, when Shixiong was absent, her motivation to practice the sword was much less.

This was not right, Xiao Guo told herself.

But the sword in her hand was still so heavy, and her steps weak.

"You have to concentrate when practicing the sword!" A voice came from behind her.

Xiao Guo's movements stopped. Turning, her apple face was full of joyful surprise. "Shixiong!"

Zuo Mo tapped Xiao Guo's head, taking on the mannerism of a shixiong to lecture, "Not concentrating on practicing the sword, do you want to be disciplined? En, look at your sword, so weak, it only has the appearance"

Seeing Shixiong continue on, spit flying, Xiao Guo's eyes couldn't help but smile into two crescent moons.

After lecturing Xiao Guo, Zuo Mo laid down on the lounge chair lazily, without any awareness of being a role model. Silly Bird stared disdainfully at Zuo Mo and continued to preen her own feathers.

The feeling of the sun on his body was so good.

"Shixiong, you finished your seclusion?" Xiao Guo timidly asked.

"Oh, yes, it's done." Zuo Mo stretched lazily, closing his eyes and enjoying the warm sunshine.

He had gained greatly from this seclusion.

Kun Lun was really Kun Lun!

Each time it was mentioned, Zuo Mo was full of awe for this legendary sect. He had rejoiced countless times that he had chosen this jade scroll and how wise he was. Just an introductory formation jade scroll but it contained so many kinds of formations. The first time he read the jade scroll, he was completely stunned.

In his eyes, this jade scroll had the qualifications to be called the [The Complete Book Of Basic Formations]!

Zuo Mo could be considered to be a hobbyist in collecting jade scrolls but he had never thought that a jade scroll could contain such rich and comprehensive content. In comparison, the jade scrolls of the sect were so simple and rough it was embarrassing.

Inside the formation, there were more than two hundred types of basic formations, and there were all kinds of analyses.

These analyses that came from the Kun Lun formation experts had broadened Zuo Mo's vision. All of his own ideas that he had been very proud of had been encompassed in the breadth of the jade scroll. Just a few phrases on each formation were sharp as a knife, pinpointing the essence of each profound and cryptic formation. Each formation was easily deconstructed and their relation to each other was revealed with

clarity.

Zuo Mo was entranced.

This wasn't learning, it was a peerless pleasure!

The moment he picked up the jade scroll, he could not stop himself from delving in.

Without sleep or rest, nor drink and food, he muttered to himself like he was sleep-talking, and laughed excitedly like he was insane.

When he finished reading the last analysis in the jade scroll, he was extremely depressed.

An introductory jade scroll could have such power!

What he gained was multiple times what he had imagined. He was like a child that had been swimming in a pond and suddenly saw the ocean.

"Is Shixiong going to seclusion again?" Xiao Guo asked timidly.

"Oh, no. There's no jingshi to get in seclusion." Zuo Mo lazily said. He suddenly thought of a question and asked, "Where are Eldest Shixiong and Luo Li Shixiong? What are they busy with?"

Hearing that Zuo Mo wasn't going back into seclusion, Xiao Guo's eyes turned to crescents. "Eldest Shixiong and Luo Li Shixiong are all in seclusion."

Zuo Mo made a sound of acknowledgement. He wasn't surprised.

Dong Fu.

The Sword Test Conference had finished. All the experts went back to their own homes. Dong Fu instantly became less lively. Of course, compared to the Dong Fu of the past, it was much more prosperous. This year's Sword Test Conference had caused Dong Fu to stand out in the thirteen primary towns.

Not long in the future, it would be the time Tian Song Zi promised to open the secret realm. Even though they could not attend, but many still stayed, especially those who desperately needed certain hard to obtain materials. What secret realms were most famous for was producing all kinds of treasures. Larger material merchants also sent people to wait.

Zuo Mo rode Silly Bird, and headed straight to the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion.

There were many more people in the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion which surprised him. Coming for the second time, he was not as cautious as before.

Welcoming Zuo Mo was still the same storekeeper as last time.

When he saw Zuo Mo, he congratulated, "Congratulations, congratulations! Mister Zuo really is extraordinary. That last attack made my heart stop!" Then he pushed his voice lower and said, "Hee hee, many thanks to Mister Zuo!"

Zuo Mo stilled. "How so?"

"Hee hee, Mister Zuo had great skill to forge the Five Colored Pagoda into a soul tethered talisman! Our store also has benefited!"

Zuo Mo finally understood. However, what he realized was not the increase in the customers, but why the Five Colored Pagoda was so powerful now. So it had become his soul tethered talisman!

To a guy like him who had made "deep study" of talismans, how could he not know soul tethered talismans?

Soul tethered talisman

He was slightly excited but did not show it on his face. Just like usual, he grasped the main point. "Ha, that's great. In the future, give me a bit of a discount!"

Hearing this, the storekeeper could only laugh along.

Zuo Mo was not concerned, asking, "Is Miss Su here?"

"Yes, please come with me!" The storekeeper hurriedly reached forward

to usher him, clearly having already received orders.

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Translator Ramblings: Seclusion means a power-up it's almost a universal rule.

Chapter 160: Intense Fire Dan

Su had been waiting for Zuo Mo for a long time.

Even though she was uncertain that Zuo Mo would aid her since she had not helped Zuo Mo like originally planned. She waited rather than going to Wu Kong Mountain due to her trust in Lin Qian. For some unknown reason this extremely mysterious youth instilled her with confidence.

“When do we begin?” Zuo Mo asked.

“I’m not in a hurry.” A jade bottle appeared on Su’s hand. “This is Fort Chao’s Intense Fire Dan. Consume it first, I’ll help you stabilize the medicine power.”

He hesitated but still took the jade bottle. Opening it, he could feel a wave of heat flood out of the jade bottle. Lying inside were beads that seemed to be carved out of red jade.

The Stalagmite fire was a cold fire. The fire power in this Intense Fire Dan was clearly hot fire. The two were of completely different attributes. It would most likely be troublesome to merge them together.

However, Zuo Mo still decided to try because he had consumed the Golden Crow Pills which contained the Golden Crow Fire which was also a hot fire.

The two sat in the seclusion room with Su positioned behind Zuo Mo.

“Intense Fire Dan was made from underground lava. It contains Lava Earth Fire and is extremely domineering. You have to be careful.” Su did not waste words, putting her hand on Zuo Mo’s back.

Zuo Mo shoved an Intense Fire Dan into his mouth.

Once the Intense Fire Dan entered his mouth, it turned to an extremely hot stream of energy. This hot stream was boiling like it was lava. Zuo Mo felt as though it would burn through his body.

As expected, it truly was domineering!

Not daring to slack off, Zuo Mo hurriedly channeled ling power to

surround this bright red hot stream! If he allowed this hot stream to run rampant through his body, it would quickly damage his channels.

Zuo Mo's skin that was exposed to the air suddenly became bright red like glowing hot metal.

Su didn't dare to slack off either, channeling ling power to carefully permeate Zuo Mo's body.

Zuo Mo detected ling power entering from his back. He did not panic but carefully inspected it. His consciousness was extremely large. Since his body was definitely his home field, he easily saw through Su's ling power.

Such a strange ling power! Zuo Mo couldn't help but be interested.

Su's ling power was not flowing like water, but like countless moving strands. It seemed to be composed of countless little fish into schools and was extremely unique. He remembered that Su's sword scripture was magnetic power. Was this the trick to it?

Zuo Mo noted it down.

Su could never dream that as she helped Zuo Mo digest the medicinal power, Zuo Mo managed to comprehend some of the intricacies of her ling power. It really wasn't that she was inattentive, but Zuo Mo's present consciousness was far outside of the expectations of normal people. Who would think a zhuji would have such a large consciousness?

Zuo Mo finally experienced just how great the gap was between ningmai and zhuji.

Su's ling power was not fierce, but it was endless. When the domineering Intense Fire Dan was surrounded by this ling power, it was unable to move.

Zuo Mo knew it was time for him to act!

What Su could do was help him stabilize the medicinal power, but only he could process it.

He didn't immediately let his ling power stream over, but used his consciousness to inspect the strong and domineering medicinal power.

Su carefully controlled her ling power. Since it was inside Zuo Mo's body, her control was greatly decreased.

After a moment, Zuo Mo's ling power was still motionless without any intentions of going forward.

Why wasn't he doing anything? She furrowed her brows. She didn't understand why Zuo Mo was procrastinating. Did he not know how to process medicinal power?

Just as she felt puzzled, Zuo Mo's ling power suddenly moved.

Two thin tendrils of ling power charged at the medicinal power she was stabilizing.

Just this little bit of ling power?

She was slightly discontent. What was this guy doing? Using this little bit of ling power, how long would it take to process all the medicinal power? She securely held onto the medicinal power but the medicinal power of the Intense Fire Dan was extremely domineering. Even though it was caught in the grasp of her ling power, but it was like the wild beast in a cage and struggled to break free. Her ling power was slowly being consumed, even if the rate was not fast.

At this time, another two streams of ling power went to the back of the medicinal power.

Still not enough!

Su wanted to remind Zuo Mo that processing medicinal power required large amounts of ling power, and for him not to skimp on ling power at this time.

Before she could speak, there was another two streams of ling power!

Two streams!

Another two!

... ..

In an extremely short period of time, Zuo Mo's ling power turned to

eighty something slender streams of ling power.

Su gaped with wide eyes. What, what was this

The scene that took place was completely out of her imagination.

The eighty-something streams of ling power were like extremely slippery earthworms that burrowed into the ling power she had wrapped around the Intense Fire Dan. In the blink of an eye, the domineering and explosive medicinal power was cut by Zuo Mo's tiny ling power into seven or eight pieces.

Looking at the domineering medicinal power slowly nibbled away by those tiny ling power. No, it wasn't nibbling. Even though they moved bit by bit, but the processing speed was extremely fast.

In a short moment, there was only a little bit of the medicinal power left.

Quickly, all the medicinal power of the Intense Fire Dan had been processed.

What remained after processing was a strand of extremely pure deep red fire power. Zuo Mo could feel the terrifying temperature contained in this tiny bit of fire power. It was all the essence of the entire Intense Fire Dan and it was Zuo Mo's target.

It was rare to see such pure fire power, even if it was just a thread. Thinking about what Su had said, that the Intense Fire Dan was made from lava deep underground, it was no wonder that the fire power contained was so pure. In the descriptions of flames in the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter], all kinds of earth fire were not low-grade fire seeds.

This pure thread of earth fire, to him, it was the best "nourishment"!

Zuo Mo carefully controlled the Stalagmite fire. As the Stalagmite fire appeared, a dark and cold presence instantly spread.

The milky white Stalagmite fire quickly wrapped around the thread of deep red earth fire.

One was yin and cold, the other was hot, yet the two strangely merged together. Zuo Mo could clearly feel that a wondrous change had occurred

after the Stalagmite fire had absorbed this thread of earth fire. However, limited by the amount of earth fire, the change could not be clearly seen.

This surprised him. The trouble he had predicted did not occur. The entire merging process was so smooth he was shocked.

There were thirty six Intense Fire Dan. In other words, there were still thirty five threads of earth fire!

He began to feel anticipation. If all thirty six threads of Lava Earth Fire was merged into the Stalagmite fire, what change would occur?

Since there was no problems with the merging, Zuo Mo instantly increased his speed, throwing another Intense Fire Dan into his mouth.

Su steadily stabilized her ling power. Without her notice, a layer of fine sweat appeared on her forehead. She started to feel the burden. Zuo Mo's speed was truly too fast, processing one pill after the next. She didn't have a chance to breathe and rest.

She desired very much to stop but she suppressed it. A ningmai xiuzhe asking a zhuji to stop and rest, she couldn't say it! Even more, all she had to do was just stabilize the medicinal power. The ling power consumed in processing was even greater. Zuo Mo hadn't relented, so how could she?

She could only bear it!

Up until now, she did not understand how Zuo Mo did all this.

It should have been the person doing the processing who used up ling power more quickly, but up until now, after more than ten Intense Fire Dan, Zuo Mo did not show any signs of exhaustion. How was it possible? He was just a zhuji xiuzhe!

Su gritted her teeth. Her ling power was tightly wrapped around the medicinal power of the Intense Fire Dan. Zuo Mo's ling power needed to go through her ling power in order to interact with the medicinal power, so she clearly perceived every movement of Zuo Mo's ling power.

But even if she knew, she still found it impossible.

Zuo Mo used several dozen streams of ling power, each of which was

controlled extremely delicately. It was clear that this was not the first time he had done this. This was the first time she had seen a processing method like Zuo Mo's strange one. She couldn't help but admire Zuo Mo's idea. To cut the medicinal power into multiple parts, dividing before processing. It could greatly increase the efficiency.

What shocked her was those each of the tiny streams of ling power were as sharp as knives. Their power may have been small, but they could easily cut the medicinal power into little pieces.

She had more experience and her cultivation was much higher than Zuo Mo's, so she naturally understood how he accomplished it.

He only needed to find the weakest spot in the medicinal power to achieve this result.

But the crux of the problem was, how could Zuo Mo be so fast and accurate in finding the most fragile place on the medicinal power? Her ling power was wrapped around the medicinal power but she knew she couldn't do such a thing.

Not just her, even her shixiong Gu Rong Ping definitely could not do such a delicate task!

This was probably Zuo Mo's secret!

Having thought it through, the shock in Su's mind gradually faded. Each person had their own skills. A person that displayed such talent at the Sword Test Conference like Zuo Mo, must have some unique talent.

Her mind calming down, she started to admire Zuo Mo's "performance."

Zuo Mo's fine control of ling power truly could live up to the word "performance." Several dozen strands of ling power were being controlled according to his wishes, cooperating among themselves easily like an army. They all had their individual tasks combining to create the larger picture. The explosive and domineering medicinal power in comparison was like a gigantic beast which only looked fierce yet had no substance, and was easily dismembered. The entire process was fast and accurate, clean and crisp without any unnecessary movements.

Seeing them move was a pleasure.

However, this also exposed that Zuo Mo's ling power was not strong. It was beneficial in formations to have strong fine control over ling power, but for sword scriptures, there were not many benefits.

In a short period of time, Su made her conclusion.

In her eyes, Zuo Mo was still strong but this strength was different than others. His weakness was also clear. In other words, Zuo Mo's strength could only be expressed under certain conditions. She thought about the Sword Test Conference and the shocking formation that Zuo Mo had set up. Hadn't he created an environment where he could use his strength?

She couldn't help but shake her head. In her eyes, a strength like Zuo Mo was superficial, he had too many limitations.

Sword cultivation was the correct path. No matter the circumstances, sword xiu could grasp their own fate! Thinking about it, she strengthened her resolve to cultivate the sword, full of anticipation towards the sword billet that was to be forged.

Six hours later, the last Intense Fire Dan landed in his stomach and quickly turned into a thread of Lava Earth Fire.

As the thirty-sixth thread of Lava Earth Fire merged, the Stalagmite fire suddenly changed!

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Translator Ramblings: Su and Zuo Mo get started on forging her new sword. Su's review of Zuo Mo's strength is pretty much what Zuo Mo has for himself, not enough ling power so he needs other tools.

Chapter 161: Forging the Sword Billet

The Stalagmite Fire suddenly grew as though oil had been poured on the fire. The flame jumped in height, the presence increasing along with it.

Zuo Mo couldn't help but become nervous. The most important moment had come.

The large Stalagmite Fire spat like a furious beast, the cold and explosive presence spreading into the surroundings. Even Zuo Mo's channels were affected, feeling like they were pierced by needles.

Su hurriedly took back her ling power. At this time, her ling power was unable to help Zuo Mo, and would only distract him.

She opened her eyes and saw Zuo Mo trembling as he sat in front of her. His forehead was covered in a layer of frost.

Such a powerful cold fire!

Su was shocked inside. She stared nervously at Zuo Mo. If the merging this time failed, then there definitely wouldn't be any forging of her sword billet.

Zuo Mo's heart was in the air. He had done what he could do. The rest was up to fate.

As time passed, the restless Stalagmite Fire slowly quieted. The flame continued to shrink down and finally stabilized.

The new Stalagmite Fire had formed!

The present Stalagmite Fire was completely different compared to before. First, the size was about one third larger than before. The biggest difference was the past Stalagmite Fire had been milky white but the present Stalagmite Fire was surprisingly divided into three levels.

The outermost layer was the same milky white flame as before, and the middle was a dark red flame. What surprised Zuo Mo the most was the black fire in the very center. Even though it was just a thread, it was still easily detectable. The three levels were clearly divided.

The white flame was the Stalagmite Fire, the deep red flame was the Lava Earth Fire processed from the Intense Fire Dan, then what was the thread of black fire? Zuo Mo was slightly curious.

After investigating, he finally understood. This extremely thin strand of black fire was actually the toxin which had infected the flame when he had processed the Inky Black Lotus seed last time! If it wasn't for the abnormal change this time, he wouldn't have detected that his fire seed contained such a powerful toxin. What he hadn't even thought about was that toxins could turn into flames!

The new flame was very different from the past Stalagmite Fire and it felt different to control.

The cold and yin energy had greatly decreased but the shift between ice and fire was more easy to accomplish. What Zuo Mo did not understand at all was how the thread of black fire could be used. In this three leveled fire, the Stalagmite Fire was of the lowest grade, then it was the Lava Earth Fire. The highest grade was this black fire which Zuo Mo knew nothing about. Upon further thought, Zuo Mo felt it was normal. This thread of black fire was received through processing the fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus Seed. That was fourth-grade!

The Stalagmite Fire was just a second-grade fire seed.

He didn't hurry, slowly exploring the new flame. This was a completely new flame. Even the [Yin Fire Bead Chapter] did not describe this kind of flame. This meant that Zuo Mo could only explore and understand on his own.

Being deep in his investigation of the new flame, Zuo Mo forgot the passage of time.

Su noticed Zuo Mo's body had resumed normal. The frost on his forehead had disappeared. She released a breath. Seeing that Zuo Mo seemed to be in meditation, she didn't hurry him, sitting down at the side to recover her ling power. She had waited so long, she didn't care about a few more days.

Zuo Mo sat for three days.

When he opened his eyes again, other than exhaustion, there was a light that was unable to be disguised in his eyes.

Su's heart relaxed.

After another day, Zuo Mo had recovered to his optimal state and was finally going to start forging the sword billet.

Zuo Mo did not allow Su to watch. If people watched, it was easy for the forger to be disturbed. He went into a seclusion room. The materials he needed had already been placed there. There was also a pile of jingshi for Zuo Mo to recover his ling power.

Zuo Mo snickered. He naturally would take the jingshi. Starting from now until he successfully forged the billet, he would stay inside the room. Su personally stood guard outside.

He took out a jade scroll. The jade scroll contained all the formations that needed to be carved onto each sword billet as well as the method to forge the sword billet. There was nothing exceptional about the forging method. Zuo Mo only needed to glance through it to understand the process.

His mind was quickly attracted to the four kinds of formations.

These were four kinds of formations he had never seen before. Just this was enough for him to be full of interest. To allow the forger to be able to successfully finish the forging, the jade scroll had extremely detailed descriptions of the four formations.

After he finished, Zuo Mo couldn't help but inhale sharply.

A fourth-grade formation!

Four kinds of completely different fourth-grade formations!

Now he understood why Su hadn't managed to find someone to forge

the sword billet until now. Each sword billet needed to have a fourth-grade formation carved onto it. Four sword billets, four completely different kinds of fourth-grade formations.

Also ... there was a strange connection between these four formations.

Zuo Mo had thought that he had properly prepared, found that the difficulty in forging the sword billets was much higher than he had predicted. It was much much higher!

He helplessly shook his head. He really was going to take a loss on this job! This difficulty, he could have asked for a much higher price. Zuo Mo felt deep regret for having lost such a good opportunity, especially since he was now penniless.

His attention went back to the formations. The first step he needed to do was understand these four formations.

If he didn't understand the formations, how could he carve the formations on the small sword billets?

If this was before the Sword Test Conference, he would have definitely patted his ass and left. Four kinds of completely different fourth-grade formations was definitely outside of his abilities. Zuo Mo had just upgraded his fire seed and bathed in the introductory formations of the jade scroll from Kun Lun, leaving his confidence at its peak.

He decided to challenge this difficult task!

According to the description on the jade scroll, he started to study the four types of formations. From this, it was possible to see how much help the Kun Lun jade scroll was to him! Having studied the Kun Lun jade scroll, Zuo Mo's vision and understanding had gone up several levels.

Fourth-grade formations. Naturally, they had places that were profound and cryptic, especially when it was four completely different fourth-grade formations.

But Zuo Mo, in the span of five days, slowly managed to grasp the four kinds of formations bit by bit.

When the four kinds of formations appeared in front of him, his heart was filled with an indescribable feeling of accomplishment. All of his exhaustion washed away. His heart was so free he wanted to howl.

Zuo Mo did not use the double Four-Turn Fire formation that Lin Qian suggested. He planned to use this chance to try out his new fire seed.

In any case, it wasn't his stuff, he thought heartlessly.

Zuo Mo put the four pieces of Cold Magnet in front of him. When he had cut the Cold Magnet last time, they were not of the same size. However, this was not a big problem for him.

Putting up a Ling Gathering Formation, he sat within the formation, the Five Colored Pagoda floating in front of him. The Five Colored Pagoda could greatly increase his abilities to control the five elements. Control of fire was naturally included.

He flipped his palm and the new fire seed appeared above the tip of the Five Colored Pagoda. Zuo Mo decided to name this new fire seed [Inky Lava White Fire]. Since no one had named it before, it was up to him.

A black center, deep red in the middle flame, and milky white on the outside.

The Inky Lava White Fire silently burned tamely without any of the explosiveness previous.

Zuo Mo's eyes became serious. He threw the smallest piece of Cold Magnet into the Inky Lava White Fire.

His ling power started to flow towards the Inky Lava White Fire. The flame grew and wrapped around the Cold Magnet. The first step he needed to do was to use the flame to rid the Cold Magnet of any impurities it had. This was just a matter of large amounts of time. However, that did not include Zuo Mo. His consciousness was strong. He could easily detect where the impurities were in the cold magnet. This way, his efficiency was much higher.

He only spent one day to purify the piece of Cold Magnet.

In this time, what he needed to do was maintain a steady output of ling power. With the aid of the mo matrix and the Five Colored Pagoda, this laborious process was extremely easy.

Next was forging the Cold Magnet into the shape of a sword.

Zuo Mo took a deep breath and increased the amount of ling power he was channelling. The Inky Lava White Fire jumped up. In the seclusion room, cold and hot, two different presences, crashed together, and created explosions.

Inside the flame, the Cold Magnet slowly melted until it became a puddle of metal liquid.

What was strange was the metal liquid was not red but a strange black-blue that released a strong chilling presence.

Under the Inky Lava White Fire, the Five Colored Pagoda suddenly spun, faster and faster until it became a five colored shadow.

The metal liquid inside the fire seemed to be pulled by an invisible force and slowly changed shape.

Time passed and sweat appeared on Zuo Mo's forehead. His breathing became panting, and he seemed to be under a great burden. However, under his control, the spinning of the Five Colored Pagoda did not slow, and still kept on increasing speed!

Inside the flame, the metal liquid slowly flowed until it was almost in the shape of a sword.

At this time, Zuo Mo finally had a chance to take a breather and rest. The Ling Gathering Formation around him had already been expended and turned to dust. He used the change to make another Ling Gathering Formation. The most important step was coming! Zuo Mo widened his eyes, not daring to relax.

The metal liquid slowly solidified. Suddenly, a bright blue appeared on the black-blue metal liquid.

Zuo Mo's mind jumped. His hands bloomed like flowers, spell after spell

were cast from his hands into the sword billet within the flames. The sword billet still did not change. Not good, the flame was not strong enough!

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth, channelling ling power again. The black flame at the very center of the Inky Lava White Flame was like a slender black tongue that licked the sword billet. At the same time, his hands moved again!

Light after light was cast into the flame.

The bright blue sword billet suddenly lit up. As the light of the spells landed on the sword billet, it was as though the light was clearly carved onto the surface of the sword billet.

Zuo Mo didn't dare to pause. His eyes wide, all the ling power in his body moving, his hair standing on end. He was like a strong whirlpool. The ling power from the Ling Gathering Formation was pulled by an invisible force to flood towards him.

Large amounts of ling power flooded into his body. Even though there was the mo matrix, but Zuo Mo still felt pain.

At this time, he didn't have the effort to call out in pain. The finger motions of his hands sped up again, the light of the spells continuously feeding into the sword billet.

Such fierce and extreme forging continued for six whole hours.

A stream of fresh blood silently streamed out of the corner of his mouth, snaking down.

The blurring fingers suddenly stopped in front of his body, the last spell accurately hitting the sword billet inside the flames.

Diiiiiiiing!

The sword billet gently hummed!

The light of the sword billet suddenly brightened and then dimmed until it disappeared.

A small black-blue sword billet silently floated in the air.

Ten days later.

Guarding outside the door, Su suddenly raised her head, joyous surprise on her face.

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Translator Ramblings: The name is a mouthful, but it is all Zuo Mo's terrible naming sense.

Chapter 162: Reselling

Four blue-black sword billets floated vertically in front of Su. There seemed to be an invisible magnetism between the sword billets. She reached out to touch one of them. The other three also moved along with it. The four sword billets maintained their distance from each other, all of them pointing away from each other in a compass arrangement.

The joy in Su's eyes became even heavier. The four sword billets marched around her.

The storekeeper found it wondrous. "Amazing craftsmanship! The four swords are as one, able to attack and defend, truly the finest! If it can be tempered over time, this sword would be hard to trace!"

Zuo Mo was tired but he was still quite alert. Finishing the sword billets, he found himself extremely relaxed.

"Having finished this, I need to leave." Zuo Mo prepared to leave.

Su suddenly called Zuo Mo. "Mister Zuo, please wait! This one had not helped during the Sword Test Conference, yet Mister Zuo still kept to your promise and helped me forge the sword billets. This little girl is extremely grateful. Mister Zuo, please take this bottle of Dying Flowing Moon!"

Su's gaze was sincere, unable to let go of the four sword billets.

Zuo Mo naturally wouldn't be polite. Dying Flowing Moon was very good! Quickly taking the Dying Flowing Moon, he said piously, "Then this one will accept."

He thought of something and turned to say to the storekeeper. "I have something here I want to ask Storekeeper to take a look."

The storekeeper hurriedly said, "It would be my honor!" If the reputation of Zuo Mo's strength was why they did not dare to slight him, now, after successfully forging the four sword billets, Zuo Mo's skill in forging received more respect from the storekeeper. The storekeeper and the others were business people. Their business was also in talismans. Why would they ever offend a cultivator who had limitless potential and was

skilled in forging?

Zuo Mo took out a wooden box from the ring. Opening the box, he took out a jade bottle.

The two saw Zuo Mo was so serious, and became more curious to what treasure he was taking out.

Zuo Mo handed the jade bottle to the storekeeper, saying, "This item is not inside the five elements, but this one does not know what it is. Please, Storekeeper, take a look!"

"Not inside the five elements!" Su's expression changed.

The storekeeper also slightly changed expression but maintained the sternness in his expression. How good a storekeeper's eyes were was the most important measure of a storekeeper's skill. He didn't want to ruin his own reputation.

Carefully taking out the cork, he pour out the grey mud inside the bottle onto a snowy-white jade plate.

After studying for a few moments, he solemnly announced, "This one cannot distinguish what this substance is, but it truly is not inside the five elements. It doesn't seem like just one substance, but is a mixture of a variety of different substances not inside the five elements. It really is curious."

What he found it strange was that materials not inside the five elements were rare, and it was hard to even find one or two, so he did not know how such a complex mixture was produced.

Zuo Mo stilled. He suddenly remembered the large variety of materials he had thrown into the Five Colored Pagoda. The composition of this grey mud must be very complex. He couldn't help but admire the skill of the storekeeper.

"What is the value of this substance?" Zuo Mo asked.

The storekeeper shook his head. "Hard to say." He then explained, "If it was one substance, this one can easily set a price. The composition of this

substance is extremely complex, and probably has a special use. Maybe it could be used in a flying sword. Materials not inside the five elements, if added into flying swords, can increase the grade of flying swords.”

He glanced at the four flying swords floating in front of Su and said, “If Miss Su could add this substance into the four sword billets before they were forged, the grade would have increased greatly.”

Vexation came into Su’s eyes. But since the formations on the sword billet had taken form, there was nothing to do so she did not say anything.

Zuo Mo was very curious. “Substances not of the five elements can increase the grade of flying swords? I’ve never heard of this.”

The storekeeper saw Zuo Mo was interested and said, “It is hard to find substances not of the five elements. The price has never dropped, and dependent on the attributes of the material, the effect is different. However, one quality is common to all. They are extremely attractive to ling power, especially ling power that is not strongly oriented to the five elements. For roaming xiu that cultivate the five elements, this is not a good thing, but to us sword xiu, it is the best. Most of the sword sect in our jie do not have ling power oriented to the five elements.”

He had originally wanted to say that five element sword scriptures didn’t have much of a future, when he suddenly remembered the sword scripture that Zuo Mo practiced was a five element sword scripture so he quickly changed his wording.

Hearing this, Zuo Mo instantly became excited. Coming from a sword sect, he instantly realized the value of the grey mud on his hands.

“If it is only used as material for flying swords, storekeeper, give a price.” Zuo Mo said.

The storekeeper hesitated and reported a price, “Two hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi.”

As he finished, Su suddenly opened, “Three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, can Mister Zuo part with this?” After several interactions with Zuo Mo, she had figured out his general personality. This guy was

clear and hard to trick, but as long as there was enough money, he could be tempted.

“Okay!” Without another word, Zuo Mo agreed.

Three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi was far beyond the price in his heart. The grey mud was just the waste from the Five Colored Pagoda, and easy to get.

Su was also crisp in handing over the jingshi to give to Zuo Mo.

Having jingshi, Zuo Mo felt his heart rest. He sighed inside. As expected, with food in his hand, his heart wouldn't panic.

Three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi. It wasn't much but it wasn't a small amount. However, in the Hundred Treasures Flying Pavilion, it was only enough to buy one talisman. Zuo Mo could only reluctantly leave. The stuff of the Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion was good, but the price wasn't something normal people could pay.

His goal was businesses with lower prices, for example, He Rong.

Among the people that Zuo Mo knew, Fu Jin was a snakehead. His connections were complex and could always obtain things difficult to find. However, if it was mainstream materials, he didn't have any advantages. He Rong and Zuo Mo had worked together before, their working relationship was well established.

When He Rong saw Zuo Mo, he was extremely surprised. He quickly gave a smile, “Zuo ye coming to this little shop, it is our honor!”

Zuo Mo's name was like the sun right now, a hot commodity in the entire Sky Moon Jie. He Rong put himself extremely low.

“Does Boss He find me too old?” The first words that Zuo Mo said made He Rong's expression change but his next words made him release a breath. “Treating an old friend like this, it really is too courteous! Just call me Xiao Zuo.”

He Rong could not be blamed for being so nervous. Compared to before, Zuo Mo was someone that was famous in Dong Fu. Businesspeople like

He Rong saw even farther into the future. Wu Kong Sword Sect, who had three disciples of limitless potential and four jindan experts, would definitely rise.

Wu Kong Sword Sect was abnormally mysterious. No one knew what their conduct was like so when outsiders faced them, they naturally were careful.

He Rong was very experienced, and naturally went along with the flow, pretending to be familiar, "Look, look, you call me He Boss, but wanting me to call you Xiao Zuo, this is not right. If we are brothers, just call me Old He."

Having received such fame, Zuo Mo's conduct did not seem different than before, without any pride. Thinking out the core disciples of those sects that he usually had relations with, He Rong couldn't help but sigh. If Wu Kong Sword Sect did not rise, then there was no justice in the world.

"Ha ha, right. We have history." Zuo Mo said. He had interacted countless times before with Fu Jin and the others. He was very familiar with all this.

He Rong pointed at Zuo Mo, smiling as he said, "I know you won't just come for nothing. Say it, selling or buying?"

Zuo Mo snickered. "Old He knows me so well. I'm planning on buying some five element materials."

"Five element materials?" He Rong had a puzzled expression. "What do you want that for?" He suddenly realized, "Right, my memory, you are also skilled in forging and dan-making!"

Zuo Mo didn't explain, only smiling and saying, "I want to pick some materials strong in five element power, do you have any?"

"Good kinds, or normal?"

"Normal."

"Come with me." He Rong nodded and said to Zuo Mo, walking at the front.

He Rong's store was composed of the front shop and the back yard. Zuo Mo followed him through the store into the back yard. Passing through the yard and into the inner compound, Zuo Mo finally noticed that the doorway to the compound was full of jinzhi.

Even with Zuo Mo's eyes, he couldn't help but be shocked. Some of these jinzhi were extremely powerful, and confusion and illusory jinzhi were countless.

Just as he was puzzled, He Rong suddenly stopped. His hands cast multiple spells. A door of light appeared in front of them.

"Come in." He Rong stepped inside the door first.

Zuo Mo was curious and hurried to follow.

Stepping inside the door of light, the space in front of him suddenly became vast. There were hundreds of ten zhang high shelves made from pinewood arranged into lines. The shelves were filled with all kinds of materials, and a strange odor wafting in the air.

It was the first time Zuo Mo had seen something this spectacular. He thought inside that He Rong's business was much larger than he had imagined!

He Rong did not show it, but he was not a simple character!

Zuo Mo felt his steps were much lighter than usual. He made a sound and looked down at the ground.

He Rong noticed Zuo Mo's shock. He smiled and said, "Brother Zuo must rarely come to the stores." He then explained, "Storage areas would usually have a [Light Feather Formation] on the ground. The workers can float in the air, and it is convenient to fetch items. If they accidentally drop something, the item would not be damaged."

Zuo Mo instantly understood, "So that's why!"

His feet slightly used force and he was like a feather that floated into the air. What was even more particular was that he could freely adjust his direction in the air. The design was amazing!

He Rong had a smile. He had the desire to show his strength when he decided to take Zuo Mo into the stores. Wu Kong Sword Sect would definitely rise in the future. In order to create a cooperative relationship with this kind of sect, strength was the base of cooperation.

“Here, all the five element materials are here. Pick whichever items you want. Oh, I’ll give you the best price.” He Rong smiled. Giving a good price, but not free. Zuo Mo felt that was even more comfortable.

“Then many thanks, Old Brother He!” Zuo Mo’s words were really from his heart.

People who had strength could always more easily receive respect from others.

Zuo Mo went into the materials and started to pick.

His measure was very special. He didn’t care about the grade of the material, what he needed was five elemental power. The Five Colored Pagoda was not a picky eater. Right now, the Five Colored Pagoda’s primary goal was to recover its power, not to increase its level. He did not need to consider high level materials.

Also, in compliance with Zuo Mo’s usual conduct, he decided to take the price to the extreme -- materials that were the cheapest and had the most five element power!

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Translator Ramblings: “Xiao Zuo” means “Little Zuo”. He Rong was the person that Zuo Mo sold plants to.

Chapter 163: People Don't Do This

Returning to the sect, Zuo Mo was very satisfied.

He had come back with a huge pile of materials. When he thought of He Rong's dumbstruck expression, he felt great. Almost as though he was robbing He Rong, he had bought out many of the rarely-used materials.

Three hundred pieces of jingshi was not an large sum, but to buy low-grade materials? It had great buying power.

Five Colored Berry Leaf, first-grade material, containing rich five elemental power, but due to the mixture of five elemental power, it was only used at dan formation for only a few kinds of lingdan. Twenty sprigs to a bundle. Each bundle sold for ten pieces of second-grade jingshi.

Gold-patterned Snake Fragrant Grass, rich in gold element power, often used as an auxiliary material in tempering flying swords. It was considered a low-end material, due to the fact there were many substitutes for it. After the Gold-patterned Snake Fragrant Grass was dried, it was pressed into bricks. One brick weighed two taels, the price was five pieces of second-grade jingshi.

Rainbow Vine held a mixture of the five elements. The body of the vine was multicolored and was named for rainbow-like appearance. When added to a fire, it could increase the power of the fire. Ten catties in a bundle, the price was fifteen pieces of second-grade jingshi.

... ..

Piling all these materials he had brought into the yard, Silly Bird flew down from the roof and rooted around before flying back to the roof in disappointment. There clearly was no "snack" that she liked here.

Zuo Mo was too lazy to pay attention to this wastrel that only knew how to eat and laze around. He summoned the Five Colored Pagoda.

It was lucky that he had practiced [Vajra Profound Sutra]

Looking at the mountain of material, Zuo Mo took a breath and started [Vajra Profound Sutra]. As he started to work, he took of his top revealing

his golden ribs.

The bundles of Five Colored Berry Grass was moved in groups of ten; the bricks of dried Gold-pattern Snake Fragrant Grass went flying like rain; moving the ten catty bundles of Rainbow Vine was the most exhausting, Zuo Mo had turned into a manual laborer

In the yard, Zuo Mo sweated like rain, singing loudly, “Pagoda, you are a cow, what you eat is grass, what is squeezed from you is milk ,ah ah ah en ah”

The Five Colored Pagoda appeared to be drunk as it swayed as it ate the materials.

When the last piece of material was sucked into the pagoda, the Five Colored Pagoda finally laid down with a thud.

Zuo Mo froze. Not caring that he was half-naked, he bent down and prodded the Five Colored Pagoda which was on the ground. No response! It shouldn't have a problem from eating too much, right? He thought hesitantly.

After a while, the Five Colored Pagoda rolled around on the ground twice before swaying as it stood up. The stone in Zuo Mo's heart landed. He laughed heartlessly, “Ha, I had thought you were too full. So you still hadn't had enough!”

Maybe it was that it heard the words, the Five Colored Pagoda suddenly shook. Splat, it spat out something and then dropped to the ground, rolling a few circles before becoming motionless.

Zuo Mo was gleeful. Did it poop out the remnants again? What the little pagoda pooped out was jingshi!

But when he looked, he was greatly disappointed. This wasn't any remnant, it clearly was half a bundle of Five Colored Berry Leaf. He couldn't help but look in puzzlement and ask, “Lil' Pagoda, is this not tasty?”

The Five Colored Pagoda shook, rolling away from Zuo Mo.

On the rooftop, Silly Bird looked in sympathy at the Five Colored Pagoda that was rolling around. Then she lowered her head to go back to preening her feathers.

What Zuo Mo felt disappointed about was that Lil' Pagoda didn't spit out any remnants this time. His plan of buying low and selling high failed. However, with large amounts of five element power, the Five Colored Pagoda seemed to have recovered to a large extent, even though the sheen was not as bright as before. These materials were just low-grade materials. They were enough in terms of quantity but in quality, it was still not enough.

Zuo Mo was helpless.

From the results of these two experiences, he concluded only high level materials would yield remnants.

Now, whenever Zuo Mo looked at the Five Colored Pagoda, the Five Colored Pagoda would timidly shrink back. Zuo Mo said in a regretful tone, "Lil' Pagoda, if you could poop after eating all this, how great would it be!"

The Five Colored Pagoda shook, continuously making sounds of throwing up.

Back of Wu Kong Mountain.

Five people floated in midair. Under their feet, the valley was completely transformed.

"Finally done!" Yan Le couldn't help but sigh. The other people were also tired.

Wu Ling Sanren couldn't help but say, "Your sect has really spared no expense! Such an expanse, it is rare to see even in the restricted grounds of those large sects." His expression was extremely exhausted, but different

from the others was that the exhaustion could barely disguise his excitement.

The jinzhi in front of him was created by five jindan experts working together to destroy five mountain peaks, clearing out five mountain valleys, and chiseling out nine deep springs. They had covered more than half of Wu Kong Mountains. If this wasn't considered a great work, then Sky Moon Jie had no great works.

"We've really bled blood for this boy!" Even a person as composed as Pei Yuan Ran felt his heart was bleeding.

Wu Ling Sanren's payment, countless materials

Almost half of Wu Kong Sword Sect's assets had been used up. Yan Le who was in charge of the monies had a terrible expression, gritting his teeth as he said, "The boy can slowly enjoy this." He turned and then said to Wu Ling Sanren with a slightly suspicious tone. "Are you sure he cannot solve it? The boy is very talented in formations."

Wu Ling Sanren was so furious he almost left. Pei Yuan Ran hurriedly lectured Yan Le. "Do not be so impolite to Sanren!"

Yan Le twisted his mouth. Everyone was in jindan, he wasn't afraid of Wu Ling Sanren. However, lectured by Shixiong, he didn't dare to speak again.

Wu Ling Sanren's anger slightly calmed, a flush crossing his old face as he snorted. "It's not this one praising myself, this great formation was formed with the aid of you four. This one had also applied all of the knowledge this one ever learned. The future is uncertain, but up until today, it is truly the greatest masterpiece this one has created. If us five jindan cannot imprison a zhuji, then we should just kill ourselves."

Yan Le blushed as the other talked. He defended himself, "We don't want to imprison him inside, we just want him to practice the sword"

"Don't worry!" Wu Ling Sanren's eyes rolled. He snorted coldly, "This formation has layers of jinzhi. To break though, there is only one way. That is, to practice the sword essence to the level of Heart Turn Sword

Essence, that is the only way to comprehend the intricacies involved and find the way out of the formation.”

“That’s good, that’s good.” Seeing the two descend into fighting, Pei Yuan Ran hurriedly smoothed over. Xin Yan and Shi Feng Rong looked on coldly from the side.

Wu Ling Sanren had not finished. “Friend Xin’s sword essence is pure and sharp. This one has not seen one like it before! However, everyone has to be careful. If one enters the formation and has not comprehended to Heart Turn Sword Essence, they cannot come out. To stop the boy from using his knowledge of formations to escape, this one has set up eighteen levels of jinzhi surrounding the formation. It is as solid as gold! If the four of you try to break the formation together, the formation would not stop you, but the person inside the formation would not escape death.”

The four of them started to hesitate. If the boy really could not solve the formation, if he encountered some danger inside, then they could do nothing about it.

“Friends, do not worry too much. Inside the formation, this one had especially emptied out some [Life] areas to allow him to rest. With his knowledge of formations, it should not be difficult to find these [Life] areas. Even though you cannot enter the formation, but you can observe the inside the formation. This one has also left behind some small transportation doors so you can transfer in supplies.”

Xin Yan suddenly opened, “I’ll find him.”

Finishing, he disappeared.

Zuo Mo rested lazily on the swing chair, idly soaking in the sun. The time to open the secret realm had been pushed back again and again. He didn’t have much to do. The change in opening the secret realm had supposedly been at the request of many sect leaders. The help that the

Sword Test Conference had given the young xiuzhe was very large. The first thing many people had done when they had gone back to their sect was go into seclusion.

Right now, many people still had not come out of seclusion. Asking for the secret realm opening time to be delayed was natural.

Eldest Shixiong was still in seclusion. Luo Li Shixiong had been hurried into the sword cave.

Thinking bout this, Zuo Mo found it quite strange. Luo Li Shixiong was allowed to go to the sword cave, but why didn't the sect leaders and the others allow him to enter the sword cave? He didn't really care if he could go. What he cared about was that these recent days had been very peaceful, Xin Yan Shibo and the others hadn't bothered him.

Thinking about the "good" that Xin Yan Shibo had said when he was recovering, Zuo Mo felt coldness come into his heart. Even if he was under the sun, he could not get rid of the cold. He had a strong feeling that this matter wouldn't easily conclude.

There definitely was something waiting for him.

Just at this time, he saw Xin Yan descending from the skies.

In an instant, Zuo Mo felt like he dropped into ice, his limbs went cold.

Xin Yan coldly snorted, his hand holding Zuo Mo up. Without another word, he flew into the sky.

Second Shibo flew extremely quickly, the harsh wind making Zuo Mo unable to open his eyes.

"Shibo, where are we going?" Zuo Mo tried to bear the strong wind and carefully asked.

"Cultivate the sword." Xin Yan was expressionless.

"Cultivate the sword?" Zuo Mo's heart rested slightly. Good, good, it wasn't anything strange.

Hm, wasn't this going to the back of the mountain? Was Shibo going to teach him about the sword in the back regions?

Suddenly, Zuo Mo's body froze.

Below him, a gigantic formation appeared in his vision. The formation that he had made in the Sword Test Conference could only be called a small formation when compared to the formation in front of him.

Did the sect have such a large formation?

They didn't, he had come to this area many times before!

Zuo Mo saw the sect leader, Yan Le Shibo, Master, and an old Taoist that he did not know.

But why did their eyes seem slightly strange as they looked at him

Just as Zuo Mo was puzzled, Xin Yan Shibo's hands suddenly relaxed.

"Ah!"

Zuo Mo shrieked. The wind howling in his ears, he was unable to control his body. Panicked, he hurriedly started the [Vajra Profound Sutra]!

A golden figure fell from the sky and slammed into the ground.

Boom!

The earth shook as dirt was sent flying everywhere. A golden figure hit the dirt directly, leaving an indent in the shape of a person.

Zuo Mo felt his organs had shifted from the impact. He dazedly opened his eyes and struggled to get up as he spit up mud.

Lucky that he had practiced

He hissed in pain. His body felt like it was going to break. Even though his [Vajra Profound Sutra] had reached the level of Red Lotus Flowing Gold, it still hurt when he dropped from such a height.

But he was slightly reassured. Since he had eaten dirt, then this matter should pretty much be concluded, he thought inside.

Hm, where was this? This wasn't right!

In front of him, sword essences roiled about, flowing in layers as dense as a forest, unable to be avoided!

Zuo Mo wanted to cry.

People don't do this

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Translator Ramblings: Don't ever leave your children with Zuo Mo, he will stuff them so full they will puke. For those that had been waiting for the elders to get their own back, it has started. An alternate title for the chapter should be "You can't do this!".

In this chapter, Zuo Mo calls both Wei Sheng and Luo Li Shixiong. Wei Sheng is unshakable in his position as Eldest Shixiong (good bye, Qin Cheng) but Luo Li has already mentioned that he still thinks that he can compete with Zuo Mo for the position of second. However, despite higher cultivation and longer time spent with the sect, Zuo Mo has "beat" him twice, and in the eyes of the public, Zuo Mo is second ranked among the disciples. Zuo Mo hasn't really switched around yet, but public perspective differs from his view.

Chapter 164: Sword Essence Formation

Just as Zuo Mo was gaping in befuddlement, outside of the formation Wu Ling Sanren was amazingly smug.

“This formation is composed with our four sword essences positioned at the cardinal points. Friend Xin Yan’s sword essence is the strongest and guards the center. The nine ling springs are the passages through the entire formation, allowing the sword essence to regenerate itself. The five sword essences create destruction between themselves. It is impossible to find the one living change when you have not reached the level of Heart Turn Sword Essence. Even if one is in jindan, if their sword essence is not high enough, it is impossible. Trying to break through the formation with brute force is seeking death!”

Pei Yuan Ran praised, “The formation that Sanren has set up is amazing. To use sword essences in a formation, this one has never heard of it!”

Wu Ling Sanren was very proud inside, but he did not lose his calm, modestly saying, “If it wasn’t for the requirements of your sect, this one wouldn’t have thought of such a method.” He then sighed. “That day when I was a judge, I saw Zuo Mo’s battle. Truthfully, this one was very shocked, but Friend Xin Yan is right we sword xiu must practice the sword! But I haven’t thought that your sect would spend so much for one disciple. To be from such a sect, Zuo Mo is very fortunate!”

Pei Yuan Ran shook his head. “Money and talismans are important, but what is most important are people. The people are present, so the sect is present. The people are strong, then the sect is strong. Since he is a disciple of our sect, then this matter is our duty. We only hope that he would wake and return to the right path as early as possible, as to not waste our efforts.”

The other three had stern expressions.

Wu Ling Sanren felt a deep sense of respect for these elders. “Sect Leader Pei, do not worry. This boy is intelligent and certainly will understand your efforts.”

Pei Yuan Ran laughed. "If Sanren did not help this time, we wouldn't know what to do. This guy really is a headache!"

"No matter. After being tempered, he would understand. There are ten thousands paths in the work, but only cultivating the sword is the true path. One sword breaks all moves. All his tricks are just like paper in front of sword essences." Wu Ling Sanren said proudly. He dared to say something like this, not because he had such confidence in his formation, but strong confidence in these four people's sword essences.

He had heard rumors about the four elders of Wu Kong Sword Sect: Yan Le was skilled in management; Shi Feng Rong specialized in dan-making; and sect leader Pei Yuan Ran did not involve himself in worldly affairs. He had heard the reputation of the Ice Dragon Sword, but never had personally seen it so he hadn't felt anything. Only during the construction of this formation did he experience how deep the roots of Wu Kong Sword Sect were. They far surpassed anyone's imagination.

Of the five xiu present, his sword essence was the weakest. This made him feel a sense of embarrassment. He had rarely seen a sword essence as strong and terrifying as Xin Yan's, which surpassed many of those so-called experts.

Originally, he had been worried the four's sword essences would not be pure enough and would destabilize the formation. Now, he understood he had underestimated them.

With Xin Yan's sword essence, which guarded the center, this big formation was as solid as rock and was unable to be destroyed. This formation was stronger than any other formation he had ever made. Even jindan experts would be unable to escape unscathed if they attacked this formation and were attacked in return by the pure sword essences left by these five xiu.

His only regret was that such a strong formation was to imprison a disciple in just zhuji. This did not allow him to feel a sense of accomplishment.

However, to be able to use this chance to form a relationship with Wu

Kong Sword Sect, he was naturally very willing. He was full of confidence about Wu Kong Sword Sect's future after seeing these four people's terrifying power. The elders were strong and cared about nurturing their disciples, these disciples were also geniuses. Such a sect, he really couldn't think of a reason it would not prosper.

Pei Yuan Ran saw that everyone's faces were extremely tired and smiled, "This boy really has caused great trouble for us usually. Now, let him go enjoy it himself. Let's go, we can rest. Sanren can get a taste of my ling tea."

Wu Ling Sanren hurriedly agreed.

Zuo Mo was completely ignorant that the elders had left. He didn't dare to move.

He was too familiar with the enormous dragon moving in front of him. He had been sliced by this thing countless times. Second Shibo's sword essence!

Gritting his teeth, Zuo Mo suddenly raised his voice to wail, "Master! Disciple was wrong! This disciple will definitely change, let this disciple out"

Master might look cold but she was very concerned about him. If he begged, maybe Master's heart would soften and let him out.

After shouting until his throat had gone raw, there was no movement from outside the formation. Bitter water rose in Zuo Mo's heart like a flood. His little heart floated in bitterness. Up until now, he still did not understand what he had done wrong to make the sect leader and the others so furious.

As he shouted, his feet didn't dare to move. The dragon in front of him freely moved around, never too far from him. The cold and indifferent eyes

would occasionally sweep across his body. He felt that he was cold from head to toe.

He did not doubt that if he moved the slightest, the dragon claw of this dragon would gently swipe and he would be torn to pieces, flesh flying and lose his life.

This thing was the true essence!

He wanted to cry as he shuddered.

Only when he truly faced Second Shibo's ice dragon did he experience how great the difference was between Pu Yao's fake sword essence and the real one. Terror, instinctive terror rose from his heart. No matter how he suppressed it, terror was like a yao weed grass that could not be stopped, furiously growing through his heart.

After warily standing for an hour, the dragon moved away. But Zuo Mo instantly understood the look that it gave right before leaving.

“— I'll come back.”

When the dragon disappeared completely, the terrifying pressure also disappeared. The land was empty as though nothing had happened.

At this time, Zuo Mo lost his nervousness and started to scan the surroundings. He quickly understood he was in the middle of a formation. Thinking about the astoundingly large formation he had seen from the air, he shuddered.

F***, did the sect leader and the others want to kill him?

He had just been sighing in amazement at how big the formation was. He hadn't thought that he would be thrown into the formation by Second Shibo.

He had to admit he underestimated the rage Second Shibo had towards him!

His mind recovering, Zuo Mo thought about how his wailing had not received a response and instantly understood that the sect leaders and the others truly wanted him to suffer. It wasn't that he hadn't thought before

what punishment Second Shibo and the others would give him. Getting beaten, house arrest, or special training, he had prepared himself mentally.

But after all those calculations, who would have thought that Second Shibo did something even more severe!

Even if Zuo Mo didn't understand formations, he would be able to see the extraordinary nature of the formation, and he did have some knowledge of formations. Just one look and he could detect the strength of the person who set up the formation was much higher than his.

This kind of difference was not just in one area, but in all areas, including cultivation, understanding of formations, sword essences, etc etc.

Zuo Mo looked into the surroundings. He was clear that the sect leader and the others definitely wouldn't take his life, they just wanted him to suffer a bit.

But this formation

Very dangerous! Very very dangerous!

Zuo Mo swallowed. In a few short steps, the shock in his heart increased.

Each step was full of killing intent!

Damn it! Zuo Mo wanted to swear!

Even the ground was permeated with fine and dense sword essences that disregarded the shoes on his feet and needled into the soles. It was like he was walking on a board covered with needles, each step left his feet full of pain. It was not just that. The air in front of him looked harmless, but if he moved, the disturbance of the air would naturally form layers of sword essence around him. These sword essences were like fine icicles, slicing Zuo Mo who was in the middle!

They couldn't do this

Zuo Mo wailed inside. Just how big of an offence had he made to make

Master and the others so furious?

Staying in his original spot, he could only wait for the dragon to come back, that was too dangerous! He gritted his teeth and started [Vajra Profound Sutra]. Right now, his [Vajra Profound Sutra] was at Red Lotus Flowing Gold, hard to wound by normal flying swords.

Lucky that he had practiced it Zuo Mo rejoiced inside.

Wu Kong Hall, Pei Yuan Ran and the other four idly drank ling tea.

“Ha ha, that boy definitely would use [Vajra Profound Sutra].” Yan Le snickered and glanced at Xin Yan who was drinking without speaking a word. “Second Shixiong really thought of everything, even planning for [Vajra Profound Sutra].”

“Sword xiu only cultivate the sword.” Xin Yan said frigidly. He sipped, and then added, “Not the body.”

“This boy really is terrible, he only just walks the wrong paths.” Shi Feng Rong’s face was angry. Her disciple had made everyone feel a headache, and used up so much wealth, she kept on feeling angry. “Making him cultivate the body was so he could have something to save his life. He’s great. He just silently practices it to the fourth level. Getting him to learn formations, it’s so he can learn more about dan-making, so he has a secondary profession, and wouldn’t have trouble making his living. This little brat just sinks into formations, and doesn’t know to progress, his side job becoming his main profession! His main profession actually went backwards!”

Vent up to this point, she felt very uncomfortable. “It’s all my fault. I’ve been remiss in teaching him. That’s why he walked onto the wrong path!”

Wu Ling Sanren hurriedly comforted. “Shi Xianzi is overly blaming yourself. Young people always are tempted by new things. That’s normal.

Which sect doesn't have one or two disciples like this? As the elders, we can only slowly guide them."

"Sanren is right. Shimei, don't be sad." Pei Yuan Ran also comforted.

Yan Le snickered. "That boy can just keep suffering. I've been finding his [Vajra Profound Sutra] an eyesore for a long time. Red Lotus Flowing Gold, he thinks he's a Dhyana? Even Dhyana lose when they face us! He needs to understand all his tricks are just garbage."

None of the other four objected to Yan Le's words. They all had a matter-of-face expression.

The pride of sword xiu came from thousands of years of holding a ruling position, they were unshakable.

Zuo Mo didn't think that his actions would have be completely planned for by the elders.

Just as he activated the [Vajra Profound Sutra], the sword essences which had been like icicles suddenly became sharks that tasted blood and flooded towards him from all the surrounding areas.

Brring brring brrring !

Woosh woosh woosh!

Different howls of sword essences filled Zuo Mo's ears like the earth was breaking, the sky was changing color!

The sudden change made Zuo Mo freeze!

He dazedly looked at the air that had turned turbulent, looked at the howls created by this sky full of sword essences, at the sword essences that flooded at him from all around

What what was this

Translator Ramblings: So over on r/noveltranslations, someone said that Wu Kong Sword Sect was a sect in decline. It would be more accurate to say that Wu Kong Sword Sect was a sect that had declined after its first years after founding, reached the bottom in the generation before Pei Yuan Ran and the others, and are on their way back up again. The four elders lived in a one-jindan sect which is not very strong compared to other sects. Most of the sect's present wealth and assets (excluding Wu Kong Mountain and the sword cave) most likely was accumulated by these four over time. I have to say that their master (and Zuo Mo's grand - master) was both super lucky and skilled to have taught four outstanding disciples.

The elders and Wu Kong Sword Sect remained low-key until Wei Sheng, and kept its numbers small so people in Dong Fu did not know it very well. That doesn't mean it is not a strong sect. It's not wealthy, like Ling Ying Sect, and it does not have a power base and connections like Dong Fu Hall does. Wu Kong Sword Sect's rise is the four jindan, and the three second-generation disciples it now has. This is why people think Wu Kong Sword Sect is going to prosper. Of course, this is all relative to Sky Moon Jie, which is in the backwaters.

Chapter 165: Wu Kong Expansion

After drinking tea, and having the dense ling energy fill them, everyone felt their body become relaxed and their exhaustion began to disappear.

Pei Yuan Ran said, "It's probably time. Let's go and see how the boy is."

Everyone loudly agreed to this suggestion. The five of them travelled together to the back of Wu Kong Mountain.

In front of the formation, the five took a look, and laughed.

"That boy is really slippery, how could he not have found the [Life] area?" Yan Le pointed at the formation, roaring with laughter. Inside the formation, Zuo Mo was in a sorry state, his clothing was ripped. He had clearly suffered.

Having bled for this, Yan Le felt extremely good. Not just him, even Pei Yuan Ran and the others felt very good. The four of them were all jindan yet they couldn't do anything against this zhuji boy. They had accumulated a lot of anger. If they threatened, there was the probability that this boy would run and join another sect. Temptation? This brat was the wealthiest person in Wu Kong Mountain.

Looking at this brat in such a sorry state, they felt they hadn't wasted their efforts.

Wu Ling Sanren also laughed, "Zuo Mo is very talented in formations. It is not hard for him to find the [Life] area." He noted and then decided not to involve himself. It was better to leave early, this was a matter for their sect. He could see that Zuo Mo had limitless potential. If the other discovered who had created the formation, they might come and create trouble for him. He wouldn't be able to bear it.

The more he thought, the more he found it likely. Zuo Mo didn't look like a generous person. He hurriedly said, "Since the matter is concluded, this one will bid you all farewell. There are still some affairs in the sect that this one has to take care of. If this one has free time in the future, this

one will come again.”

Pei Yuan Ran and the others naturally tried to keep him, but seeing that Wu Ling Sanren was being very determined, they did not stop him. As for the payment, they had paid it already. Wu Ling Sanren bowed with folded hands and quickly vanished into the horizon.

Pei Yuan Ran and the others did not care. The road of cultivation was very long. Coming and going was very normal.

Shi Feng Rong looked at Zuo Mo who was in a terrible state, and suddenly said, “If Zuo Mo cannot get out, wouldn’t he be unable to enter the secret realm?”

Pei Yuan Ran did not find it important. “The secret realm is a small matter, there are just a few good treasures. All that is received are material items. With Zuo Mo’s talent, as long as he is willing to focus on practicing the sword, those material items aren’t worth anything. If it comes down to it, we will compensate him.”

Pei Yuan Ran’s answer made Shi Feng Rong satisfied. At the side, Yan Le twisted his mouth, but did not speak. He didn’t dare to offend Fourth Shimei.

Xin Yan was like a statue, coldly staring at Zuo Mo inside the formation.

Zuo Mo was very terrible at the moment. Not one part of his clothing was whole. He stared with trepidation at a place not far away. That dragon was coldly and proudly moving by, its gaze occasionally sweeping across his body.

He hadn’t thought the sect leader and the others had even planned for the use of the [Vajra Profound Sutra].

Even now, when he thought about the terrifying experience he just had, he felt his head prickle, his body cold. Countless sword essences had

charged at him like a crowd of hungry sharks, each one wanting to rip off a piece of flesh.

His pitiful [Vajra Profound Sutra], even if it had already reached Red Lotus Flowing Gold,, it was destroyed in an instant.

If it wasn't that his consciousness was outstanding, if he hadn't studied the Kun Lu introductory formations jade scroll, and that he had deepened his understanding of formations, then he would have drowned in the countless sword essences.

He had stumbled and crawled to find this little area of safety. As long as he didn't step outside of this circle that was three zhang in diameter, nothing would happen to him.

This little circle finally allowed Zuo Mo to believe that the sect leader and the others didn't want to kill him.

However, this great formation was really terrifying! Zuo Mo looked warily at the dragon that was prancing outside, not daring to move at all.

Outside the formation, Pei Yuan Ran looked and then said, "Let's go. The boy won't cry unless he has one foot in the grave. He can slowly be ground down."

In their eyes, Zuo Mo was greedy and wretched, and his personality was extremely stubborn. He certainly wouldn't admit defeat so easily. They knew this all too well which was why they had spared no expense in creating such a big formation. This was their preparation for a long battle.

The four left, without a worry, planning on coming back in a few days.

The formation looked dangerous but in reality, it was very safe. Inside the formation, was Zuo Mo someone who would let himself be wounded? Outside the formation, he didn't have to worry about enemies or wild beasts. A formation that even they could not break, in all of Sky Moon Jie, there definitely would not be more than three people who might be able to break through.

Pei Yuan Ran was even considering if they could change the formation after Zuo Mo came out. In the future, it could work as the restricted grounds for the sect. With the protection of the sect, there was no question of safety.

Zuo Mo used his consciousness to sweep through the surrounding space.

He had already decided, if the sect leader came to ask him if he knew he was wrong and if he would change, he wouldn't hesitate in surrendering. He had to bow to the circumstances!

Sect leader! If you say kill, we definitely won't set a fire! If you said east, we definitely wouldn't walk west!

Heroes were people that recognized the circumstances, Zuo Mo comforted himself. Yet what he did not realize was the sect leader and the others overestimated his stubbornness.

Zuo Mo, who had been waiting to surrender for several days, didn't even see the shadow of the sect leader and the others.

He had to face a problem.

There was no water and food. How could he had predicted that a calamity such as this would occur? His ring was almost empty. Under the effect of the jinzhi inside the formation, he was not able to even use [Little Art of Cloud and Rain]. Naturally, he didn't have any water.

It was fine if he didn't have food. But without water, then it was bad.

He licked his dry lips. He could smell the water power in the air. He was certain the big formation definitely had water sources like springs.

However

The outside was empty, the dragon was not present, but Zuo Mo was not happy. He knew when he walked out of the [Life] area, he would be surrounded by sword essences.

But he still decided to try. If he didn't act, he would never be able to walk

outside of the formation.

At this time, he finally understood the malicious intentions of the elders. They wanted him to charge into the formation!

Wasn't it just charging through! Zuo Mo boldened his heart and left the [Life] area.

Outside the sect Pei Yuan Ran and the others released a breath. They had never thought that Zuo Mo would just stay inside the [Life] area for the last few days and had never come out.

They had originally planned on sending some water and food in. But seeing Zuo Mo retreating into the [Life] area and not come out, looking as though he was waiting to stand off against them, they instantly let go of their intentions to send food and water in.

"The boy finally came out." Pei Yuan Ran said.

Yan Le nodded. He clearly was relieved. "This guy is definitely one of the most wretched disciples in the sect. I guess that if we didn't cut off his food and water, he probably would just stay in the [Life] area to wait it out, humph, wait until the formation collapses!"

Shi Feng Rong was somewhat unhappy. "Third Shixiong, weren't you the same when you were young?"

Yan Le choked and instantly became silent.

Xin Yan unblinkingly stared at Zuo Mo inside the formation. Inside, he also was relieved. He had been afraid as well that Zuo Mo would just sit in passive resistance. He believed that the guy could definitely do something like that.

However, since Zuo Mo had walked out, they instantly paid attention.

They were very curious how Zuo Mo would respond. This brat might not walk on the right path but he had an endless bag of tricks that was always surprising.

Walking out of the [Life] grounds, Zuo Mo instantly felt the tearing from the sword essences in the air, the prickling from the ground. However, he didn't dare use [Vajra Profound Sutra] this time, only gritted his teeth and bore the pain as he slowly moved in the direction of water.

Outside the formation, Xin Yan suddenly opened. "He's finding water."

The other three understood, a smile coming onto their faces.

When Wu Ling Sanren had been setting up the formation, he had already considered this point. It was not difficult to find a water source inside the formation, but it was not easy to resupply himself.

Zuo Mo bore the pain, his consciousness sweeping around to search for a source of water.

He found the slower he moved, the lower the threat the surrounding sword essences posed. So, with turtle speed, he slowly moved in the direction of water.

A short journey, he used up four whole hours.

Outside the formation, the elders had long lost their patience and left. There were many things they had to take care of at the moment, and this period of time was extremely important for Wu Kong Sword Sect.

Wu Kong Sword Sect had shone in the Sword Test Conference, and naturally walked to the front of the stage. It was not appropriate to remain as low-key as they did before. They needed to adjust the plan for the entire sect.

Countless eyes were focused on Wu Kong Sword Sect. This period would be the greatest transformation of Wu Kong Sword Sect in recent times. Reputation, status, they had that. What they needed to fight for was the benefits that came with it.

Wu Kong Sword Sect's rise would certainly affect some sects. The

fighting that would occur would be very harsh.

Pei Yuan Ran and the others were not kind and generous people. Once they finalized their plan, they moved lightning fast and without any hesitation.

In the time span of several nights, Wu Kong Sword Sect continuously defeated three sects. Even though it was three small sects, but people were still able to see a great beast slowly opening his jaws.

As expected, Wu Kong Sword Sect did not stop their expansion. In the next seven days, all the smaller sects surrounding Wu Kong Sword Sect were merged into Wu Kong Sword Sect.

Pei Yuan Ran's conduct was just and authoritative. Xin Yan was invincible in battle. Yan Le was clever and experienced. Shi Feng Rong's battle strength was not ordinary, and her skill in dan-making was unrivalled in Dong Fu.

The four cooperated well, with great trust between them. Even though many small sects had been absorbed, but the inner management of Wu Kong Sword Sect did not become disordered. The sect was disciplined and efficient in its restructuring.

This was a battle! There were negotiations behind the scenes, and naturally fighting in the open. In one night, Xin Yan defeated seven experts, shaking Sky Moon Jie!

It was that battle which completely established the fame of Ice Dragon Sword, and also greatly increased the rate the Wu Kong Sword Sect expanded.

Under such a situation, Pei Yuan Ran and the others had no attention to spare for Zuo Mo trapped inside the formation. They only ordered Li Ying Feng to regularly send in water and food, as well as jade scrolls. Of course, it was only ever sword scripture jade scrolls.

The pitiful Zuo Mo had encountered a big problem.

Translator Ramblings:

Different perspectives are so interesting. Before you guys commented, I never realized that the elders never explicitly told Zuo Mo what he should do. From Pei Yuan Ran taking him into the sect, Zuo Mo knew that he needed to make jingshi so he decided to become a ling plant farmer, to now, where he still wants jingshi, no one really said to him “Hey, Zuo Mo, you need to be a sword xiu, otherwise, people can steal jingshi from you.”

Chapter 166: This Land Is Great

Zuo Mo stared at the purple vine that was growing wildly. The purple vines were about the thickness of a finger, smooth and strong. There were strings of small blue flowers on the vine, giving the appearance of being both serene and elegant. The vine did not have any supports yet naturally grew in midair.

Hiss, Zuo Mo sucked in a breath. His body was covered in small wounds. He was full of wariness as he stared at the purple vine.

He could sense a familiar taste within the vine.

Manifestation!

The purple vine was Master's sword essence!

Damn it. His gaze passed between the vines to look at the spring that was bubbling with water. He unconsciously licked his dry lips. Even though water and food would be sent into the formation at regular intervals, the amount was not enough to satisfy his needs.

After wasting so many days, he had pretty much grasped this damned formation. His heart was very cold. He didn't know what master the sect leader had hired to set up this formation, but his skills were amazing. Zuo Mo had never thought about constructing a formation with sword essences! When he realized this, he didn't dare believe his own judgement.

What made him feel even more hopeless was the five sword essences inside the formation were all sword essence manifestations! Damn it! A formation created by five jindan experts for him to suffer through, did the sect leader and the others have nothing else to do?

Zuo Mo cursed again and again inside.

He had suffered greatly in the formation ever since he entered. His body was covered in wounds. With the five sword essence manifestations guarding the formation, just the ripples that were released were enough to grind him into powder. If he even tried to use the [Vajra Profound Sutra], the fine sword essences would flood towards him.

Zuo Mo felt very depressed. In the beginning, who was it that wanted him to practice [Vajra Profound Sutra]?

Each location that had water was guarded by a sword essence. Sect Leader's sword essence was a mountain peak, high and solid. Zuo Mo felt his heart shudder after taking a look. The heavy presence made him unable to breathe. He had turned and ran away. He hadn't thought that the sect leader would also be so powerful. Yan Le Shibo's sword essence was a white snow fox. The slender figure was a great contrast to Shibo. If it wasn't for the slyness in its eyes, he would have doubted whose sword essence it was. Master's sword essence was a purple vine. Since he had never seen Master fight, he had been hoping to try his luck.

The result, strings of blue flowers exploded simultaneously each turning to a rain of flowers that surrounded Zuo Mo. He finally tasted what it was like to be cut by a thousand knives.

The last sword essence was very unfamiliar to him. It was like a Bagua formation, and revolved relentlessly. It was the first time Zuo Mo saw such a strange sword essence. However, after interacting with sword essences every day, he managed to grasp some insights. This Bagua sword essence might look extraordinary, but it was the weakest of the five sword essences.

Yet with Zuo Mo's pitifully low cultivation, he couldn't handle it even though it was the weakest Bagua sword essence.

The few [Life] areas inside the formation were the only places he could rest.

Zuo Mo could only dejectedly retreat back to the [Life] area.

However, he hadn't suffered these days for nothing. Certain areas were not dangerous unless he entered. This sword essence formation seemed to emphasize imprisonment, not killing. Otherwise, the five sword essences only needed to move on their own and everything inside the formation would turn to dust.

At regular intervals, items would be sent into the formation. Water, grains, jingshi, lingdan, sword scriptures etc etc. Especially sword

scriptures. Did the elders want to move the entire records room into the formation?

At this time, he finally understood that he wouldn't be getting out soon. Not being able to decipher why the elders were so angry, Zuo Mo was too lazy to think. Since he was here, he would stay here. After slowly becoming accustomed to it, he was full of curiosity towards the big formation.

He had never seen such a powerful formation before. To be able to experience it personally, wasn't it the best way to learn?

Thinking like this, Zuo Mo instantly found the days were not so hard.

Other than the wondrous aspects of the formation itself, the five sword essence manifestations were also exposed to him without any disguise. There were many things he could study and copy!

Zuo Mo had comprehended sword essence a long time ago. It had stopped because he had not spent effort after that. Now that he had examples, if he didn't grasp the chance, he would be too dumb.

This land was great!

The formation and the sword essences couldn't directly teach him, but Zuo Mo had his own methods.

He retreated back into the [Life] area. Not far away, the dragon slowly and idly moved its gigantic body. Zuo Mo was even able to see the ice-like scales on its body. He snickered, raised his hand, and threw a rock at the ice dragon.

Pew pew pew!

The little rock was instantly ground to dust by the countless fine sword essences in the air. Even the dust was unable to reach the dragon.

But the dragon clearly became provoked by Zuo Mo's challenge. It roared and the entire formation shook.

Zuo Mo stared at the enraged dragon with terror and excitement. The strong presence made him tremble uncontrollably but he stared with wide unblinking eyes!

The furious dragon started to rampage inside the formation. Dirt and stones flew into the air. The sword essences were like the pack of wolves that heard the call of its alpha and exploded forth! The dragon twisted its enormous body, all the scales on its body turning into countless sharp icy sword essences that shot into the surroundings!

Too domineering!

Zuo Mo could feel the peerless power inside the formation, could feel each sword essence, no matter how small it was, was so whole and complete! There was an extremely complex relationship between each sword essence, so wondrous it was almost unimaginable.

The tide!

Zuo Mo once again saw the tide!

Every time the dragon twisted, the sword essence would move on the body that was constructed out of countless sword essences. Pure power passed through the layers as though it was a tide!

Too too powerful!

Zuo Mo's teeth were chattering. Even though he was in the [Life] area, but in front of absolute power, he felt he was so minuscule! But he endured it, even if his teeth were chattering, his body shaking, he used all his power to keep his eyes open and on the dragon, not willing to miss any detail!

Second Shibo's sword essence was the last one that he was facing, because it was the strongest sword essence out of the five!

Sect Leader Shibo's sword essence was as heavy as a mountain, Third Shibo's sword essence as sly as a fox, Master's sword essence as serene as

a vine, and that unknown expert's sword essence was unending like a formation.

After experiencing the four sword essences, Zuo Mo had thought he could face Second Shibo's sword essence. But only now, facing it directly did he understand why Second Shibo's sword essence was at the center!

Because it was the strongest, and not just by a bit!

Zuo Mo could not understand how someone's sword essence could reach such a terrifying step. In the five sword essences, Zuo Mo had thought he would be the most familiar with Second Shibo's Ice Dragon sword essence. Now, he knew he was wrong, and terribly wrong! He had never truly understood the Ice Dragon sword essence, he hadn't even touched the surface.

Even the [Moon Chime Sound Storm] of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was worthless in front of Second Shibo's Ice Dragon sword essence!

His legs were nailed to the ground. As long as he stayed within the [Life] area, the dragon could not harm him. Even though he knew this, he still felt his courage quickly drain away.

Stand your ground!

In the next ten days, he continued to challenge the dragon every day.

Even Wu Ling Sanren, who had created the formation, would not have thought that Zuo Mo would use such a shameless tactic. No matter how wondrous the formation was, it was a formation, and required ling power to sustain itself. Zuo Mo continuously challenging the dragon and causing the dragon to go into a rage quickly increased the drain of ling power by the formation.

Of course, if Zuo Mo wanted to use this method to escape, then he

would have to wait a few years.

What Zuo Mo was happy about was that, as the ling power of the great formation was expended, some places that were hidden were gradually exposed. Now, he was in even less of a rush. He continuously teased all five sword essences each day. For one, he could have make a better study and comprehend the sword essence. His other purpose was to run down the ling power of the formation.

No matter how talented he was, he was just a zhuji. Some of the higher-level transformations were far out of the range of his understanding and he could not learn it. But some of the lower and basic changes of the formation were more valuable to him.

The sword essence was the same.

There never was the best, only the most appropriate.

It was like there was no time in the formation. He forgot time. It was like he had landed in a treasure trove, there were too many treasures waiting for him to to dig up and discover. He became enchanted.

Zuo Mo's upper body was bare. As he looked around, his eyes were clear.

He looked at the dragon nearby. The dragon was just as proud, but the sheen of the dragon was much dimmer than before. Suddenly, Zuo Mo felt some reluctance. He had spent everyday with the essence for more than half a year. Even though he knew it was not alive, Zuo Mo still would miss it.

Today, he decided to organize everything he had learned.

It was time for him to leave the formation!

Right now, the [Life] area that Zuo Mo was in had gone from three zhang to ten zhang. This space was modified by what Zuo Mo had comprehended about the formation.

Having decided to make an end, Zuo Mo was not in a hurry. He sat down in meditation, forgetting everything else.

A long time later, he opened his eyes, the light inside a fraction brighter than before.

The Water Drop sword was in front of him as he sunk deeply into thought.

Half a year's worth of time, the changes to Wu Kong Sword Sect's were enough to make people gape. The present Wu Kong Sword Sect was the largest sect in Dong Fu. It had absorbed almost all the sects in Dong Fu. It also squeezed its way into becoming one of the top three large sects in Sky Moon Jie, clearly one of the new grand sects.

Three months ago, Wei Sheng had come out of seclusion, and Luo Li had returned from the sword cave. The addition of the two people had increased the offensive power of Wu Kong Sword Sect. Following Xin Yan, they battled in all directions. Wu Kong Sword Sect's power expanded at astounding speed.

All of Sky Moon Jie's eyes were focused on this newly rising sect.

If it was in the past, Wu Kong Sword Sect's conduct would have caused great resistance. Many other sects would have interfered. However, everyone was only watching, and no one was interfering because of one piece of news.

-- The news that Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie had collapsed seemed to have grown wings as it passed through all of Sky Moon Jie.

Some small sects merged into Wu Kong Sword Sect of their own volition. It was much cooler under a large tree!

No matter what, Wu Kong Sword Sect had four jindan experts!

Xin Yan had taken Wei Sheng and Luo Li to fight outside. Yan Le was continuously travelling to the other sects, spreading Wu Kong Sword Sect's respects and desire for friendly relations. In charge of the whole plan was Pei Yuan Ran, who was terribly busy. Even Shi Feng Rong had to come out of the dan room to help Pei Yuan Ran.

Just at this time, light streamed up at the back of Wu Kong Mountain!

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Translator Ramblings: Yes, a lot of you were right. Would Zuo Mo ever docilely follow the path left for him? On the other hand, it isn't his fault. Who was the one that trapped him with a formation? Like yes, sword essences, but sword essences formation! Really, wasting the energy of the formation is much easier to do than having to comprehend sword essence to a higher level (The elders should have asked for a warranty from Wu Ling Sanren, heart turn sword essence or fifty percent back!)

Wu Kong Sword Sect is now big, and getting bigger. Wei Sheng and Luo Li are the poster children for Wu Kong Sword Sect.

Chapter 167: “The Places Are The Same, The People Are Not”

While walking along the path, he didn't see any people along the way. It wasn't until he had reached the mouth of the path that he saw four other disciples .

However

Zuo Mo didn't recognize any of them. What shocked him even more was all four of the disciples were in zhuji, and one of them had an even deeper in cultivation than he did. Who were these people? Why had they come to the back of the mountain of his sect?

Zuo Mo was on his guard.

When the four disciples saw Zuo Mo, they first paused and then bowed simultaneously, calling out, “Greetings to Zuo Shixiong!”

Zuo Shixiong? Had the sect taken in new disciples recently? Zuo Mo was puzzled but asked without showing a hint of confusion, “Everyone looks unfamiliar. Why did you all enter Wu Kong Sword Sect?”

The person with the deepest cultivation among the four stepped forward and said respectfully, “We used to be Wei Sword Sect disciples. Two months ago, we formally entered the sect and have received orders from the sect leader to guard the back mountain.”

Zuo Mo's puzzlement increased upon hearing this. He asked curiously, “If you were Wei Sword Sect disciples, then why would you consider entering our sect?”

The four exchanged looks and smiled. The leader explained. “Shixiong was in seclusion and may not know the dramatic changes within the sect. Not just Wei Sword Sect, but almost half of the sects around Dong Fu have merged into our sect.”

Zuo Mo gaped.

The four saw Zuo Mo was blanking but didn't dare disturb him. They

might all have nearly the same level of cultivation, but the difference in status was enormous. The sect leader wasn't known to be someone who was nepotistic, but it was unavoidable that the status of the original Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples would rise with their expansion. Even more, Zuo Mo wasn't just any Wu Kong Sword Sect disciple; he was one of the core disciples.

According to the other original Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples, Zuo Mo's position was even above Luo Li Shixiong. They didn't dare to offend him. At the Sword Test Conference, Zuo Mo had become very famous. Everyone remembered his trademark zombie face. The four of them had recognized him with nothing more than a glance.

Only now did they realize that the back of the mountain was Zuo Mo's place of seclusion. From when they had been ordered to guard this place, they had been curious what was so special about the back of the mountain that the sect leader would send four people to guard it. At regular intervals, Eldest Shijie Li Ying Feng would come, but still nothing was ever mentioned.

As they stopped speaking, countless sword energies flew in from all over. At the front was Sect Leader Pei Yuan Ran and Shi Feng Rong.

The light of Zuo Mo coming out of the formation had alarmed all of Wu Kong Mountain.

When Pei Yuan Ran saw Zuo Mo, his brows imperceptibly creased but resumed normal. At his side, Shi Feng Rong had a happy expression.

When the four people guarding the back mountain saw Pei Yuan Ran and Shi Feng Rong, they were shocked and hurriedly bowed. The four of them were once again reconsidering the importance of Zuo Mo to the elders.

"You finally came out of seclusion. Not bad." Pei Yuan Ran warmly said, "Your Master has been impatient."

"It's good that you came out!" Shi Feng Rong was extremely fond of this disciple that was full of talent but also a cause for headache. The rims of her eyes turned red.

Zuo Mo's nose instantly felt sore. He was very moved. He properly bowed, "Master!"

After talking for a while with Zuo Mo, the sect leader left. There were too many things he had to do. Shi Feng Rong accompanied Zuo Mo back to his Little West Wind Yard.

Just as they reached the mouth of the valley, a ball of white shadow slammed into Zuo Mo. Caught unaware, Zuo Mo was thrown to the ground. Silly Bird! Silly Bird nudged and snuggled with her head. Zuo Mo scolded, "You silly bird!" But inside, his heart was warmed.

The Little West Wind Yard did not seem different than before. There should have been people who came to clean.

Having perceived Zuo Mo's befuddlement, Shi Feng Rong said with a slight smile, "At the beginning, Xiao Guo came to clean every day. After, Xiao Guo was sent to Sky Sound City, so she sent a few outer sect disciples to clean."

Thinking about the timid apple-face, Zuo Mo felt a slight sense of loss. He asked, "How is Xiao Guo's situation?"

Shi Feng Rong was clearly very satisfied with her other disciple. "Xiao Guo's talents might not be as high as you guys, but she is extremely hard-working. Adding on that the sect has expanded quickly this half year and has many more resources, she has leveled up quickly. She's not far from ningmai. The sect leader felt she needed to gain experience so she was sent to manage Sky Moon City."

"Eldest Shixiong? Luo Li Shixiong?" Zuo Mo couldn't help but ask.

Shi Feng Rong said, "Your Eldest Shixiong and Luo Li Shixiong originally started out with your Second Shibo. Afterwards, to increase speed, they all led some of the other disciples and split up. It's a pity that we didn't know

when you would come out of the formation, otherwise Li Ying Feng definitely would have waited a few more days before leaving. Your Yan Le Shibo needs people so he also called your Li Ying Feng Shijie over.”

Zuo Mo’s heart felt even more hollow. Who could have thought that everything had changed after staying in the formation for half a year.

“We’ve expanded this much?” Zuo Mo couldn’t help but ask, “The other sects have not interfered?”

“It’s not just us that is expanding. This half year, everyone has been expanding.” Worry came onto Shi Feng Rong’s face. “The situation in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie is becoming worse. Everyone is worried. In these troubling times, everyone that has the power to expand will expand. Only by consolidating our strength can there be some hope for survival. Sky Moon Jie is not far away from Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. Everyone is panicking. During such dangerous times, naturally it requires that special measures be used. We cannot be kind and generous. The sect leader is hoping that we can finish organizing before the bad news comes.”

“The situation is this bad?” Zuo Mo was very shocked.

“En.” The worry on Shi Feng Rong’s face became even heavier. She hesitated but still spoke. “Originally, since you came out of the formation, you should rest a while. But the situation is serious so there are some things that I have to say to you. Do not slack off now. The sect is not like it was in the past. We have seven jindan, about thirty ningmai, and more than two hundred zhuji disciples right now.”

Zuo Mo seemed to know what Master wanted to say, but for some unknown reason, he was very calm.

“Our sect has expanded too quickly. Even though it is out of helplessness, but there are many weaknesses. The sect is not as harmonious as it was before.” Speaking of that, she couldn’t help but sigh. “You have to work hard, and enter ningmai as early as possible!”

“This disciple understands.” Zuo Mo knew that Master was looking out for him.

Shi Feng Rong said a few more things before leaving.

The sky was dark. Zuo Mo sat on the rooftop, a sound tablet by his side. The noise of the sound tablet was the same. Silly Bird was at the side. She seemed to feel Zuo Mo's mood and didn't make noise.

After entering meditation from before, Pu Yao still hadn't moved.

Luckily, there was no change in the sea of flames, no change in the gravestone, and no change in Pu Yao sitting on the gravestone.

Pu Yao was meditating, Eldest Shixiong, Luo Li Shixiong, Xiao Guo, and the others were not here.

Sitting on the rooftop, he looked at the sky. The light of flying swords were multiple times more frequent than before, extremely busy. Yet all this prosperity made Zuo Mo feel this place was now very unfamiliar and very cold.

Suddenly, something pulled the corner of his clothing. Turning around, he found it was Silly Bird.

"What? Silly Bird!"

Silly Bird flapped down the roof. Hm, Zuo Mo's eyes landed where Silly Bird was standing.

Wasn't that the entrance to the rock room?

Zuo Mo had always carefully concealed the entrance to the rock room. He had especially set up illusory formations around it. No one had found it. Zuo Mo suddenly felt interested and burrowed into the room.

Entering, a damp and cold air rushed out.

Sweeping the stone room, Zuo Mo suddenly had a joyful expression.

Hm!

Black gold worm!

The black gold worm also found Zuo Mo, turning into a streak of black light to land on Zuo Mo's shoulder. Seeing this little guy, Zuo Mo's mood lifted as though he was meeting an old friend. He finally remembered that the black gold worm liked to stay on the ling vein inside the stone room. He had long forgotten about it.

Putting the black gold worm on his palm and inspecting it, Zuo Mo felt even happier. Compared to before, the black gold worm was of a higher grade and more intelligent.

What had this guy eaten?

When his eyes landed on the pock-marked ling vein, he understood. It was as he had expected. When he approached the ling vein, he found he could not detect any ling energy. There was a small yet extremely deep hole in the ground. When Zuo Mo tested with his consciousness, he found it was at least several dozen zhang deep. It definitely was due to the black gold worm. The dan that had been nurturing by the ling spring probably also landed in this little guy's stomach.

"I really didn't see that you really have some skill!" Zuo Mo smiled at the black gold worm.

Taking the black gold worm out of the stone room, Zuo Mo's mood was much better.

Wu Kong Hall

Pei Yuan Ran and Shi Feng Rong were discussing matters.

Pei Yuan Ran smiled and said, "I just received a flying sword message from Third Shidi. Good news, Heart Lake Sword Sect has agreed to give the Desolate Wood Reef to us."

Shi Feng Rong also showed a sliver of joy. "If that's the case, that's great!

The Desolate Wood Reef is right beside the Jie River to Little Mountain Jie. We now have another escape route, but what did Heart Lake Sword Sect want in return?"

"They wanted Kui City. I agreed. Kui City isn't of much use to us. To exchange for Desolate Wood Reef, it's profitable." Pei Yuan Ran said decisively.

Shi Feng Rong nodded in agreement.

"I'm planning to let Zuo Mo go to the Desolate Wood Reef," Pei Yuan Ran suddenly said.

"Why?" Shi Feng Rong suddenly stood up, her face angry. "Zuo Mo just came out of the formation, and you are sending him to such wilderness. I understand clearly just how barren the Desolate Wood Reef is. We've been there before, and I know it. I don't agree!"

Pei Yuan Ran rubbed his brow in helplessness, his other hand motioning to Shi Feng Rong. "Don't be so impatient. Wait for me to finish."

Shi Feng Rong snorted coldly, not speaking.

Pei Yuan Ran really had no methods of dealing with his shimei. "Desolate Wood Reef might be very poor, but Shimei also knows how important it is to us. Otherwise, why would we have needed Third Shidi to personally go to Heart Lake Sword Sect? This kind of important location, I wouldn't feel safe if it wasn't on our people's hands. Wei Sheng and the others have their duties. Tell me, who can I send?"

Pei Yuan Ran spread his hands, and asked Shi Feng Rong.

Shi Feng Rong sneered. "Don't use these righteous excuses. Isn't it just that you saw that Zuo Mo isn't in Ningmai and his sword essence hasn't reached Heart Turn Sword Essence? This matter, I definitely won't agree!"

Pei Yuan Ran grimaced. "Ah, what do you want me to say? Keeping Zuo Mo in the sect, would that be good for him? You also know what the situation is like inside the sect! Do we have the time to protect him? Do you have it? No! I don't either! Wei Sheng and the others are not here, no one can help him, is that really so good for him?"

Seeing Shi Feng Rong's face relax, he continued patiently, "Desolate Wood Reef might be out of the way and poor, but it is very safe. It is behind us, therefore it will be on our path for retreat. Zuo Mo going there, he might suffer, but his life will not be in danger. If the situation is really bad and we need to retreat, we will definitely go through Desolate Wood Reef. With our current circumstances, other than ensuring his survival, what more do you want?"

Shi Feng Rong didn't say anything. She knew that Sect Leader Shixiong was right.

After struggling for a while, she raised her head, and gritted her teeth, "On the matter of resources, we can't short-change him."

"Alright." Pei Yuan Ran answered easily.

Chapter 168: Desolate Wood Reef

“Shixiong, Desolate Wood Reef is just up ahead,” A shidi said excitedly as he pointed forwards.

Zuo Mo nodded. He gazed into the distance and a lonely island had appeared in the distance.

Everyone was slightly excited. After flying continuously for two months, everyone sighed a breath of relief as they quickly neared their destination.

Seeing the Desolate Wood Reef, Zuo Mo finally understood why the sect had been so interested in such an out-of-the-way place. Desolate Wood Reef was positioned in a deep expanse of water, the edge of the jie river. If one wanted to pass into Little Mountain Jie, they had to pass through this location. The Endless Ocean was borderless and required long flights. Flying to this place was the limit of endurance for most. Because of this, the Desolate Wood Reef's location was strategically important. It was necessary to rest at this area and regain strength in preparation for passing through the jie river.

If it wasn't for the fact that Heart Lake Sword Sect was at the opposite end of Sky Moon Jie and their sect had several jie rivers, they never would have let go of such an important location as the Desolate Wood Reef. Even so, the sect had paid a great price.

But this place really was desolate.

As they flew closer and the island came into view, Zuo Mo couldn't help but sigh.

He didn't have any anger towards the sect for sending him to the Desolate Wood Reef; he was actually very happy. The state of the sect was not harmonious, and all the disciples that he was familiar with were no longer present. Such timing had made it wiser to leave. Desolate Wood Reef was far away from the sect so any conflict inside the sect wouldn't reach this place. He was happy to be so free.

Just at this time, several xiuzhe flew up out of the island.

“Are you the shixiong from Wu Kong Sword Sect?” shouted one of them.

“Yes!” Zuo Mo bowed. He was preparing to take out the sect token, when the other person smiled and waved his hand. “Zuo Shixiong coming personally, I don’t need to see the token.”

“Shixiong knows me?” Zuo Mo was slightly surprised.

The other smiled. The person said, “The recording jade scrolls of the battle between Brother Zuo and Chao An may be rare, but this one is lucky enough to possess one of them. I recognized Brother Zuo from the recording.”

Zuo Mo finally understood, He humbly bowed with folded hands, “Shixiong is too kind.”

“I thought that you guys would arrive soon. We’ve already cleaned everything up. From today on, the Desolate Wood Reef will be under Brother Zuo’s care. This jade scroll contains some of what we have discovered about this island over the years. I hope it can help Brother Zuo. Goodbye.” The other bowed with folded hands in salute to Zuo Mo and then left. He didn’t seem to want to spend another moment on the island. The other people also bowed and then left.

The exchange had been so fast that it was surprising to Zuo Mo.

The people who had accompanied him here felt they had been given much face. Even the disciples of Heart Lake Sword Sect knew the name of Zuo Shixiong. They felt honored to be connected. The Wu Kong Sword Sect had just expanded, and compared to those older sects, there was still a gap in the attitudes of the disciples.

“Let’s head down.” Zuo Mo looked and urged Silly Bird to land.

The other people followed tightly after him.

The amount of investment that Heart Lake Sword Sect had put into the Desolate Wood Reef had been very limited. Other than a few stone buildings on the island, there was nothing. The shidi that came with Zuo Mo did not say anything, but their faces had become much dimmer. They found the place was much more isolated than they had originally

imagined.

Zuo Mo did not care. Stepping on to the Desolate Wood Reef, he found the island was better than he had thought.

“We are going to make a home here.” Zuo Mo glanced at them and said calmly, “Everyone first rest for a few days before starting.”

After flying for more than two months, even Silly Bird was slightly less energetic. The steeds of the other shidi were even worse off. Zuo Mo took out a bottle of lingdan. This was the Energy Dan that he had prepared previously. The grade was not very high, just second-grade. But since it was easy to make and the cost was low, he had made an entire batch. Silly Bird liked to eat it and would often munch on them as if they were beans. They were pretty effective at recovering its energy.

As expected, after eating seven or eight, Silly Bird resumed her usual boastful and proud attitude. Her neck was arched high, her upper body unmoving, and her two long, dainty bird legs elegantly stepping out on the beach.

The shidi looked enviously at Silly Bird. Even someone blind could see handsomeness of Silly Bird.

They copied Zuo Mo, taking out Energy Dan to feed to their steeds. But they were still quite reluctant, the most they gave was two pills. Before departure, Zuo Mo had given each person a bottle with about ten pills in each.

In this time that the prices of materials were rising, the bottle of Energy Dan was not cheap. They found that following Zuo Shixiong didn't seem to be so bad, at least it wouldn't be unprofitable. Even more, Zuo Shixiong was a core disciple.

Those whom Zuo Mo had picked this time were all disciples from minor sects that hadn't been in the sect for more than one month. They had just joined and had not been pulled into the factions within the sect. As those those disciples that had some fame, he didn't take any of them.

Ningmai disciples, which ones would obey him?

The people he had picked were all in zhuji with foundations as production xiuzhe.

After resting for two days, everyone had basically recovered.

Zuo Mo called everyone over.

“Starting from today, for a very long period of time, we will be staying at this place where even the birds won’t shit.” Zuo Mo’s language was coarse, but everyone felt a deep empathy with his words.

“However, because this place is isolated, no one will disturb us here. It can be a place of peace. Right now, the sect is a mess, and even I find it troublesome. For you, it would be a dream to think you could have avoided it!”

“All of us here are production xiu, so think about the sect. Is there a place that will allow you to peacefully produce? This place might be isolated, but there is no conflict. To us, it is a very good place! Desolate? We can change it ourselves! I’ll state the rules first. On the Desolate Wood Reef, whoever creates ling fields will get to plant in them. Whoever plants will get what they planted. I won’t take a portion, the sect will not take anything! Also, the sect benefits that you are due will not change.”

“Really?” There was excitement on some people’s faces. Originally, they had felt this place was isolated and had been very unwilling. Hearing Zuo Mo say so, they became excited. They were all production xiu, and none among them were interested in fighting and killing. It might be hard to create ling fields, but if they made them, what they planted belonged to them! The sect would not take a portion.

It had to be said that the portion the sect usually took in rent for ling fields was extremely high.

Zuo Mo shrugged his shoulders. “As long as I am here there will not be a

problem. But if the sect switches people then I can't do a thing."

The people believed Zuo Mo even more when he said that. At least Zuo Shixiong was not overexaggerating. Poor land? It was only a matter of effort for xiuzhe. Production xiu were hardworking and hardy.

Seeing everyone was becoming motivated, Zuo Mo decided to keep eating while the fire was hot.

"Time is jingshi! Everyone, you don't want to waste jingshi! I have a plan here"

Zuo Mo knew that time was short. There was not a lot of time left for him.

In the past, Desolate Wood Reef was neglected, but as the situation worsened, the position of the Desolate Wood Reef would quickly become essential. Relatively speaking, Little Mountain Jie was even more isolated. It only had two jie rivers, even less than Sky Moon Jie.

The situations was worsening and the amount of xiuzhe that would pass through Desolate Wood Reef would increase greatly.

Having personally made the trip, Zuo Mo felt that the position of the Desolate Wood Reef was even better geographically. Two months of travelling, it took almost one month of flying over the Endless Ocean. Supposedly, there were vicious and dangerous water beasts underwater so few people would chose to travel on the water.

Zuo Mo could not imagine just how idiotic the people of Heart Lake Sword Sect were. Heavens, possessing such a good place yet not using it!

In reality, his thinking had gone askew. Little Mountain Jie only had a jie river towards Sky Moon Jie and one towards Sky Water Jie. Sky Moon Jie was not as prosperous as Sky Water Jie so there was rarely any people that passed through to Little Mountain Jie. The Desolate Wood Reef was too far away from Heart Lake Sword Sect. It was only a stop, so naturally, they did not try to manage it with any significant effort.

Zuo Mo had his own thoughts. Even though Little Mountain Jie was more isolated, it was also further away from Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. In

other words, if the current situation really worsened retreating through Little Mountain Jie then onwards to Sky Water Jie was not a bad choice.

That was his plan.

He estimated that after some more time, there would continuously be people going through the jie river to Little Mountain Jie.

It wasn't so easy to travel through a jie river. The shortest amount of time it would take was several months, longer trips could possibly take years. The Desolate Wood Reef was the only supply point before entering the jie river. That was an opportunity.

Want to resupply? Alright! Hee hee, passage fee accommodation fee resupplying fee birds will be plucked clean... ..

He had decided. Even if it was a mosquito passing by, he was going to squeeze out three drops of blood!

In any case, the sect in the short term definitely had no attention to spare on him. Looking objectively from outside, he finally understood. The sect might look strong now, but before the sect leader could assimilate the newly merged factions, the sect would only remain superficially strong . In reality, it was weak internally. The sect leader definitely could see it, but was yet to be seen if there was enough time for him to do anything about it.

That was up to the Heavens!

Zuo Mo shook his head and threw those nonsense thoughts to the back of his mind. A problem even the sect leader couldn't solve, it wasn't necessary for him to waste his thoughts on it. He decided to manage his own little domain.

The Desolate Wood Reef was a treasure. Thinking of being able to sit and receive jingshi was great, but this all required that he had enough strength to support it.

This was what he was directing everyone to do now.

Each person had been given a jade scroll from Zuo Shixiong with the

jobs assigned to them.

There were a variety of jobs that were very weird. Ling plant farmers were requested to plant certain ling grasses and herbs at certain areas on the island. The animal keepers were to put some of the worms and beasts they raised in certain locations. Zuo Mo had even drawn out the areas they needed to raise them.

The most common task was to dig holes and canals. Almost everyone felt it hard to understand.

The humidity on the Desolate Wood Reef was very rich. The effect of water element spells like [Little Art Of Cloud And Rain] were magnified. They didn't really need to dig any waterways. Also, the canals that Zuo Shixiong had requested them to dig crisscrossed the entire island, all of them connected to each other.

What did Zuo Shixiong want to do?

After a while, some of the more sensitive xiuzhe discovered that Zuo Shixiong had not appeared for two days.

Where had Zuo Shixiong gone?

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Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo knows what course of action is good for him and how to get rich. Geographically, Sky Moon Jie has several routes to different places, and Desolate Wood Reef is just one of them. Wu Kong Sword Sect did not have a jie river, so they themselves did not have their own path of retreat, and traded for Desolate Wood Reef to amend that weakness.

Chapter 169: Wealth Coming From The Sky

Zuo Mo followed closely behind the black gold worm. He held the Water Drop sword, his eyes continuously sweeping the surroundings with caution.

The armoured black worm ran very quickly. Zuo Mo was gleeful as he followed.

If Lil' Black was running so cheerfully, then the island definitely had ling veins or some great treasure. He had originally assumed that the Desolate Wood Reef was a barren island. Looking at it now, it seemed to hold some surprises.

The place they had arrived at was a dense forest, and in the middle, there was a lake filled with black-coloured water. Lil' Black seemed to be extremely afraid of the black water lake and rapidly passed it by. Zuo Mo examined the black water lake in slight surprise. The lake was not very large, about ten mu or so. The water of the pond was as black as ink. It was a dead place, no grass growing beside it and contained only large patches of pale white rock.

Corrupted land!

For some reason, these two words naturally floated to the top of Zuo Mo's mind. The black water lake looked like it was dead. There were no animal tracks along the shores. It seemed to exude unluckiness. He remembered the jade scroll that the Heart Lake Sword Sect disciple had given him mentioned this lake. The black water lake was very dangerous, and it was recommended to stay away.

He didn't have time to study the lake right now. He sped up to keep in step with Lil' Black.

Among the woods, Lil' Black was like a gust of wind, only a black shadow could be seen. If Zuo Mo did not have a mental connection with Lil' Black, he would have lost track of it a long time ago.

Detecting that Lil' Black's speed had increased a fraction, Zuo Mo hurriedly sped up as well.

Lil' Black suddenly crept inside a crack in a nearby clearing. Zuo Mo grimaced when he saw this two-finger wide crack. Yet his Water Drop sword in his hand did not hesitate, turning into a stream of light and twisting rapidly in the air as a blue shadow before it suddenly drilled downward!

Boom!

Broken rock scattered and a hole wide enough to allow Zuo Mo to enter appeared in front of him.

Zuo Mo waved his hand, and the Water Drop sword flew back into his hand. Bending down, he entered the hole and the tunnel widened in front of him. This place was a natural cave. Not far away, the black gold worm was waiting for Zuo Mo. Seeing Zuo Mo, it made a sound, turned and ran. Zuo Mo refocused and hurriedly followed.

The darkness did not affect Lil' Black at all and Zuo Mo's consciousness was strong enough to allow everything to be perceived by his mind.

Advancing inside the tunnel, Zuo Mo was able to feel that he was continuously moving deeper underground. Along the way, his flying sword had been used to break open quite a few blockages. Up until now, he hadn't found any traces of other people. This made him even more excited.

After walking for more than an hour, when he walked by another corner, Zuo Mo was stunned by scene in front of him.

Large swathes of completely red lava flowed, slowly bubbling. His vision was completely filled with its red glow. The cavern was like a world of crimson, changing and twisting with each wave of heat. The air was

stained with the smell of sulfur.

The lake of boiling lava was about three mu in size, rocks from the surrounding areas were constantly falling and disappearing into it. But after a while, the lava at the borders would cool, forming rock again and mending the holes.

Hmm? His gaze landed on the black gold worm. At some unknown time, Lil' Black had crawled on top of a red coloured rock and started to nibble.

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly shrunk and he was overjoyed.

Crimson Fire Rock!

He couldn't stop himself from approaching and picking up a red-coloured rock from the ground. The volcanic red rock was not jade yet similar to jade. It was a very strong and pure shade of red, hot to the touch like scorching hot metal. If Zuo Mo hadn't wrapped ling power around his hand, his hand would have been cooked to the bone.

The rock contained extremely rich fire element power!

Fourth-grade Crimson Fire Rock!

At this time, he wanted to laugh. Who would've thought that this isolated island would have such a treasure! A circle of Crimson Red Rock grew around the rim of the lava lake.

All this Crimson Fire Rock alone was enough to make his trip to the Desolate Wood Reef worth it!

Without another word, he started to collect the Crimson Fire rock, not leaving even one piece. The Crimson Fire rock was arranged in a particular pattern. All of them grew in the area closest to the lava, forming a belt around the lava lake. These Crimson Fire rocks had been tempered over countless months and years, and the impurities inside had been melted away so they were very pure.

In the sixty or so pieces of Crimson Fire rock, most were third-grade. The number of fourth-grade Crimson Fire rock reached six pieces.

This was an astounding amount of wealth!

Zuo Mo was very satisfied. He was dizzy from receiving such a windfall of wealth. To reward Lil' Black, he even took out a piece of fourth-grade Crimson Fire rock for it to chew on.

Lil' Black instantly abandoned the third-grade Crimson Fire rock that he had half eaten and leapt towards the fourth-grade Crimson Fire rock as though its butt was on fire. This piece of Crimson Fire rock was not big, just slightly larger than his thumb. Lil' Black ate it like it was a cracker, crunch crunch. A fourth-grade Crimson Fire rock was gone just like that.

Finished eating, Lil' Black suddenly became bright red all over like it was being heated, lying there motionlessly.

Zuo Mo was alarmed. The connection between him and Lil' Black was broken!

He carefully held Lil' Black on his hand. Lil' Black seemed like a piece of Crimson Fire rock at this moment, it's temperature abnormally high. He carefully observed for a while using his consciousness. Finally, after making sure that the black gold worm hadn't died, he instantly sighed in relief. After staying in the formation for half a year, Silly Bird and Lil' Black were not just steed and ling worm to Zuo Mo, but more like his friends.

Zuo Mo guessed that Lil' Black had consumed too much fire element power today, causing "indigestion."

"You glutton!" He muttered as he put Lil' Black into his ring.

After cleaning up the Crimson Fire rock, Zuo Mo finally calmed down. He reassessed this underground lava lake. Even standing on the shore, he could feel the rich fire element power.

This place was a treasure!

Zuo Mo had already started to ponder how he could use the lava lake.

His consciousness made a few rounds around the lake and did not find anything strange.

He had originally intended to find ling veins and hadn't expected an

earth fire lava lake. This was outside of his plans. However, even if it was unexpected, this lava lake was still of great use.

Zuo Mo stood at his spot, thinking for a moment before starting to act.

All kinds of materials appeared on his hands. The stores of the sect had been opened for his trip to the Desolate Wood Reef. He naturally wasn't polite, and swept through until Master couldn't bare it anymore. Compared to before, the resources were on completely different levels. There were all kinds of high level materials in the stores that dazzled Zuo Mo's eyes.

Zuo Mo might be lazy in general, but he would never slack off on anything related to his life.

A flip of the hand, and a two-handled hornless dragon copper cauldron appeared. The hornless dragon pattern on the cauldron was a faint red, it's coiled body carved to appear like flames.

Zuo Mo gently threw it and the copper cauldron appeared steadily at a place on the shore.

He flipped his hand again. It was another copper cauldron exactly the same as the last one.

Another toss, the cauldron was planted at another spot.

In one go, Zuo Mo had tossed out seven two-handled hornless dragon copper cauldrons which all landed at places equi-distant to the lava lake.

The seven two-handled hornless dragon copper cauldrons were fine items in the third-grade. When Zuo Mo had taken all seven while shopping at the sect stores, the face of the disciple in-charge turned green instantly.

Zuo Mo's eyes became serious. His hands blooming, he started to walk along the lake, talismans and materials flying from his hands.

Two hours later, he wiped the sweat off his forehead. A spectacular display of all kinds of materials were placed along the edges of the lava lake!

He released a breath, his hands moving like lightning. He activated spells that created streams of light which entered the materials.

The entire process continued for six whole hours. When the last spell was finished, it was like Zuo Mo had lost all energy. He sat down on his butt, his entire body soaked in sweat.

He forced down the deathly exhaustion in his body, folded his legs and quickly entered meditation.

A few hours later, he opened his eyes, fully recovered.

“It can only be like this now.” Seeing the formation he had just finished, he wasn’t very satisfied.

The lava lake contained extremely rich fire element energy and a thread of earth fire. It was a wonderful natural cauldron. No matter if it was dan-making, or forging, it was a necessity so he did not spare the expense in using the seven third-grade two-handle hornless dragon copper cauldrons to set up a four-turn formation!

The fire element power reached an astounding height. The energy alone would be enough to accomplish half the work whether it was used for dan-making or forging!

The formation would naturally move on its own. The seven copper cauldrons were like seven whirlpools, furiously absorbing the fire element power from the lava lake. After four turns, it turned to a thread of fire that flew into the air above the lava lake. When the seven threads of fire intersected in the air, a serene blue flame bloomed in the air.

Zuo Mo finally had a satisfied expression. The formation was not perfect, but the flame was already very good.

He took out a thin copper hoop from the ring which was covered in all kinds of seals.

Raising his hand, he threw the copper hoop into the flame.

The flame suddenly grew, enveloping the copper ring. The copper ring was abnormally silent inside the fire.

Zuo Mo put around seven layers of jinzhi around the shores of the lava lake before he stopped.

He looked at the copper ring suspended in the flame. The original yellow-red flame now revealed an extremely thin thread of red. Zuo Mo showed some anticipation on his face before he left.

Coming out of the cave, Zuo Mo carefully laid out some jinzhi over the mouth to prevent others from entering.

The disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect had worked on their construction projects for quite a few days before they finished the tasks set out in their jade scrolls. Zuo Mo did not explain very much, but everyone still reliably finished their tasks. What Zuo Mo had picked were all production xiuzhe, and they were mostly docile.

However, everyone was very curious what Shixiong planned on doing.

When the shixiong that had disappeared for a few days reappeared, everyone went to crowd around him and reported their progress.

Zuo Mo focused and scanned everyone's tasks before he had a satisfied expression.

"Everyone, thanks for your hard work!" Zuo Mo clapped his hand. "Everyone gets a bottle of Energy Dan, rest for a few days."

Even though they didn't know what Shixiong was doing, everyone felt satisfied with gaining a bottle of Energy Dan. After receiving the reward, they all went to rest.

At this very moment, a sword light suddenly flashed on the horizon.

The sword light was extremely quick. The person seemed to have spotted the Desolate Wood Reef. The light's direction changed and headed towards the Desolate Wood Reef

Zuo Mo and his compatriots instantly became nervous.

*

Translator Ramblings:

The hornless dragon is Chi, one of the nine sons of the Long (dragon) in mythology. Chi supposedly contains vast amounts of water in its stomach so the head of a Chi is usually carved on building at drain pipes and water exhaust.

Chapter 170: Nan Ming Zi

Zuo Mo did not panic. He only narrowed his eyes at the sword light heading towards them.

There was only one reason. With Wu Kong Sword Sect's present status in Sky Moon Jie, no one would so foolishly dare to antagonize them. Different than the other grand sects' steady conduct, the offensive power that Wu Kong Sword Sect were able to display had shook all of Sky Moon Jie. No one was able to rival the fame of Xin Yan's Ice Dragon Sword.

He took out a little flag from his ring. Raising his hand, the little flag started to grow. The mast of the flag was more than three zhang high, about the thickness of a goose eye, completely black, and appeared to be made out of steel. On the black flag, the words "Wu Kong" seemed to radiate unlimited power. The brush strokes were like sword strokes, appearing to almost fly off of the flag.

When the disciples saw the flag, all of them had a joyous expression. They sighed at the affection that the sect leader had towards Zuo Mo. Each sect had their own tokens to prove their identities. This flag was Wu Kong Sword Sect's token. Other than being a token, it was also a talisman that had been forged by several jindan together, who imbued it with many powerful abilities.

This Wu Kong flag had been something Shi Feng Rong had specially gone to Pei Yuan Ran to obtain for Zuo Mo.

As the sword light reached them, a xiuzhe about forty years old, with a white clean-shaven face and wearing a green Taoist robe could be seen. He was standing on a flying sword. At first glance, he saw the flag. His expression changed slightly. The name of Wu Kong Sword Sect had really become too famous recently.

Nan Ming Zi leapt down from the flying sword, and the flying sword flew into the sword sheath on his back.

"Humble Taoist Nan Ming Zi greets the friends from Wu Kong Sword Sect!"

“Greetings friend.” Zuo Mo folded his hands and bowed.

The wariness in Zuo Mo’s heart did not lessen at all. Nan Ming Zi was in the intermediate stage of ningmai, higher than all of the disciples here. The Desolate Wood Reef was also on the border of the jie river. If Nan Ming Zi had any ill intentions, killed them for their treasure, and escaped through the jie river into Little Mountain Jie, the sect wouldn’t be able to easily find him.

Nan Ming Zi looked at the Wu Kong flag, and a flash of greed shone in his eyes. A talisman that took several jindan to forge, naturally it was one of the finest! However, he quickly pushed down the greed in his heart. A sect token was a good talisman, but it was also a hot potato.

When he detected everyone’s cultivation, his own heart instantly relaxed greatly.

He noticed Zuo Mo. From beginning to now, it was this person that was speaking with him. He must be the leader of this group. He suddenly stared, “Friend looks very familiar, please tell me of your great name!”

“This one is Zuo Mo,” Zuo Mo answered. He had caught sight of the glimmer of greed that had briefly flashed in the other’s eyes. He was way too familiar with this kind of gaze.

“Zuo Mo?” Nan Ming Zi furrowed his brows to think. This face and the name, he was very familiar with both. He suddenly lifted his head, “Zuo Mo of the formation-seal-style?”

“Just little tricks, they don’t deserve to be mentioned,” Zuo Mo smiled expressionlessly.

Nan Ming Zi’s heart suddenly became cold. It had only been half a year since the Dong Fu Sword Test Conference. Zuo Mo’s name had still not been forgotten. He took back his original estimation. This expressionless guy in front of him had defeated ningmai before.

And the terrifying formation-seal-style

His gaze instinctively scanned the surroundings.

Line after line of criss-crossing pathways, piles of rock that clearly had been dug up

His heart suddenly beat faster. No way formation-seal-style

Zuo Mo's expressionless face suddenly transformed into something as deep as the ocean, his stare appeared cold like a hunter watching prey caught in a trap. He rejoiced that he hadn't attacked just now. This zombie in front of him was one that killed without a trace!

There were many rumours about why the Dong Fu Sword Test Conference had stopped in the middle, but no matter which version was told, they all used that enormous pit as the basis.

Nan Ming Zi was old and he had cultivated for a long time. His cultivation was even higher than people like Gu Rong Ping. However, he was from a small sect. In terms of attack power and techniques, he had to admit he wasn't a match for the youths of the Sword Test Conference.

A drop of sweat flowed down his back.

"Ha ha. This poor Taoist is planning on passing through the jie river from here. Can this Taoist borrow this land to rest for a few days?" Nan Ming Zi hurriedly said. "If this one disturbs, please forgive my intrusion!"

His hands were passing over five pieces of third-grade jingshi.

Zuo Mo hadn't expected the other to be so proactive. He did not change his expression as he took the five pieces of jingshi. "You are too polite! We have just taken possession of the Desolate Wood Reef from Heart Lake Sword Sect. There hasn't been time to construct a few buildings. It is a poor place with little to offer, please have tolerance."

Heart Lake Sword Sect

The sweat on Nan Ming Zi's forehead became even more pronounced. If Wu Kong Sword Sect could be called the rising nouveau-rich, than Heart Lake Sword Sect was old money with deep foundations!

Since it was related to two big sects, Nan Ming Zi didn't dare to act easily. He originated from a small sect and was very clear what power

these big sects possessed. If it was only Wu Kong Sword Sect, he might dare to risk it; but since it also related to Heart Lake Sword Sect, he no longer had the courage.

The other disciples looked at Zuo Mo with eyes full of admiration. The other was a ningmai!

Nan Ming Zi was very tired after a long flight. He found a spot to meditate and recover his strength. The disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect found that in the next few days, Shixiong would walk all over the place, occasionally putting all kinds of strange materials into the ground, or casting some spells that no one understood.

But the formation that everyone imagined did not show any signs of completion.

Some less courageous disciples became panicked. Nan Ming Zi appeared friendly up until now, but they still worried. The other was much stronger than them. After recovering, the difference between the two sides would be even greater.

Zuo Shixiong's big formation still appeared incomplete.

The third day, just like normal, Zuo Mo continuously cast all kinds of spells on the ground. He didn't seem very rushed, his composure idle.

In the middle of meditation, Nan Ming Zi's eyes opened a sliver and looked thoughtfully at Zuo Mo. These last three days, he had been observing Zuo Mo constantly. He didn't find any ripple of a formation inside the island. Inside those criss-crossing canals, there was water that flowed in and out into the Endless Ocean. From all the signs, Zuo Mo's big formation did not seem to have been completed.

Was he purposefully concealing it, or was the formation really not finished?

Nan Ming Zi wasn't sure. He decided to wait a bit longer. There wasn't anyone else on the island, only this crowd of zhuji. For him, it was very easy to conquer. There usually wasn't any wealth on zhuji xiuzhe. However, he coveted the flag in Zuo Mo's hands. Zuo Mo had used so many materials on the formation over the past few days that even Nan Ming Zi felt pain on his behalf.

These three days, that Wu Kong flag could not be driven from his thoughts. As his ling power recovered, Nan Ming Zi's heart started to waver. Thinking that he was afraid of a zhuji xiuzhe, he felt his face burn with shame. Other than formations, Zuo Mo could not be of any danger to him.

With his power, these zhujii cultivators completely had no power to resist. If the formation was not complete, he had complete confidence he could quickly kill Zuo Mo. If it really came to that point, he didn't plan on letting any of the other Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples escape either. Afterwards, he would flee to Little Mountain Jie, then to Sky Water Jie. No matter how powerful Wu Kong Sword Sect and Heart Lake Sword Sect were, how could they find him then?

A dark light flashed across Nan Ming Zi's eyes.

As Zuo Mo felt Nan Ming Zi's vision, he started to sprint. Nan Ming Zi would never have thought that Zuo Mo's consciousness was so strong that he could detect that Nan Ming Zi had been faking his meditation for the majority of the three days. Zuo Mo knew that Nan Ming Zi did not have good intentions, but to scare Nan Ming Zi, he had acted in a very calm manner the past few days.

As expected, troubled times had come! The world was in disorder!

Zuo Mo sighed inside, his feet moving faster. Now that society was in disorder, only having enough power would keep him alive.

He travelled along familiar paths back to the underground lava lake. These last few days, the fire formation in the lava lake had been continuously processing the copper hoop.

Zuo Mo waved his hand. The copper hoop rang and flew into his hand. The yellow-red copper hoop was now a bright fiery red, looking slightly strange compared to before. The fire element power had been very strong. After forging for three days and nights, the grade of the copper hoop had been raised by one level, reaching fourth-grade.

He gave a satisfied expression.

Coming out of the lava lake, Zuo Mo did not conceal his figure anymore, flying straight into the sky.

The other people instantly found Zuo Mo in the air.

The disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect all had excited expressions. The murderous intent on Nan Ming Zi's face finally could no longer be concealed. He came to the conclusion that the formation on the island really had not been completed!

Damn it! He had been tricked by this zombie! Nan Ming Zi's eyes revealed his greedy and crazy emotions. Born out of a small sect, even if he had reached the stage of ningmai, he still did not have an appropriate talisman!

He might not understand formations, but he was very experienced. Seeing Zuo Mo, it looked as though he was planning on activating the formation. Such a good opportunity, if he did not act now, when could he?

Silently, his flying sword had come out of its sheath. It suddenly turned into a stream of light, leaping towards Zuo Mo in the air.

Nan Ming Zi intended to kill with one blow. He did not hold anything back with this blow. The sword light was like a snake, opening its gaping

maw and showing its fangs. Even from a distance, it was possible to feel the viciousness and maliciousness in the sword essence.

The expressions of the other disciples changed. Everyone took out their flying swords to try to act against Nan Ming Zi.

Nan Ming Zi smiled coldly. His figure flashed and appeared both on the ground and in the sky.

Zuo Mo did not seem to detect the sword light heading towards him. He opened his hand and the copper hoop slowly floated into the sky.

Ding!

As the red copper hoop slowly rose, it rang, producing clear bell-like sounds.

Ding ding ding ding!

It was as though there were countless wind chimes humming together with the red copper hoop. The Desolate Wood Reef was filled with the sounds of chimes.

The sword light that was halfway in the air seemed to have encountered great resistance. The body of the sword shook, and its speed suddenly decreased. Nan Ming Zi's expression changed greatly. Gritting his teeth, all his ling power flowed into the sword. The light of the sword suddenly grew, its snake-like shape suddenly becoming even more realistic.

Hiss hiss!

The sword hissed as it cut through the air. The sword essence became even more brutal and savage.

Facing such a strong sword presence, Zuo Mo didn't even bat an eyelid. All of his attention was focused on the slowly rising copper hoop.

At this time, the red copper hoop had floated past Zuo Mo's head. It was like the sovereign that was facing the world. All the materials that Zuo Mo had cast into the ground seemed to have felt some invisible magnetism and started to float up into the sky with the fiery red copper hoop.

In the sky above the Desolate Wood Reef, there was countless materials

floating densely together, as if to blot out the sun!

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo made a bluff. I'm not sure what the sect leader was thinking since Nan Ming Zi's arrival should not be a surprise. There's probably not a lot of alternatives but strategically, why didn't one of the elders come earlier and set things up?! Jindan can travel much faster.

Think of the hoop similar to Nezha's Universe Ring so somewhat bigger than the hand .

Chapter 171: Micro Void Arrow

The copper hoop was a Buddhist Sound Hoop, one of the finest of the third-grade talismans. When Zuo Mo had found it in the stores, he had been very happy. It was hard to find fine sound-type talismans. This Buddhist Sound Hoop had been made from Meteorite Copper and Crimson Red sand, and was able to produce a clear sound capable of breaking through illusions. Especially rare was the Buddhist Formation on the hoop was steady and grounded, not flashy, and had a uniquely dignified, serious presence.

After having been forged in strong fire element power for multiple days, the fire power flowed through the hoop. The clear sound it produced had become a deep strum, and within it were traces of hidden strength. What was special was the strength was like the sun, warm yet not brutal. The hoop had risen from third-grade to fourth-grade, its power growing drastically.

From the moment he saw the Buddhist Sound Hoop, Zuo Mo had decided to take it. It was as though it had been custom made for the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. The Buddhist Sound Hoop did not provide as much fine control as his Lil' Pagoda, but because it was a sound-type talisman, it was much better suited to the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. Used as the center of the formation, the power would be much greater!

When Zuo Mo stepped onto the Desolate Wood Reef, he had already planned it out.

He had decided to set up a [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] of unprecedented size! There was enough manpower, and enough materials, there was also enough and time for him to set it up.

A two hundred and sixteen child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]!

Three seventy-two child formation [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] were placed at the corners of a triangle on the island, forming a large,

never-before-seen [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. It really was too large, so much that it required a talisman to act as the center of the formation.

Zuo Mo had never set up such a large [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] before. He also did not know just how powerful the Buddhist Sound Hoop would be after it was tempered; but after studying in the sword essence formation for half a year, Zuo Mo's understanding of formations was far greater than in the past. Even though he didn't have very much confidence, he still proceeded accordingly, not panicked at all.

When he saw all the materials started to floated, his insecurities in his heart finally were alleviated!

The Buddhist Sound Hoop and the formation had finished their resonance!

Ping!

In the sky, a red light flashed on the Buddhist Sound Hoop producing a sound that was powerful and awe-inspiring. It was as if the Vajrapani Buddha was looking down with his eye, authoritative yet not wrathful!

Nan Ming Zi's eyes widened in disbelief. The sword essence that he had produced using all the strength in his body was now weak as a bubble. With a pop, it scattered and disappeared.

An invisible Buddhist sound swept by. His body froze, the circulating ling power to resist the freezing of his body.

Nan Ming Zi had a shocked expression. The power of the formation was far beyond what he had imagined.

Not good! He'd been tricked!

He suddenly bit the tip of his tongue. A sweet, metallic taste instantly came into his mouth. A strange red colour spread across his face, the ling

power that had been reserved inside his body was no longer held back. He felt his ling power surge through his body, plentiful like it never had been before.

But he had already lost his courage. There was only one thought in his mind, flee!

A shuttle shaped talisman in the shape of a date seed appeared in his hand. He hurriedly channeled ling power into it.

Suddenly, a feeling of extremely danger appeared.

Uh-oh!

There was only time for that one thought before he felt a soft impact.

His chest had suddenly exploded without warning. He looked down and saw a bloody hole the size of a fist in his chest. His vision darkened, and he did not feel anything else.

[Skyring Moon Chime Formation]'s [Micro Void Arrow]!

Having seen the entire fight, watching Nan Ming Zi's corpse plummet like a bag of sand, the Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples below all had expressions of shock and awe. They had heard all kinds of rumors about Zuo Mo Shixiong, but nothing was as shocking as personally seeing Zuo Mo Shixiong easily kill a ningmai xiuzhe.

In the sky stood the figure of Zuo Mo, a thin body and with his eyes closed, instilled them with a sense of awe and mystery

A beat later, Zuo Mo opened his eye, joy flashing across his eyes.

[Micro Void Arrow] was not a technique from the jade scroll of [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], but a technique he had come to understand on his own by studying the sword essence formation. In the sword essence formation, he had watched the process of many fine sword essences gathering into stronger and bigger sword essence many times. [Micro Void Arrow] was the result of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] producing large amounts of extremely small chimes. These small sounds would not attract any attention, but when they gathered together were very strong.

When the enemy inside the formation detected the danger, the [Micro Void Arrow] would have already formed!

Having detected that Nan Ming Zi wanted to flee, for some strange reason, Zuo Mo had used this technique that he wasn't familiar with. He hadn't expected it to be so effective. After finishing the fight, he savored everything he had learned in the moment.

Looking at Nan Ming Zi's corpse, Zuo Mo was not happy in the slightest.

The social order was in chaos!

When a nest was under attack, would any egg escape? He was just a cultivator in zhuji. The worry in his heart only increased.

Zuo Mo slowly landed. The Buddhist Sound Hoop disappeared. All of the materials then entered the ground. If it wasn't for the corpse on the ground, there was no sign that there had been a fight on the Desolate Wood Reef.

"Everyone, go rest. Starting tomorrow, we can start looking for ling veins." Zuo Mo said to the other disciples.

"Yes!" The other disciples bent their heads and complied. The strength that Zuo Mo displayed created awe in their hearts and made them more willing to follow.

It was a pity that Lil' Black was asleep. Otherwise, it would be extremely easy to find ling veins. However, these production xiuzhe had their own tricks. There was a ling plant farmer that knew how to look for ling veins, and a beast-speaker who had a blue-star mouse that could find ling veins. All of them were disciples of the same sect. And the Desolate Wood Reef was not large, so no one concealed anything, cooperating in their search.

Since the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was mostly complete, Zuo Mo's heart finally landed. With the big formation present, he was not afraid of any ningmai. As for jindan, no matter what talismans he had, they were not something he could face.

However, jindan experts would not care for the little wealth that he had.

Beside the lava lake, Zuo Mo took out what he had collected from Nan Ming Zi's body. There was a large pile of knick-knacks in front of him, but what were most eye-catching was a date seed and a piece of withered vine.

Carved onto the date seed was a little ship, with exquisite pavilions and columns, sails and masts. Zuo Mo remembered that Nan Ming Zi had taken out this date seed at the end when he clearly wanted to flee. He instantly felt great interest. Who didn't like talismans used for escaping and could potentially be life-saving?

He channeled ling power inside.

A strong suction force suddenly came from the date seed. The ling power in his body instantly started to resemble a wild horse out of control, furiously flowing towards the date seed!

In the blink of an eye, the ling power in his body had been depleted.

Zuo Mo jumped in fright and forcefully stopped the flow of ling power. This date seed was somewhat abnormal! Still wary, he put the date seed in front of him to carefully look. After absorbing the ling power, there was no change.

He seemed to understand why Nan Ming Zi had not used the date seed ship earlier. It required too much ling power to activate.

Zuo Mo grimaced inside. Ling power was his greatest weakness, yet the

date seed ship required large amounts of ling power. After all this trouble, what he received was a talisman that he could not currently use.

He turned his eyes to the withered vine. His dejected mood instantly recovered, the joy in his eyes increasing. In the end, he couldn't resist roaring with laughter.

He had made a profit!

The withered vine was not eye-catchingly pretty. Its muddy grey colour made it appear like any other withered vine which could be found everywhere. When he had taken it out of Nan Ming Zi's ring, it had been piled together with a bunch of assorted items. Nan Ming Zi had not found its value.

Zuo Mo recognized this vine. It had a very special name, "Teeth Vine." It was a very scary organism. A mature teeth vine would release extremely beautiful flowers with seductive sweet fragrances. They were natural illusionists, able to transform into different shapes. From birth, they were skilled in illusory skills. Prey that neared them would be unable to escape as though they were trapped in illusory formations.

Once the prey entered its hunting range, as it cast an illusion, it would stealthily approach its prey. It was not just a plant, but made from countless tiny worms which were called "teeth."

Teeth Vine was an extremely weird and dangerous ling vine. Not only was this unattractive withered vine was Teeth Vine, and it was a section of fourth-grade Teeth Vine.

Fourth-grade teeth vine!

He didn't know who was so skilled that they could even cut fourth-grade Teeth Vine. The danger of a fourth-grade Teeth Vine definitely was not lower than that of any ningmai expert. It was extremely hard to hunt and required the skilled handiwork of a professional hunter. To be able to preserve the shape of the Teeth Vine, the hunter needed to use jade knives to cut it, otherwise, the Teeth Vine would collapse and turn to dust.

If this little section of fourth-grade Teeth Vine was placed in the

Hundred Treasure Flying Pavilion, it could reach an astronomical price.

But Zuo Mo definitely would not sell it.

It was useful for him! He was going to make a sword formation!

It wouldn't be a big sword formation like the sword essence formation, but a convenient, easy-to-transport formation that he could keep with him at all times. In other words, he decided to make a set of flying swords that could set up a sword formation at any time!

Zuo Mo had come up to the idea while he had been imprisoned in the big sword essence. From the moment the idea appeared in mind he was unable to sweep it away!

The fight with Nan Ming Zi reminded him that in chaotic times, the first priority was keeping himself alive. The Desolate Wood Reef had the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], so he had no worries here. But he could not always stay on the Desolate Wood Reef. If he didn't have any power to keep himself safe, he would just be a fat sheep that would be torn to pieces.

He had gained some experience when he had forged sword billets for Su, and inside the big sword essence formation, the idea had been continuously perfected in his mind.

He had comprehended many things by personally experiencing the five different sword essences in the last half year. Even if it was less pure than the shibo, but there was no problem of copying it.

Five kinds of sword essence, Second Shibo's Ice Dragon, Sect Leader's mountain, Third Shibo's snow fox, Master's vine, and Wu Ling Sanren's Bagua.

He had even considered which sword essences to use in the sword formation. He decided to replace Wu Ling Sanren's Bagua sword essence with his own Li Water sword essence. The quality of the Li Water sword essence was far lower in quality than the Bagua sword essence, but he had a more profound understanding of Li Water sword essence and this would make the formation easier for him to control.

However, no matter how good the idea was, he lacked materials.

If he reforged the Water Drop sword, it could be used for the Li Water sword essence. However, Zuo Mo ran into difficulty with the four other swords. The mountain sword essence required an earth-attributed flying sword; the ice dragon sword needed icy materials; the snow fox sword essences needed things like fox claws or teeth; and the vine sword essence naturally required ling vines.

Zuo Mo had went through the entire sect stores and hadn't found one item that he was satisfied with to be used for the four types of materials that he needed.

Now, to his surprise, he actually found a fourth-grade teeth vine on Nan Ming Zi's body. How could he not be joyful?

*

Translator Ramblings: Some of what Zuo Mo has learned in the half year he spent in the sword formation. Rather than learning one thing, and one thing only, he became even more of a jack of all trades.

The more child formations there are, the more difficult it becomes so it wasn't just setting up three * (seventy two child formations.) Zuo Mo is an odd production xiuzhe that knows a bit of fighting. The other disciples are what production xiuzhe should really be like.

Chapter 172: Pu Yao Awakening

Forging the Teeth Vine sword would be a slow process because it belonged to the element of wood. For this particular material a fire-forging method could not be used. Zuo Mo need to be think more about how he should accomplish his goal. If he ruined this fourth-grade Teeth Vine, there would be no pill he could take to cure him of such a regret.

The copper hoop was sent back into the ball of fire above the lava lake. Zuo Mo wanted to temper it a bit more so he did not need to pay close attention to it while it was in the fire. He hadn't expected that this method would have caused such a change in the big formation. And all of this was caused by the combination of the copper hoop with earth fire.

The copper hoop was the center of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. Being tempered in the fire, it continuously received fire element power that was then passed through the hoop to the entire formation, slowly changed the big formation. As the hot fire element power permeated the formation, the originally cool aura of the formation was replaced by a domineering, hot presence of fire.

The change in the big formation was beyond Zuo Mo's expectations.

He suddenly felt anticipation. If the fire element power completely permeated the entire formation, what would the resulting [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] be like?

Nan Ming Zi wasn't rich, but he had still been a ningmai xiuzhe. His wealth was still substantial to someone like Zuo Mo. He threw the remaining items and talismans to Lil' Pagoda. They were deconstructed into pure five element energy, and was consumed by Lil' Pagoda.

After taking in the five element energy, Lil' Pagoda seemed more round, and it hopped around joyfully.

Having had everything taken out of it by Zuo Mo, Nan Ming Zi's dimensional ring was now as empty as an abandoned shell. Zuo Mo put it on his hand. Nan Ming Zi's dimensional ring was very small, not even a quarter of Zuo Mo's ring, but it was still valuable. Naturally, no one would

dislike having more dimensional rings.

Having sorted out Nan Ming Zi's items, Zuo Mo changed expressions as he began examining the black gold worm that appeared in his hands.

Lil' Black had transformed dramatically. There were now red patterns on the back of his black shell.

The antenna on Lil' Black's head moved. Zuo Mo was overjoyed. Was this glutton finally waking up?

After short while, Lil' Black slowly began to move in his hand, but the movement was jerky, as though it was hung-over and unable to even walk straight. After it started to wake up, the intangible connection between Zuo Mo's mind and Lil' Black reappeared.

Other than in appearance, Lil' Black did not seem to have changed, but the joy that came from Lil' Black inside his mind made Zuo Mo's mood better.

"You glutton. One day, you will eat yourself to death." He couldn't resist muttering.

Thinking of that, he realized he didn't just have just one glutton on his hands. Silly Bird liked to eat lingdan, she was also very picking. Lil' Black liked to eat things rich in ling energy, Lil' Pagoda's tastes were constantly increasing, and the demand on quality was becoming higher and higher.

The two slender antenna on Lil' Black's head moved, as though they was objecting to Zuo Mo's comments. It was temporarily impossible to see any of the other changes but Lil' Black seemed to be more intelligent.

"Haha, now that you are full, it's time for you to work." Zuo Mo put Lil' Black on the ground.

Lil' Black's antenna waved as it turned into a black-gold light and started to fly.

Zuo Mo hurriedly followed.

They were busy searching for a few days, but Zuo Mo seemed to have used up his luck.

There were few ling veins on the Desolate Wood Reef, and they were all small veins. If they were used for ling fields, the grade definitely would not be more than third-grade. He finally understood why Heart Lake Sword Sect had not developed Desolate Wood Reef. They had definitely inspected the whole island and seen there was no value to developing it.

As expected, it really was a barren island!

Compared to Zuo Mo's disappointment, the ling farming disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect were very excited.

When had they ever dreamed about possessing their own third-grade ling fields?

With great excitement, they were very motivated. Not just the ling farming disciples, even the other disciples cooperated, as it was important for their crafts that the ling fields were ploughed and ready as well. To raise ling beasts, they needed ling grasses. Those disciples that did dan-making needed ling herbs. Ling grains were also one of the greatest requirements for all people.

There were not many ling veins and therefore not many ling fields but since only a few disciples had come, there was a sufficient number of ling fields. Of course, this was also directly related to Zuo Mo voluntarily surrendering his own share. With their Shixiong as role model, the others interacted in harmony.

After ploughing the ling fields, there were more than six hundred mu of ling fields. With three ling farming disciples, each person got two hundred mu. That wasn't really that much, but being all third-grade ling fields, it easily satisfied the zhuji ling farming disciples. These three ling farming disciples had not received their spring sprout jade medal, so they could not be considered true ling plant farmers.

The other disciples began their own work. The disciples skilled in ling beast husbandry started to construct their livestock shelters. Desolate Wood Reef was a very busy place.

Zuo Mo looked dazedly at the Endless Ocean.

“What place is this?” A familiar voice suddenly appeared next to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo’s body froze. He turned around. Pu Yao lazily stretched and yawned, “I’ve really napped a long time this time!”

“A nap?” Zuo Mo, who had felt joy, suddenly didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

He finally remembered this guy was a Sky Yao, a person who could live for several thousand years and not die. Half a year, to him, it was just a short doze.

“Why did you come to a terrible place like this?” Pu Yao gazed around and asked curiously.

“No way about it. This place is quiet.” Zuo Mo said unconcernedly. He could feel Pu Yao’s consciousness sweeping across the entire Desolate Wood Reef in an instant.

“Haha, good place, good place!” Pu Yao laughed.

“What’s good about this crappy place?” Zuo Mo looked at Pu Yao like he was looking at an idiot. “You slept yourself into stupidity.”

“You wouldn’t understand even if I told you.” Pu Yao scornfully glanced at Zuo Mo and then reached out a hand, “Jingshi!”

Zuo Mo forcefully controlled his impulse to charge and fight with Pu Yao. He took out ten pieces of third-grade jingshi and threw it to this damned renyao.

“Just this little bit?” Pu Yao frowned in dissatisfaction. The hand he reached out with made a grabbing motion in the air.

Clink-clink.

The familiar sound of jingshi. In his hands, a large handful of jingshi

appeared!

It was as if Pu Yao had performed a magic trick. Zuo Mo gaped. After a while, he suddenly reacted and hurried to check his ring.

“You damned renyao, ye will kill you!”

Zuo Mo’s grieving wail echoed across the Desolate Wood Reef!

Presently, Zuo Mo could be considered to have settled down on the Desolate Wood Reef. For a long time, he was required to guard this barren island. When he had come, he had taken a large portion of supplies. This also meant that he would not receive supplies from the sect for a long time.

How to manage them, how to use them to get get stronger, these had become a problem that he had to think about.

He asked Pu Yao for advice.

Pu Yao was unconcerned, “None of my business!”

Having interacted with this guy for so long, Zuo Mo knew what this renyao was like. He wasn’t angry and smirked. “How much jingshi ye has, you know very well. When it’s all spent, all of us can wait to die! Ye will die from starvation, you will die from poverty, in any case, it is still death!”

Pu Yao’s expression was stunned. After a while, he said somewhat unwillingly, “So ignorant. Have you never heard the phrase ‘eat the mountain by the mountain, eat the sea by the sea’?”

Zuo Mo heard this, and his mind became alert, “How to eat?”

Pu Yao did not speak, suddenly sinking into thought.

Zuo Mo found it strange but did not disturb him.

After a while, Pu Yao opened, “I will pass on a certain set of arts to you, but you need to help me build a Nether Pool.”

“Nether Pool?” Zuo Mo was puzzled.

“Yes.” Pu Yao did not speak of the detail, only looking at Zuo Mo.

“What’s the purpose of the Nether Pool?” Zuo Mo probed. This renyao

looked harmless on the surface but he was still a true yao, even though up until now, Zuo Mo had not seen him do anything evil.

“For my own use.” Pu Yao said shortly.

“Is it hard to build? What materials are needed?” Zuo Mo spread his hands. “There is nothing on this stupid island. You are very clear about what resources I have.” He didn’t want to be unable to build it after he agreed and have to take on a huge debt again.

It was not easy to owe Pu Yao anything. He had first hand experience of this fact.

“It is not complex. That black water lake on the island is enough.” Pu Yao snickered.

At this time, Zuo Mo realized why this guy had said this was a “good place.” So he had been thinking of that black water lake.

No matter how stupid he was, he knew that rare things were valuable. To be able to be targeted by someone like Pu Yao whose eyes were on the top of his head, that black water lake wasn’t so simple.

“Such a big black water lake, to give it to you”

Zuo Mo trailed off.

Pu Yao didn’t fall for it. He narrowed his eyes at Zuo Mo. “People shouldn’t be too greedy.”

Zuo Mo instantly faltered. However, his face was now as thick as a city wall, naturally not something that could be defeated by just a sentence. He pretended not to hear it. “You have to tell me at the very least what you are passing on to me. It can’t be something as crappy as that [Fragrance Knowledge].”

“Crap? You just don’t recognize quality when you’re eyes are pressed up against it!” Pu Yao snorted and threw a ball of light at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo hurriedly caught the ball of light.

“A Yao Nurturing Pool?” Zuo Mo quickly furrowed his brows, his tone slightly fearful and dissatisfied, as he said, “Do you want me to commit

suicide?”

The spell that Pu Yao gave was a method to nurture yaomo. In the world of yaomo, yaomo were divided into high and low ranks. Some high-level yaomo could use secret methods to create all kinds of strange and powerful yaomo that they could control.

Zuo Mo sweated as he examined the knowledge, thinking that the yaomo really had no morals as they did not even let go of their own kind. He had never heard of the yao nurturing methods mentioned, but all of them were cruel and horrible. He couldn't even imagine how powerful and vicious the yaomo that were raised under these methods would be!

He had no desire to learn at all.

These yao nurturing methods were too cruel. Also, if he took a yao or mo around in public, people would instantly come to exterminate the yaomo.

In such a sensitive time, the terror that xiuzhe felt towards the yaomo had reached a height that they hadn't reached in hundreds of years.

“You really are idiotic.” Pu Yao said scornfully, “Even if you wanted to nurture yao, there's no yao to nurture.”

Zuo Mo stilled himself. That was true. The only yao here was Pu. Nurture him? Such an absurd thought

Having finally understood, Zuo Mo instantly fell into a rage, “Then why did you give me this? You want to fool me again?”

Pu Yao looked at Zuo Mo like he was looking at an idiot.

“You can't nurture yao, but don't you know about beast nurturing?”

*

Translator Ramblings: Guess who's back? It's just a little nap really, some people meditate for longer than half a year.

Zuo Mo is a very generous supervisor. Of course, he's planning to make his own wealth in a way that the elders didn't expect so he's fine with not growing ling grains. Here, I think the author really slips in a detail about ling plant farmers. Zuo Mo probably picked the best farmers he could out

of the zhuji disciples, but none of them have the jade medal. Zuo Mo got it when he was in lianqi. Since Wu Kong Sword Sect is so large now, this implies that Zuo Mo's previous achievement was pretty rare in Dong Fu.

Chapter 173: Pulling Into The Fold

“Chun Yu Cheng, Shixiong’s looking for you,” someone shouted.

“Coming.” Chun Yu Cheng responded, his hands carefully placing a young worm into the nurturing formation, before standing and wiping the sweat off his face. He was twenty-four this year, his appearance was handsome, with sharp brows and bright eyes. He was a very dependable person. Even though he had not been part of the sect for very long, many female disciples had made advances; but he had refused all of them.

Compared to the study of love between man and woman, he had more interest towards animal husbandry.

Chun Yu Cheng’s cultivation could only be considered normal. He had just broken through to zhuji, yet no one dared to underestimate him. He was twenty four years old, yet he had received the white jade medal of the beast speakers. Even though he could not compare to Zuo Shixiong, but he was definitely a talented individual. The jade medals of the beast-speakers were divided into the ranks of white snake, black cobra, blue serpent, and crimson dragon. Within the profession, people would usually just use the colors, so the white snake jade medal would be referred to simply as the white jade medal.

In Zuo Mo’s company there were three people who had jade medals, Zuo Mo, Chun Yu Cheng, and the last was Gongsun Cha, who had a butcher jade medal. No one would think that the clean, white, scholarly looking Gongsun Cha would be a professional butcher. Supposedly, in the span of fifteen minutes, he could dismember any ling beast to hundreds of pieces, the ling energy in each piece conserved with the loss of ling energy of less than twenty percent.

Chun Yu Cheng was infatuated with beast keeping, but he wasn’t dumb. He had instantly perceived the increasingly terrible environment of the sect, so when he had been named to come to Desolate Wood Reef, he had not hesitated. Before, the problem he had been most concerned about was his safety. Now that Zuo Mo Shixiong’s great formation had been

completed, the anxiety that had been building up in the back of his mind was alleviated.

The environment of the Desolate Wood Reef was much worse than Wu Kong Mountain, but he did not care. Without the conflict of mortal affairs, he could finally concentrate on his craft.

Hearing that Zuo Mo Shixiong was calling him, he hurriedly put down what he was doing.

Shixiong was the true master of the present Desolate Wood Reef. Chun Yu Cheng might not like mortal affairs, but it wasn't as though he did not understand them. He had not interacted much with Zuo Mo Shixiong and did not feel confident and was even slightly wary. However, up until now, he was very satisfied with the present situation. The series of announcements that Zuo Mo Shixiong had made, his action of not taking a share of the ling fields, had won the support of everyone. Chun Yu Cheng was full of hope towards his future days.

"Shixiong, you are looking for me?" Chun Yu Cheng was slightly formal. After Zuo Mo had killed Nan Ming Zi, the seeds of awe had been planted in everyone's hearts.

But quickly, his attention was drawn to the pool that Shixiong was building.

This was a very strange looking nine-palace pool. Formations that he did not understand were carved onto the sides and bottom of the pool, but there were one or two that he recognized.

Those were nurturing formations used in raising beasts, it could cause ling beasts to grow faster.

When did Shixiong become interested in animal rearing? He was puzzled. Shixiong was somewhat famous. Rumors had it that he knew something about everything, such as forging and dan-making, and it couldn't be said that his skill in these crafts was low. But he had never heard that Shixiong knew how to raise animals.

"Hold on a second." Zuo Mo did not stop. His hands continuously casted

light after light that entered the walls of the pool.

Chen Yu Cheng began to understand. After each light that Shixiong cast, the walls of the pool became shinier, and the traces of the formations on the pool became fainter.

When the last light entered the wall, the walls of the pool became transparent like they were made from crystal. The marks of the formations on the walls had completely disappeared.

Zuo Mo panted and raised his head, asking, "What ling beasts do you have on you?"

Chun Yu Cheng paused and hurried to answer, "The flight was too long. It was hard to bring large-sized ling beats, all I brought were some small-sized ling beasts, like ling butterflies."

"Oh, ling butterflies? Great, sell me some." Zuo Mo said.

Chun Yu Cheng said, "Ling butterflies aren't expensive. Shixiong, you don't have to pay. How many does Shixiong want? Which types?"

"What type of ling butterfly?" Zuo Mo stilled and then asked back, "There are many kinds of ling butterflies?"

Chun Yu Cheng didn't know how to react, but didn't show it. "Just what this little brother knows of is about twenty thousand. However, I only have around one hundred eggs right now, but they are all very normal." He guessed that Shixiong was having an impulse to work with ling beasts. However, just as he said, these ling butterfly eggs really were not worth very much. Even if he gave all of them to Shixiong, he wouldn't feel it was a loss.

Zuo Mo had an interested expression. "Oh, so there is so much to learn here. Chun Shidi, please introduce me."

"Shixiong is too polite." Chun Yu Cheng started to introduce the different kinds of ling butterfly eggs to Zuo Mo.

The introductions hadn't finished after four hours. Chun Yu Cheng's throat was becoming dry, and Zuo Mo was left dizzy.

Zuo Mo realized now that even with this beast nurturing pool, if he wanted to get some results, it wasn't a simple matter. Hearing how clear and knowledgeable Chun Yu Cheng was while he was talking about ling beasts, he couldn't help but sigh at the level of professionalism needed!

Suddenly, an idea sprouted.

Why couldn't he pull Chun Yu Cheng into the fold? If Chun Yu Cheng, the expert did it, wouldn't it be easier to get results than an amateur like him?

The more he thought, the better Zuo Mo found the idea. His first aim was to make jingshi and not just spend his savings. Other than making jingshi, he didn't have any interest in livestock. He already had too many things he needed to study. If he added another area, he wouldn't be able to learn it effectively.

Chun Yu Cheng was still relentlessly lecturing. Zuo Mo was very familiar with the enthusiasm in his eyes. It indicated that the other really loved animal keeping.

Seeing such a determined gaze, Zuo Mo made the decision to incorporate Chun Yu Cheng into his plans.

Halfway through, Chun Yu Cheng accidentally saw Zuo Mo's eerie-green, wolf-like gaze and shuddered inside. His tongue tying up. However, when he did a double-take to check again, Shixiong's gaze was faint and calm, like a Dhyana expert.

He had just had a mistaken feeling! Chun Yu Cheng released a breath, organized his thoughts and continued on.

Zuo Mo pretended to be listening careful. Secretly, he flipped an empty jade scroll from his ring and imprinted some spells.

When Chun Yu Cheng finished, he hurriedly praised him, "Chun Shidi really has great knowledge. My own knowledge has grown greatly today!"

"Shixiong is too kind, this little brother has just entered the sect!" Chun Yu Cheng said humbly.

Zuo Mo suddenly asked, “Chun Shidi, what do you think about this pool?”

“This little brother is very ignorant and cannot understand anything except the nurturing formation. This pool must be related to raising beasts.” Chun Yu Cheng obediently replied.

“Chun Shidi really has good eyes!” Zuo Mo clapped as he praised. However, when matched with his expressionless face, it looked very strange. He said mysteriously, “Speaking of this pool, I got it from an ancient jade scroll remnant, it is called the [Nine Heavens Illusory Divine Light Serpent Transforming Dragon Pool]!”

“Nine Heaven Illusory Divine Light Serpent Transforming Dragon” Chun Yu Cheng gaped, stammering as he repeated this strange and extraordinarily lengthy name.

Zuo Mo’s eyes were serious. He did not look as though he was joking. He slowly took out the jade scroll he had just created, “That jade scroll remnant turned to dust after I read it. I do not understand animal husbandry so I only remembered the general gist. Shidi, please have a look.”

He was very certain the temptation that this jade scroll present to Chun Yu Cheng would be sufficiently seductive. Inside the jade scroll, he had redacted large sections of sensitive content, so the jade scroll seemed to lack many things. However, he was confident that even this ruined jade scroll was enough to tempt Chun Yu Cheng!

Chun Yu Cheng took the jade scroll somewhat in disbelief. In reality, if it hadn’t been that Zuo Mo Shixiong had always maintained a reputation of trust, he definitely would have immediately turned and left.

That name, it really

However, when he saw the first sentence on the jade scroll, it was as if he had been struck by lightning.

Zuo Mo didn’t hurry him.

He didn’t worry that Chun Yu Cheng would steal the method and learn

it. None of what Pu Yao gave was easy to understand. This was the exact opposite of the gravestone. Not much effort had to be spent on understanding what the gravestone had taught him. The most important part of this set of spells was constructing the pool and was extremely complex. Other than Zuo Mo, no one on the Desolate Wood Reef could understand it. In reality, Zuo Mo himself had just made a first-grade yao cultivating pool.

Chun Yu Cheng raised his head, his eyes dazed. After a long time, his pupils finally focused. The first thing he did was bow, "Shixiong, teach me!"

To be able to qualify for the white snake jade medal at twenty four years old, there was no need to describe Chun Yu Cheng's talents with animals. With just one look he understood the value of this jade scroll.

No, the value of this set of spells!

He understood the value better than Zuo Mo!

Zuo Mo was correct in this thoughts. The temptation that this jade scroll presented to Chun Yu Cheng was fatal!

Zuo Mo hurriedly helped Chun Yu Cheng upright, "Shidi, don't be like this. We are brothers. On this island, we naturally should help each other." Taking the chance, he threw out his own idea. "I'm an pure amateur at raising animals. This Serpent Transforming Dragon Pool, oh, we'll call it a beast cultivating pool, Shidi can manage it. What does Shidi think?"

Chun Yu Cheng was joyous, "I couldn't ask for more!"

To be able to look over the beast pool, it was the best opportunity to study and experiment. This set of spells was extremely deep and profound. The more he thought, the more excited he became. He wanted to move over immediately.

Zuo Mo said seriously, "Shidi also understands our situation. I built the beast pool with the aim to earn jingshi and to not have to rely on just what we have. Such a project can also allow us to establish our roots here on the Desolate Wood Reef."

Chun Yu Cheng calmed down slightly, “Yu Cheng understands!”

Zuo Mo said in satisfaction, “Since it is for profit, then we need to make it clear.”

Chun Yu Cheng said, “Yu Cheng only wants to learn this method for study, not for jingshi!”

Zuo Mo shook his head, “Even blood brothers need clear accounts. Those are two different matters. What is earned by this beast pool, Shidi gets three-tenths.”

Chun Yu Cheng wanted to shake his head and refuse when he heard Zuo Mo say this. He was interrupted in the middle. “Shidi, do not refuse. This is what Shidi should get. Ha ha, if Shidi feels embarrassed, then invest more effort on it!”

Zuo Mo had started as an outer sect disciple. He could clearly understand many things. It was only when emotion and profit were both tied together that this kind of cooperative venture would be stable.

Chun Yu Cheng felt grateful but didn’t know what to say. He only nodded in earnest. He decided that he would work hard.

Zuo Mo snickered, “Okay, then this is now Shidi’s job. If you need any materials, just tell me.”

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao’s face was full of disdain.

Zuo Mo clapped his hands in satisfaction and left.

*

Translator Ramblings: For those that thought Zuo Mo was going to start raising animals, the author has sadly disappointed you. On the other hand, he already has pets so it’s not that much of a loss.

Zuo Mo’s terrible naming sense makes an appearance.

The nine-palace pool is a really mystic term for what is essentially a three-by-three grid like the one you draw for tic-tac-toe.

Chapter 174: Macro Golden Crow Formation

Zuo Mo's finger movements continuously changed. His consciousness was like a third eye, emotionlessly overseeing the rippling of the ling power at his fingers and the subsequent changes in the dan cauldron.

Pu Yao had once said all changes were changes in formations.

What he was doing now was identifying that "change."

Starting with the fasting pill at the beginning, he had studied the change in formations inside the medicines. The changes in the dan were very complex. Even the simplest dan medicines would need several kinds of materials, and higher-grade dan would require dozens of ingredients. However, he hadn't found any dan that needed more than one hundred types of ingredients.

This was not difficult to understand; the more materials there were, the more uncontrolled factors were present.

But those recipes were far above what Zuo Mo was studying right now.

What he was doing was still struggling with the most basic lingdan. To make them and to understand each of the "changes" in them were completely different concepts and completely different levels of difficulty. After going through the big sword essence formation and having studied the basics discussed in the Kun Lun introductory formations jade scroll, Zuo Mo could be considered half an expert in formations.

The "changes" in the lingdan might be complex, but Zuo Mo's examinations were clear. After careful study, he had learned many things. The Desolate Wood Reef was very isolated, much quieter than Wu Kong Mountain; it was perfect for doing these kinds of activities that needed lots of time, and he didn't have to worry about anyone disturbing him.

He had found twelve different frequent "change" formations.

After this, the rate of dan completion when he made dan would be

astoundingly high.

To say of nothing else, just his skill in dan-making was now enough to support him anywhere he went. The Golden Crow Pill that he had first become famous for was one of his primary investigative targets. The Golden Crow fire contained inside the Golden Crow Pill was its only value. However, due to the ingredients, he had no method of increasing the amount of Golden Crow fire contained inside the lingdan, which meant that the Golden Crow Pill was stuck as a low-grade lingdan.

Zuo Mo had wrung his mind out to think of ways to make jingshi.

It was unknown what effect the beast pools would have, when it would produce anything, and how much could be made from it. Zuo Mo naturally wouldn't put all his hopes on the uncertainty of the beast pool. Dan-making was the other method he had to consider to make jingshi.

The Desolate Wood Reef was truly isolated. If it only produced ordinary things like ling grains, there certainly would not be people who would be willing to come. What kind of circumstances would cause other people to come a long way to the Desolate Wood Reef? Only when the Desolate Wood Reef had things that could only be found here and nowhere else.

Golden Crow Pill was not a bad choice.

However, the present Golden Crow Pill was just a second-grade lingdan, and its effects were too limited. Even if it did have some effect, but it was not enough to attract people to come a long way. Zuo Mo had thought for a long time how to increase the grade of the Golden Crow Pill.

He believed that if it was third-grade Golden Crow Pill, merchants would definitely be willing to come to the Desolate Wood Reef to buy it!

He had a general understanding of the few formations inside the Golden Crow Pill. But there was one formation that Zuo Mo had never seen before. It was constructed out of medicinal power, and had two uses. One use was that it could lock the essence of the sun, while the other use was that it could turn the trapped sun essence into Golden Crow fire.

Zuo Mo called this previously unseen formation [Golden Crow

Formation]. The Golden Crow Formation was so complex and exquisite that it was able to broaden Zuo Mo's vision on the scope of formations.

The formations found in dan-making were much more complex than the formations he could normally learn. The formations he used were large and broad, the ling power moving clearly through them. The formations in dan-making were shrunk into a small space, complex like hair twisted into a knot and difficult to find their true design. Zuo Mo called the formations he usually used macro-formations and the formations in dan-making could be called micro-formations.

Occasionally during this period of time,, other xiuzhe would arrive at the Desolate Wood Reef, wanting to pass through the jie river into Little Mountain Jie. Zuo Mo asked for one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi from each of them. For those that did not have the jingshi, they could use other things to barter. Zuo Mo's trademark zombie face, the name of Wu Kong Sword Sect, and the threat of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] was enough for each of these ningmai xiuzhe to willingly pay the one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi for their "resting fee."

On average, there would be one person coming every two or three days. That meant, that every two or three days, Zuo Mo would earn one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi . His days were very good.

Other than concentrating on his own experiments, he had taught some of what he knew about ling farming to the other three shidi who specialized in ling farming. He practiced all five elements, and his knowledge was much higher compared to the past.

Zuo Mo was an obsessive collector of jade scrolls. The number of jade scrolls that he possessed definitely was far more than what others would expect of a zhuji, and the collection was very diverse. Even though the grade on average was not high,there were some very good ones. Ling farming, beast raising, butchering, etc., he had all of them. The area that he had relatively little of were sword scriptures. However, on the island, except for Zuo Mo, who would spend time on sword scriptures, no one was interested in sword scriptures. He opened all the jade scrolls to the shidi and built a records room.

The jade scrolls collected by Wu Kong Sword Sect were primarily sword scriptures, and what Zuo Mo collected was the exact opposite. In terms of variety, the sect's records room could not compare to Zuo Mo, but in terms of quality, Zuo Mo could never compete with the sect.

When the shidi went into the records room and saw the sheer number of jade scrolls, they were stunned and surprised! Their desire for jade scrolls was similar to Zuo Mo.

Reading jade scrolls required paying a fee. No one had any objections to this. How could there be free meals in this world? Wu Kong Sword Sect's records room had been free to use at the beginning, but after the expansion it had returned to its old practices.

Taking into account the shidi didn't have much jingshi; Zuo Mo was devious in his use of tabs and silently became their creditor. The fees for using the records room were much lower than the sect. They would go into debt but would be able to immediately learn new spells. How could the such an arrangement not make them happy?

The records room quickly became the most popular place on the Desolate Wood Reef.

What Zuo Mo had picked were production xiuzhe. They did not like conflict, were dependable, and hardworking. Now that there was a records room, everyone had even more motivation. The atmosphere of the Desolate Wood Reef was extremely good; everyone had comfortable days.

Wiping away the sweat on his forehead, his face covered in dust, Zuo Mo looked at the large formation that he had just completed. His heart slightly hesitant.

The formation in front of him was the [Golden Crow Formation]!

Zuo Mo had used jade pieces and jingshi to create a Golden Crow

Formation. This was the first time he used a macro-formation based off of a micro-formation that was used in dan-making. He had spent large amounts of time on the [Golden Crow Formation] but didn't have any confidence. Theoretically, the micro-formations and the macro formations should not be any different.

It took Zuo Mo twenty days to set up the macro-version of the Golden Crow Formation. Ever since he had come up with the idea of using macro formations to construct micro formations, the idea had been like a recurring nightmare that could not be erased. He had enough jingshi now, if he didn't do it now, when could he ever do it?

But once he started setting up the formation, he found the difficulty was much higher than he had anticipated.

The ling power pathways of macro formations were clear, but compared to their counterpart micro formation, they were crude and rough. It was hard to use the macro formations to do such detailed changes. Zuo Mo had ran into great trouble. His original plan had been to set up a Golden Crow Formation that was about five zhang wide, but what he produced was fifty zhang in diameter.

It was like an enormous nest. Hollow in the center, while in the surroundings countless materials floated in the air, forming a complete circle.

What caused his heart pain was that the cost of the macro Golden Crow Formation was far greater than his predictions. This one formation cost a thousand third-grade jingshi!

Once the formation was activated, he would lose one thousand jingshi. This experiment could really be called expensive. It was also why Zuo Mo was hesitant. One thousand third-grade jingshi!

Pu Yao appeared beside Zuo Mo. Looking at the materials floating in the air, he twisted his mouth, "It's really ugly!"

Zuo Mo didn't pay attention to that guy. He gritted his teeth and decided to activate the formation.

Stepping into the already formed formation, his expression was stern, and his ling power began flowing through all ten of his fingers. A faint light appeared on his fingertips, as his fingers danced.

Lights flashed, extinguishing as quickly as they appeared.

A golden pillar of light came down from the sky and connected with one that came from between his hands.

As his fingers formed shapes, the golden pillar of light turned to ten beams that spread throughout the formation.

The golden light was reflected and passed around by the jade pieces in the formation. The jade pieces instantly became coated in gold light when the golden light touched them.

In the sky above the formation, it was possible to see the golden light slowly spread out in the formation like water. Everywhere it passed, the floating jingshi lit up becoming blindingly bright, like stars in golden colored lake. The entire process took an hour before the great formation started to give off a uniform golden glow.

The noise from the formation had alarmed many of the shidi, but when they discovered it was caused by Zuo Mo Shixiong, other than expressing amazement found it extremely normal. If Shixiong wasn't working on formations, was it still the shixiong that was famed for his formations?

Zuo Mo's hands did not dare to stop, the Art of Crimson Flame being pushed to the extreme.

At this time, the formation changed again.

Countless golden lights flew out of the jade pieces like fish, gathering in the empty space in the middle of the formation.

In the center of the formation, about two zhang from the ground, a ball of golden light was taking form.

Once the ball of light formed, the speed the light gathered suddenly increased. The golden lights were as dense as rain as they ran to merge into the golden ball of light.

The golden ball of light continuously increased in size, starting from the size of a basket in the beginning and growing to the size of a dining table. Zuo Mo's expression became even more nervous.

Why wasn't there a change yet?

Zuo Mo stared at the ball of light, his hands continuously changing. He did not notice that the pillar of light from the sky that entered his hands was as thick as his arm.

Theoretically, a change should be happening now!

But the ball of light was still expanding. The change he had predicted had not occurred yet

-- Becoming fire!

The most important step of the formation of Golden Crow fire. If this step did not happen, the essence of the sun could not form the Golden Crow Fire!

Time slowly passed. After eight hours, Zuo Mo felt extremely dizzy, his hands limper than ever. In the middle of the formation, the ball of light was now about the size of a house. Even the person who made it all, Zuo Mo, felt scared when he saw such an enormous ball of light.

All of this, it was the explosive essence of the sun!

If he was not careful

He could not imagine what would happen! The present situation was completely beyond out his predictions and control.

Just as he carefully acted as though he was on thin ice, he detected a change in the ball of light!

*

Translator Ramblings:

WanderingGummiOfDoom has calculated the formation is about 8 football fields.

Zuo Mo wants to make money because it is the only way he can cultivate

at this point. The ling veins are being used for farming and they are not very high level so he needs a source of ling power.

Chapter 175: Fire!

Inside the ball of light, something seemed to break.

A flame seemed to jump out of the ball of light. In the blink of an eye, the ball of light became a ball of pure golden-yellow flame spitting in the air. The ball of fire quickly collapsed into itself, and the house-sized ball shrinking into a flame the size of a fist.

Even though the flame was now the size of a fist, an extremely yang and extremely strong presence emanated from it.

Zuo Mo was affected, and his finger motions stumbled. Luckily, the formation had already been completed. The flame's presence made Pu Yao furrow his brows. He wore an expression of disgust.

"I'm very curious how you are planning to deal with this?" Pu Yao glanced at the flame before looking towards Zuo Mo, "Do you want to absorb it? I'm warning you, This Golden Crow Fire is not something you can tolerate."

"No, I'm not planning on absorbing it." Zuo Mo shook his head. Pu Yao wasn't wrong. Sensing the strong presence radiating from the Golden Crow Fire, he understood this wasn't something he could absorb at the moment. The amount of Golden Crow Fire in the Golden Crow Pill was just a thread so it was not hard to absorb, but this ball of Golden Crow Fire was pure and strong, beyond what he could endure. If he was a ningmai, it would be a wonderful fire seed.

This answer was not out of Pu Yao's expectations. He gave a scornful expression, "You made all this noise and got this little ball of flame. So now what, do you want to use it for a barbecue?"

Staring at the burning golden-yellow flame at the center of the formation, Zuo Mo licked his lips, his eyes like a hungry wolf staring at a lamb. "So this is Golden Crow Fire!"

"So what? You can't use it!" Pu Yao said scornfully like he always did. "Your formation can only be maintained for five days at most , and then

this ball of Golden Crow Fire would naturally dissipate. Do you want to forge it into lingdan?”

“No, I changed my mind!” Zuo Mo’s eyes were fixed on the fist-size Golden Crow Fire.

“En?”

“I’ll sell fire! Directly sell Golden Crow Fire!” The light in Zuo Mo’s eyes grew, like the blinding light produced by countless jingshi. He waved his arms, his voice filled with excitement and joy. “I’ll split this Golden Crow Fire into a few dozen fires, seal them in jade boxes with a formation, and sell them!”

Pu Yao had to agree that Zuo Mo’s idea was interesting. However, he glanced at the ball of Golden Crow Fire and said, “You can divide this, you know the formations to seal it? Don’t ask me, the methods I know, you can’t use it, even I can’t use it at present.”

“That’s a problem,” Zuo Mo said. He didn’t answer and sunk deep into thought.

Pu Yao did not disturb him. It had to be said that if Zuo Mo’s method really worked, then the business opportunity in here was astounding! Fourth-grade Golden Crow Fire did not lack for demand. Right now, he was tied together with Zuo Mo. Only if Zuo Mo had jingshi could he spend it. Even more, his Nether Pool was still lacking all of the materials needed to complete it. The black water was uselessly sitting in the middle of nowhere.

The damage accumulated over a few thousand years, it could not be repaired so easily.

However, troubled times were coming

He liked that.

Zuo Mo entered a period of mania. If he could solve this problem, Heavens! The jingshi! None of the business that Zuo Mo had done before could rival this one!

He seemed to see a great pathway made of jingshi in front of him. Any piece that he could chip off was fourth-grade!

The thoughts of jingshi did not mess up Zuo Mo's mind. Quite the opposite, he was full of excitement and motivation. At this time, if a ningmai came, no, even a jindan, then Zuo Mo would howl and charge to chop the other into pieces!

Five days, the macro Golden Crow Formation could only be maintained for five days. Zuo Mo didn't bear to waste one blink.

The fourth day.

Zuo Mo held the jade box in his hand and roared with laughter.

Pu Yao came with the noise. "Success?"

Looking at the concern on Pu Yao's face, Zuo Mo was smug. He roared with laughter again.

He definitely succeeded!

The formations he studied came from the Kun Lun introductory formation jade scroll. This jade scroll, which Zuo Mo thought could also be called the Encyclopedia of Basic Formations, had all kinds of fundamental formations and naturally included formations to seal things.

What Zuo Mo picked was a formation called [Mini Lock Formation.] It was suitable for sealing in items that were intangible.

Naturally a mere second-grade formation like the [Mini Lock Formation] was not enough! Golden Crow Fire was fourth-grade, even if it was split into a dozen parts and weaken greatly, it was still not something a [Mini Lock Formation] could seal. Using the [Mini Lock Formation] as a basis, Zuo Mo had thought of ways to strengthen it.

His original intention had been to try to strengthen the [Mini Lock

Formation], but he had not been able to find an appropriate method. Incidentally, of the micro formations he had discovered, he found an unique formation.

Its purpose was very strange, it could suppress medicinal power. Usually, it was used in lingdan that were quite domineering. It would suppress the medicinal power so the medicinal power would slowly enter the channels without damaging them.

This was an unexpected, happy surprise for Zuo Mo. Without strengthening the formation, he could suppress the Golden Crow Fire, it was the same!

It did not take him too long to merge the two formations. Zuo Mo named the new formation the [Mini Seal]. The Mini Seal was put on a palm-sized jade box. Zuo Mo used the best jade that he had for the box, third-grade icy jade, and called it a mini box.

Embed on each jade box were nine pieces of third-grade jingshi to provide ling power for the [Mini Seal]. In one go, he forged almost one hundred jade boxes.

Just the value of one of these jade boxes alone was not low. If it wasn't that they were to be used to containing the Golden Crow Fire, Zuo Mo couldn't bear to have use such good ice jade to make simple jade boxes. Looking at the attractive appearance of the mini box, Zuo Mo decided to raise the price of the Golden Crow Fire.

Ha ha, anyone that was able to by the Golden Crow Fire, they wouldn't care about spending another few dozen more jingshi!

Pu Yao thought it was too early to be happy. He reminded Zuo Mo, "What about dividing the fire?"

"Ha ha, just keep on watching." It was rare that he could show off in front of Pu Yao. Zuo Mo deliberately concealed his plan.

However, when Zuo Mo faced that fist-sized ball of Golden Crow Fire, he pushed all thoughts of showing off to the back of his mind.

The pure golden-yellow Golden Crow Fire was a true sovereign. Silently

burning, it was like the king of lions unconcernedly smoothing its fur. Each time the flame jumped and spat, a oppressive presence would ripple into the surroundings.

With Zuo Mo's cultivation, if it wasn't that his spirit was strong enough, he wouldn't even be able to stand up against this Golden Crow Fire. A benefit of a strong spirit was that his mind was very stable, and not easily affected by outside factors.

He didn't start dividing the fire immediately, but hammered many large metal nails around the Golden Crow Fire. These nails were longer than a chi, about the thickness of three fingers. Cinnabar character seals could be seen glistening on the body of the nails. These were metal nails that were commonly used in formations. Being second-grade, they were useful for many formations.

Zuo Mo imbedded a dozen metal nails.

Standing and taking a breath, he hung the Streaming Fire Core Manipulation Pendant on his waist to increase his control over fire.

However, the method he used this time wasn't one that was used to control fire!

He inhaled heavily, his chest rising, his eyes bulging as his hands suddenly started to whirl!

Bam!

A sudden explosion sounded without a warning.

The floating ball of Golden Crow Fire suddenly shook, as though it was alarmed. Explosions sounded, one after the other.

After just one round, and Zuo Mo's heart tightened. It seemed it was more difficult than he had thought! However, he didn't have the time to think more. His hands continuously increased their speed.

Pia pia pia!

The explosions became more rushed and close together, the shaking of the Golden Crow Fire increased.

Zuo Mo's forehead was covered in sweat, steam rising off like smoke. His eyes were filled with blood and widened greatly.

The ten fingers on his hands twirled so fast that it was as if they were a ball of shadows. If someone happened upon this scene, they would be unable to clearly see his fingers.

The shaking Golden Crow Fire convulsed erratically, and could collapse at any moment. The fierce and pure presence of the fire was completely sent out. Like a flood, it furiously pushed at everything in the surroundings.

Crack crack crack!

Cracks continued to appear on the jade pieces of the macro Golden Crow Formation. The formation was going to collapse!

If Zuo Mo did not successfully divide the fire, the Golden Crow Fire would instantly disappear. Without the support of the formation, the Golden Crow Fire would dissipate quickly.

The tendons on Zuo Mo's forehead bulged like green earthworms.

"Open!" His voice was like spring thunder, his hands suddenly turning with power he never had before!

Boom!

The Golden Crow Fire exploded, turning to dozens of thumb-sized flames. The fierce presence that Zuo Mo felt afraid of instantly became much weaker.

The alarming cracking sounds also stopped. The moment before the large formation collapsed, Zuo Mo successfully divided the fire and the formation managed to stay whole. This way, he received precious time to breathe.

Zuo Mo panted furiously, his arms sagged as if they were filled with lead, unable to be raised. But in his eyes, there was only joy!

Success!

He really did it!

Pu Yao gaped. The method Zuo Mo used was completely out of his expectations. Zuo Mo actually used the method to divide dan!

During dan-making after the raw materials were added, medicinal fluid would take form, and this fluid would become lingdan in the end. However, the number of lingdan that would be produced from a single cauldron would depend on the skill of the dan-maker dividing the dan. Skilled dan-makers could produce more than a hundred lingdan from each cauldron.

For low-level lingdan, if they were made one by one, the time needed could not be imagined. Dan dividing was then one of the techniques that those who studied dan-making had to learn. However, Pu Yao never would have imagined that Zuo Mo would use the strange method of dan-dividing to divide fire!

This guy

He looked at Zuo Mo.

When some feeling returned to his hand, a bottle of lingdan appeared on Zuo Mo's hand. Removing the cork, he shoved all of the contents into his mouth. He didn't have the time to resolve the medicinal power so he used sheer quantity as a substitute.

After one bottle of lingdan was consumed, he felt much better.

But

The medicinal power of one entire bottle

Zuo Mo quickly experienced the aftereffects. The ling power that suddenly exploded in his body was like a flood bursting through a dam, rushing through his body!

Damn it!

Zuo Mo's face twisted. However, he didn't have the time to slowly absorb the lingdan. He quickly took out the mini boxes and started to harvest the Golden Crow Fire seeds.

Quickly, he had sealed all the Golden Crow Fire but the ling power in his

body did not show any signs of exhaustion.

He had calculated wrong!

Compared to the astounding consumption of before, the ling power used to harvest was pitifully little!

Pu Yao was laughing at him from the side.

Just when Zuo Mo felt he would explode and die, suddenly, someone quickly flew over, their voice filled with terror.

“Shixiong, there’s trouble! Trouble!”

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo finally finds a product to tempt people to travel. After more than one hundred chapters, Zuo Mo finally gets Golden Crow Fire.

Time is so blurry in this story. Fang Xiang doesn’t give time intervals. It’s definitely more than a year since the beginning of the story, but there isn’t much else.

Chapter 176: Brute Strength!

“What is it?” Zuo Mo gritted his teeth as he forced the words out one by one through his teeth. He was putting all he could into suppressing the ling power that was rushing through his body.

Damn it!

His ling power was like a wild beast that was caught, furiously struggling, furiously charging around to try to break through the layer of imprisonment.

But his state was not betrayed by Zuo Mo’s zombie face.

“There’s a Blue Spiked Crocodile that suddenly charged out of the water! It wounded one of the shixiongs” The disciple’s expression was one of panic, but his speech was relatively clear.

“Go!” Zuo Mo spat out through his teeth.

He just took one step, and the ling power in his body shuddered. He staggered. The restless ling power in his body made him jump. Disregarding the mocking laughter from Pu Yao inside his sea of consciousness, he hurriedly activated his [Vajra Profound Sutra].

Pei Yuan Ran and the others would never have thought that the [Vajra Profound Sutra] they had intended to suppress had been instead become well-developed. It could not be suppressed and progressed extremely quickly. The fine sword essences inside the formation had been like sandpaper that continuously ground against Zuo Mo’s body.

The [Vajra Profound Sutra] was greatly stimulated, and naturally circulated on its own. In half a year, Zuo Mo was only one step away from the fifth level.

Silently using the scripture of the [Vajra Profound Sutra], the sense of danger from the energy inside his body lessened. He released a sigh of relief.

His entire body was dark gold, a natural fierce presence exuding by itself.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's expression suddenly became angry. A bloody light flashed through his eye. Staring at the gravestone, a cold voice floated from the corner of his mouth, "I hadn't thought that you would steal in front of me again. However"

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth, his steps fast as he sprinted with the shidi that came with the message.

From long away, he saw the troublemaking Blue Spiked Crocodile. It was idly lying on the beach, disregarding the Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples that was surrounding it. However, the moment Zuo Mo appeared, it suddenly raised its head and opened its eyes.

The eyes of the Blue Spiked Crocodile were like needles, cold and without a hint of warm. Saliva slipped out of the corner of its mouth with dense teeth. Its body was covered in black and shiny armor, and it was easy to see from a glance that it would be hard to wound even with a flying sword. On its back was a row of blue spikes the width of an infant's fist. They were very good primary materials for making flying swords, and were also the crocodile's life-saving weapon.

The entire body of the Blue Spiked Crocodile was treasure, but not many people were willing to kill it. It was a truly a brutish existence!

Zuo Mo's eyes turned to the blood soaked and injured right leg of the shidi. It was like a spark had been thrown into a barrel of dynamite. The ling power in his body exploded and went berserk!

Without a second word, his hands held the Water Drop sword.

One step, his body was like an arrow. Everyone felt their eyes blur, and Zuo Mo appeared beside the Blue Spiked Crocodile!

The body of the Water Drop sword was covered by a water-flame. The flame was silently burning, not as grand and shocking as the water-shaped flame of the past.

"Die!" Zuo Mo shouted. His body was seemingly made of gold, his eyes wide.

The Water Drop sword went from bottom to up! Li Water Burning

Heavens! The first attack was his killing move!

The rampaging ling power in his body furiously flooded through the Water Drop sword in his hand. What was strange was the water-shaped flame on the Water Drop sword did not grow, but became even more transparent.

His sword essence, after going through the sword essence formation, was much more pure and introverted than before.

The Blue Spiked Crocodile's reputation was clearly preceded by the extraordinary nature. Its body moved, and the steel-like tail whipped horizontally. With a piercing howl, it launched itself forward.

One tail and one sword clashed together.

Bam!

The explosive sword essence of the Li Water Burning Heavens seemed to have found a vent when it came into contact, and exploded!

At the same time, a domineering and powerful force passed from the Water Drop sword to Zuo Mo's hands.

Zuo Mo felt his palms shake. The Water Drop sword had almost been thrown out of his hands.

If he let go at this time, he definitely would be wounded, and the Water Drop sword would most likely fly far away from the current battle. Without a flying sword, how could he face the Blue Spiked Crocodile? There was no time to think. Using all his strength, his hands gripped tightly on the hilt of the Water Drop sword! A strong force passed from his palm to his arms to his entire body. The ling power that was rampaging through his body paused with this sweep of the Blue Spiked Crocodile.

It could be seen just how strong his foe was!

After retreating for more than ten strides, Zuo Mo finally steadied his body. Inside he was shocked.

The Blue Spiked Crocodile had also received some significant wounds.

Its tail was ripped open, bleeding, the wound cut down to the bone. The combined offensive power of the [Vajra Profound Sutra] and the [Li Water Burning Heavens] could be seen.

However, what Zuo Mo had not expected was that the wounds would be unable of causing the Blue Spiked Crocodile to feel fear. Instead it had aroused its viciousness.

The eyes of the Blue Spiked Crocodile stared fixedly at Zuo Mo. A vicious and brutal aura tightly locked onto Zuo Mo.

Its long body shook and waved like a fish in the water. It was astounding fast as it charged at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo only saw a black shadow leaping at him. Without time to think, he channelled [Vajra Profound Sutra] to its maximum. His eyes were bright gold and a golden light was shining from his body! His hand held the Water Drop sword, the water flame on the sword was so transparent it was almost non-existent.

Li Water Burning Heavens!

Bang!

A sound of impact that was even deeper and more terrifying than the previous one that resounded out!

The energy inside Zuo Mo's body roiled. He could not stop his body, bam bam bam, he went back seven steps.

Just having steadied himself, the Blue Spiked Crocodile leapt forward again! The mouth of the crocodile was like an enormous set of clamps, its two rows of sharp teeth were frightening!

The Water Drop Sword that Zuo Mo swept upwards just barely managed to block the enormous teeth of the Blue Spiked Crocodile.

The bloody maw of the Blue Spike Crocodile was so clear in Zuo Mo's eyes. He was even able to see the remaining blood and flesh inside the mouth. A fishy smell flooded his face. Right after, he felt his surroundings blur. Like a sandbag, he was throw more than ten zhang away, stopping

only when he had crashed into a tree.

Zuo Mo stood up. With the [Vajra Profound Sutra] present, he wasn't wounded.

He widened his eyes, staring motionlessly at the Blue Spiked Crocodile.

The berserk ling power inside his body affected Zuo Mo's mood. He was like an infuriated beast, all his thoughts thrown to the back of his head. In his eyes, there was only this Blue Spiked Crocodile! There was one thought in his head: kill it!

The Blue Spiked Crocodile shook its head. It had not succeeded with the last two charges. It was slightly dizzy. However, Zuo Mo's following actions provoked it again!

Such a small being dared to challenge it!

Seeing the Blue Spiked Crocodile charge at him, Zuo Mo bared his teeth, his eyes dark.

His feet trotting, his hands held the sword at his side as he sped up.

A black figure and a golden figure smashed together like two meteorites! Boom!

A thunderous explosion! The black figure and the now blue blur bounced off of each other, the two moving backwards with even greater speed!

Bam bam bam. Zuo Mo was thrown like a sandbag, hitting the ground and bouncing up, then hitting the ground and bouncing up after bouncing more than seven times, he finally managed to stop. After being thrown so violently, his eyes were dizzy. After a moment, he struggled up, and spat out a mouthful of sand. The last impact was much stronger than the previous ones. His skeleton felt as though it was going to collapse. The ling power that was exploding inside his body had almost dissipated.

Panting, he thought inside that the bastard should be pretty much done!

Suddenly, his eyes focused. Nearby, that Blue Spiked Crocodile shook its head, staring with its eyes as it moved to charge.

Seeing the Blue Spiked Crocodile, the anger inside Zuo Mo's heart rose.

If ge can't kill you today, then ge will change my surname to You! [i]

[tl: [i] = Zuo means left, so he is going to change his name to the opposite of what it is now, right or you.]

"Die!" Zuo Mo gritted his teeth. He held the Water Drop sword, started his trot again and charged at the Blue Spiked Crocodile.

The Blue Spiked Crocodile shook its head, howled once, and turned to a black shadow, leaping at Zuo Mo.

Bam! It was another simple crash. One person and one crocodile thrown back again!

With the fierce reputation of the Blue Spiked Crocodile, the news that there was a Blue Spiked Crocodile on the Desolate Wood Reef, and that it had wounded one of the disciples instantly attracted the attention of all the disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect. They were all very worried. If a Blue Spiked Crocodile appeared on the Desolate Wood Reef, that meant that any one of them could fall victim to the danger it posed.

All the disciples ran over.

Going to ask for help from Zuo Mo was their unconscious response. An adult Blue Spiked Crocodile was a fourth-grade beast. Normally even ningmai could only skirt around it if they encountered it. Maybe Shixiong would have a solution, set up a formation to trap it and then they could think of a way.

But the scene in front of them stunned everyone.

In the rumors, wasn't Shixiong only skilled in formations

Seeing the person and crocodile irrationally collide together, continuously, repeatedly, robotically crash together. The golden Shixiong charged again and again, and was bounced back again and again before he climbed up over and over like nothing had happened, his face dusty, and he roared as he charged again! Seeing the Blue Spiked Crocodile howling

furiously, not showing exhaustion after hitting for so many collisions.

Everyone felt fear because the Blue Spiked Crocodile was so strong. If they were in an encounter with it but that kind of apprehension surprised no one. It was a Blue Spiked Crocodile!

But Shixiong was also this strong

Was this a delusion?

But the increasing number of wounds on the body of the Blue Spiked Crocodile reminded them that everything happening in front of them was reality.

Every time Shixiong's sword impacted the Blue Spiked Crocodile, the vibrating ling power was enough to make them jump, make them uncontrollably feel terror!

"Is Shixiong truly just a zhuji?" Chun Yu Cheng said to himself.

Standing beside him was Gongsun Cha. The clean and scholarly Gongsun Cha was strangely excited. "Doesn't look like it. Shixiong and the Blue Spiked Crocodile have gone twenty two rounds! A zhuji definitely wouldn't be able to stand for such a long period of time," He couldn't help but praise, "It really is such beautiful brutality that one cannot help but be intoxicated!"

After going straight for twenty two rounds, Zuo Mo's mind was blank, instinctively climbing up, and instinctively charging

He didn't realize that the rampaging ling power in his body was continuously scattered, gathered, and then continuously scattered before gathering again

The countless pieces of scattered ling power spread into his limbs and organs, into his tendons and blood. These scattered ling power went through every possible crevice. Of the enormous amount of ling power inside Zuo Mo's body, over half was dissipated into different parts of his body.

A change was quietly occurring.

At this moment, Pu Yao suddenly raised his head in the sea of consciousness, “Mountain Physique”

*

Translator Ramblings: Poor elders, your actions pushed Zuo Mo further on the path you specifically wanted him to get off.

The ocean is not a safe place even if there are not people around. A footnote finally makes an appearance after this long. I can't remember the last time there was one.

Chapter 177: Business

As Pu Yao muttered under his breath; Zuo Mo, who once again had been thrown to the dirt again, detected the change in his own body!

Struggling to climb up, he didn't howl and charge like he did the previous few times.

A bucket of cold water seemed to have been thrown on Zuo Mo's hot head, causing him to wake up. His desire for battle that had been burning dissipated. He looked down at his hand. At some unknown time a mountain shaped tattoo appeared on his palms.

What was this?

As Zuo Mo bent down to examine his palms, the hearts of the on-looking disciple's stumbled a beat.

Did Shixiong not have enough energy? The last twenty-something crashes had made their hearts shake and pulled their hearts into the air. They didn't even dare to blink. They didn't understand why Shixiong would use such a brutal method of fighting.

If he lost, there was no chance of survival!

The brutality of the Blue Spiked Crocodile was known by everyone present.

This time Shixiong stood up and didn't charge like he had before, everyone thought it worrisome.

When the Green Spiked Crocodile charged at Shixiong again, Shixiong was still standing motionlessly. Their expressions all changed!

Shixiong had no more energy!

"Uh-oh!"

Almost all the disciples used their strongest moves, hoping they could help block for Shixiong for a while. Countless lights flashed, ling hoes, herb cutters, skinning knives, flew into the air, each with their own unique

colour.

But they were all production xiuzhe. They usually never practised any attacks. Their panicked and fumbling offense didn't even strike the shadow of the Blue Spiked Crocodile.

Seeing the Blue Spiked Crocodile about to ram into Shixiong, many disciples didn't bear to watch! It was possible to see from the aftershocks of Shixiong's previous attacks just how strong the Blue Spiked Crocodile was!

One charge was enough to break rock!

If one didn't defend, there was only one outcome – to be split into pieces!

If Shixiong was not here, with their own strength, how could they survive on the Desolate Wood Reef? Without the protection of the big formation, they were like a herd of sheep left to the wolves.

Everyone's hearts sunk!

They were finished!

At this time, Zuo Mo raised his head.

The Blue Spiked Crocodile was ten steps away from him. Its speed was so fast, it appeared as a series of after images. The oncoming presence was so strong it was suffocating.

A ball of gold light burst out of Zuo Mo's eyes as he raised his head. He suddenly raised both of his hands, his left leg moving back into an arched position.

When he finished this move, the sharp teeth of the Blue Spike Crocodile just perfectly touched the two palms he held up.

The palms, which now appeared to be made from dark gold, and the pale and retched smelling crocodile teeth smashed together!

Boom!

Air swirled and shook. Ripples visible to the naked eye suddenly spread from the point the palm and teeth collided.

The golden pair of hands did not move!

From extreme movement to extreme stillness, the blow it dealt to the bystanders could not be rivalled. The talismans flying in the sky all stopped. Chun Yu Cheng, Gongsun Cha and the others looked in disbelief at this picture, this extremely strange scene. They forgot to control their talismans, not realizing that all their talismans had fallen to the ground.

Zuo Mo's eyes turned entirely dark gold, the light rippling inside, cold and unfeeling.

He felt that his body was full of strength right now! Strength that he never possessed before! His legs that were standing on the ground seemed connected with the great earth, he seemed to be together with the earth, endless power streamed into his body.

Confidence grew strongly in him. He believed that even if there was a mountain, he could rip it open!

The powerful charge of the angered Spiked Crocodile did not cause his hands to shake the tiniest bit. His left hand flowed along to grab the two fangs protruding out of the Blue Spiked Crocodile, his right hand forming a blade and suddenly slicing against the head of the Blue Spiked Crocodile.

Pia!

The golden palm was like a sharp gold knife, but the sound of impact was as if a ten thousand catty hammer had struck the head of the Blue Spiked Crocodile. The skin of the Blue Spiked Crocodile, that even flying swords were unable to damage, didn't break but the flesh under its skin vibrated like drums.

The eyes of the Blue Spiked Crocodile suddenly expanded. Then, like a pile of wet mud, it stopped moving and dropped to the ground.

Zuo Mo carelessly threw the Blue Spiked Crocodile to one side, not even looking at it. He closed his eyes, slowly recalling and savouring this

strange and wonderful feeling.

His body was like a mountain, connected to the earth. A heavy strength passed from the earth into his body, he felt every joint of his body was filled with strength

He slowly experienced this state, but this feeling of connectedness with the earth quickly disappeared from his body.

Only when he couldn't feel it anymore did he open his eyes. His heart was full of longing. The feeling of strength was really wonderful. Opening his palms, the mountain tattoos were so faint they were almost invisible.

Zuo Mo did not have too many regrets. He knew that had just been a moment of comprehension at a time of breakthrough. This kind of state could not last for a long time. But since he had passed this barrier, as long as he persisted and worked hard, there would be a day when he would reach that level.

It might have been the shock of leveling up but his joy at killing the Blue Spiked crocodile was very faint.

Before he left, he only said, "Gongsun Shidi, take care of it."

After he left, everyone still had not come out of their shock. The last scene was truly too stunning, too fantastical. They felt their minds were a blank, not knowing what to say.

After a while, Gongsun Cha who had recovered first ran to to the corpse of the Blue Spiked Crocodile and flipped it. After a while, he said, "Way too strong! Way too strong!"

Hearing this, the other people also crowded over, surrounding the corpse of the Blue Spiked Crocodile. Even the wounded disciple did not care about his pain, running over in curiosity.

"Dead! Completely dead!"

"A Blue Spiked Crocodile is fourth-grade! Shixiong can even kill a fourth-grade Blue Spiked Crocodile, we don't need to worry anymore!"

“Worry? Have I ever worried? Anyways, isn’t there also the big formation? He, right, why didn’t Shixiong use the big formation?”

“Ha, does Shixiong need to use the formation?”

... ..

Everyone chatted, unable to disguise the excitement on their faces.

Chun Yu Cheng and Gongsun Cha had amiable relations. He saw that Gongsun Cha had a face full of awe and couldn’t resist asking, “What are you seeing?” Seeing Gongsun Cha’s expression, he knew that this guy definitely wasn’t just excited that Shixiong had killed the Blue Spiked Crocodile.

“Way too brutal!” Gongsun Cha’s voice was excited, his gaze blazing, “Ha ha, everything inside this Blue Spiked Crocodile, all the bones, muscles, organs, they have all been shattered to pieces!”

Chun Yu Cheng jumped, “No way!”

Looking at the untouched outer layer of the Blue Spiked Crocodile, he could not imagine that the inside of this being was completely shattered.

This was a fourth-grade Blue Spiked Crocodile

Gongsun Cha shook his head and commented, “It is a waste of this Blue Spiked Crocodile. Only the teeth, skin, eyes, and the spikes can be used. The organs of a Blue Spiked Crocodile are very valuable”

Chun Yu Cheng did not hear Gongsun Cha’s words. He had floated off in his thoughts.

Chun Yu Cheng suddenly felt the usually low-key Shixiong was full of mystery and could not be understood. He did not know much about formations but he had heard of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] before. He didn’t find it surprising that Shixiong could kill Nan Ming Zi with it, since Shixiong was able to get third in the Sword Test Conference relying on it. But when Shixiong took out the beast pool, he completely lost all resistance. The temptation was just too much.

The beast pool was due to the animal keeping remnant scroll, but where

did this astounding power come from?

The sect didn't have this kind of scripture!

Without knowing it, he felt awe.

When Zuo Mo went back to his residence and had just sat down, Pu Yao appeared.

"What did I just do?" Zuo Mo asked.

"Don't know, I'm not familiar with body cultivation," Pu Yao shook his head.

Zuo Mo rolled his eyes. He didn't believe it. However, if Pu Yao didn't want to say it, there was no way around it.

"Let's do some business. Are you interested?"

"Not interested!" Zuo Mo decisively shook his head. His previous experience with Pu Yao told him that he would only lose and never make a profit.

"Don't refuse so quickly." Pu Yao said amuse fly. His two eyes narrowed into two bloody crescents. "Haven't you been trying to make a sword formation? I'll teach you a technique to use your consciousness. You can easily use the sword formation."

"Oh," Zuo Mo was not persuaded.

"This is a secret method. It is called the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands]. Even though your spiritual power isn't low, your technique is terrible and fail to really express the power. The [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] can fill in a gap."

"Oh," Zuo Mo was still not persuaded.

"The spirit as a vine and the leaves as hands, it can easily make many transformations. Your one hand can do many things. When you have one thousand hands, how can anyone defend against you? Brute strength is useless. Even you sword xiu fight with swords, no one will let you in for

close combat. That thing has no future! Your spirit is the right path! The path of Heaven is a wheel, you cannot control it but you can move it!"

"You said it yourself. Yao, mo, xiuzhe, each have their own advantages."

Pu Yao paused. Then he acted as he hadn't heard Zuo Mo's words.

"Oh, I could also teach you [Little Thousand Leaf Hands]. The [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] emphasize invisibility and cooperation with your formations. The [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] has thirty-six moves. There are three that you could learn to defend yourself. Even if you are just in zhuji, you don't need to worry about a ningmai."

"Oh," Zuo Mo was not moved, Pu Yao's actions were way out of the norm!

Demons only appear when something was amiss!

This guy was the most demon-like of all demons.

"Oh, If you agree, starting from today, other than the expenses for the Nether Pool, I won't take one more jingshi."

Just like how well Zuo Mo knew Pu Yao, Pu Yao was clear about Zuo Mo's weaknesses. He gently threw out a condition that Zuo Mo could not refuse!

As expected, Zuo Mo instantly couldn't keep sitting, "Really?"

"Really."

"Then what do you need?"

"Your blood," Pu Yao's smile was extremely malicious.

Zuo Mo's expression changed. He decisively shook his head. "No!"

Was he joking, if he didn't have jingshi, he could make more, if he lost his little life, he didn't have a spare. He didn't dare to joke around with his little life.

Pu Yao saw Zuo Mo's thoughts with a glance, "Don't worry, it won't affect your body. You do body cultivation, your vital blood is very abundant. It won't be much to take some blood. I don't need much, one

drop a day. One drop a day is nothing to you!"

"No!" Zuo Mo persisted in refusing.

*

Translator Ramblings:

Business only works when both sides want something. Pu Yao knows Zuo Mo all too well now.

Chapter 178: Void Pass

“Just one drop of blood. You are not willing to even pay this insignificant price?” Pu Yao said, his brow furrowing in discontent.

“Insignificant?” Zuo Mo’s voice was full of displeasure, “Taking blood from me is insignificant?”

He then said decisively, “This is not negotiable. Jingshi and talismans, how can they compare with my little life?”

Pu Yao propped his chin and thought momentarily before he said, “How about this? I won’t take your vital blood, but you have to give me the earth energy you get everyday.”

“Earth energy?” Zuo Mo was still for a moment but he replied quickly. In his mind, he instantly connected it to the feeling of connectedness to the earth when he had been fighting with the Blue Spiked Crocodile.

There was a problem!

Pu Yao was very cunning. This was his goal.

“What is earth energy?” He asked, knowing the result.

But Pu Yao was a yao thousands of years old. Even though Zuo Mo tried to conceal it, the intelligent Pu Yao could find hints from the slight changes in his eyes. Pu Yao smiled, not disguising it, “Mo have always thought that the Great Earth is the mother of all things. The power of the Great Earth is stronger than anything else. When they cultivate, they always attend to their communication to the earth. You just have broken through to the first level of body cultivation. This level is called Mountain Physique. The level of Mountain Physique, you can now communicate with the Great Earth. As long as your feet are on the ground, you will have endless strength.”

Zuo Mo listened carefully.

“Of course, that crowd of idiot mo doesn’t understand anything profound. This method is simple and straightforward, very easy to start. Mo also descend from wild beasts. Compared to xiuzhe, they naturally are

more connected with the earth. It is easy for them to start this method. But you, it is very unexpected to me that you have such talent in body cultivation.”

“Earth energy is the power that comes from the earth?” Zuo Mo asked in response.

“Oh, it’s not incorrect if you understand it that way,” Pu Yao nodded.

“If I give the earth energy to you, that means my Mountain Physique would not progress?” Zuo Mo continued. He wasn’t stupid.

“Right,” Pu Yao continued to nod, calmly admitting it.

“No!” Zuo Mo shook his head.

Pu Yao was puzzled, “Why not? The Mountain Physique might be said to have the power of ten thousand elephants but usually, it is very stupid. It is not even as effective as your sword formation. It’s is far from the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] and [Little Thousand Leaf Hands]. There’s also so much jingshi, why don’t you agree?”

Zuo Mo smirked, “I don’t even know the power of the the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] and [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] yet, but I’ve personally experience the power of the Mountain Physique. It is a very simple choice.”

Hearing this, Pu Yao was speechless. He had neglected the practicality of Zuo Mo. However, to a Sky Yao that was thousands of years old, what problem would this pose? He quickly thought of a solution, “If that’s the case, this is very simple. The [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] is split into seven chapters. You are only able to cultivate one chapter. Of the [Little Thousand Leaf Hands], you are only able to practice three moves. I’ll let you see half of the chapter of [Great Thousand Leaf Hands], and teach you a move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] for free.”

“Definitely free, no additional conditions,” Pu Yao promised.

“Okay, then give it,” Zuo Mo said unconcernedly. In his heart, he had already decided, that this time he would get one over Pu Yao. Freely learning half a chapter of [Great Thousand Leaf Hands], and one move of

[Little Thousand Leaf Hands], then he would tell Pu Yao he still wouldn't agree, ha ha

Thinking how frustrated Pu Yao would be, he felt very good.

Pu Yao didn't waste words, throwing the first half chapter of [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] to Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo naturally did not refuse. As he daydreamed about Pu Yao's upcoming rage, he read the half chapter of [Great Thousand Leaf Hands].

After a few short words, and Zuo Mo's indifference flew away.

He sunk into the text.

Compared to the cryptic nature of [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], the half chapter of [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] was easy to understand, like a genius asking and responding to their own questions.

It headed straight for the main topic right at the start, first describing how to control power.

Mo used their body as a tool, continuously tempering it and their power turning inside. With their action, they could destroy mountains and upturn oceans. Xiuzhe primarily practiced ling power, ling power stored within their bodies would be guided by their channels and was easy to use. Spiritual power was invisible, spread outside the body, controlled by the mind, but the difficulty to use it was high. Even though yao were born knowing how to use their spiritual power but there were different proficiency levels. High level yao could control the world with just a thought.

After that was a mountain of questions regarding the consciousness.

Zuo Mo's mind was deeply enchanted. Many of the questions in here were problems that had dogged him for a long time which he could not solve.

His gaze unconsciously went down.

This author replied to each of the questions, their language was extremely simple to understand. Zuo Mo felt as though a mist had been

lifted.

The last conclusion it had was the consciousness was like a ball of mist, lacking a skeleton which caused it to become difficult to control. Mo primarily cultivated their body, their entire skeleton, flesh, blood, and skin were pathways, easy to control.

What spiritual power lacked was exactly this kind of pathways. They were naturally spread out. Only some high level Yao had yao seeds that could naturally function as base pathways. That was also why they were so powerful. The yao did not lack for geniuses. They might not have had highly regarded bloodlines but they could create new paths.

This [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] originated as one of these new paths.

Like vine creating a net, one leaf per section, the leaf like a hand, five finger-like segments able to do tens of thousands of changes.

Zuo Mo was drunk. He had never heard of this method before. It was very novel. Zuo Mo was not a yao. Pu Yao had embedded a Yao seed and caused his control to increase but that was nothing compared to the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands]. It was on a completely different level.

If he could successfully learn the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands], any formation would be able to reach its greatest potential in his hands!

Other than that, it was also useful for forging and dan-making.

Just as Zuo Mo hurried to keep reading, he suddenly stopped, the chapter half was finished!

It was like an itch that being scratched in that sweet spot and then the other suddenly stopped. He felt unspeakably uncomfortable. Damn it! Why did it stop there!

Zuo Mo, who had been waiting to see Pu Yao frustrated, deeply felt what frustration was!

No, he needed to control himself, he couldn't let Pu Yao win!

Zuo Mo reluctantly took away his eyes, closing them to rest for a while. He slowly calmed down. Zuo Mo's mind became clear as he calmed. This

was what Pu Yao always did. If he really made the transaction, then there probably were countless traps waiting for him ahead.

Calm, calm

He said it repeatedly to himself inside, furiously telling himself to not fall for Pu Yao's trick. This kind of self brainwashing finally had some effect. He decided to learn the first move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] before he decided.

Hearing this, Pu Yao refreshingly nodded, "Okay, I'll teach you the first move."

"[Little Thousand Leaf Hands] has thirty-six moves in total. The first move is one of the two most shallow and fundamental moves. Many of the other moves will be connected somewhat with these two moves. You have to be familiar with this one."

Seeing Pu Yao act as though he was going to personally teach it, Zuo Mo's mind became alert.

Pu Yao always boasted to the sky, but Zuo Mo had never seen him personally move. He instantly became excited now that the other was going to demonstrate his abilities.

"[Great Thousand Leaf Hands] and [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] were created by an ancient Sky Yao, the aim was to go against nature," Pu Yao's voice was full of respect, "When a yao is born, the achievements it can accomplish are mostly set. A yao seed is formed naturally and is the source of a yao's power. This Sky Yao was born as the most normal of the little yao and became a Sky Yao in the end. You don't really understand the yao. What the yao do is flow along with their natural order. It was only when that Sky Yao appeared that people discovered it was possible to go against this natural order. From then on, yao cultivation was split into with nature and against nature. You are learning that elder's moves today, do not mar that Sky Yao Elder's name."

Pu Yao's voice was stern and serious. Zuo Mo gaped inside and was full of anticipation. From Pu Yao's explanation, it seemed that these two sets of methods had a great history!

“Watch carefully.”

As Pu Yao stopped talking, he raised his right hand. His right hand was long and snowy white, perfect in form, the bright red nails slightly curved and as sharp as a knife.

He pointed with his index finger, the long crimson fingernail lightly sketching in the air.

The movements were ethereal and gentle, flowing and pleasurable to the eye.

The places that the blade like fingernail passed, a streak of blood curved and squiggled. In a blink, a profound bloody character took form in the air.

Zuo Mo's pupils suddenly shrunk!

He suddenly found that, starting from when Pu Yao's finger had started to draw. Zuo Mo's own consciousness had gone slightly out of control, as though Pu Yao's finger held a strange magnetism. He jumped in fright, and hurriedly controlled his mind!

Even though he was trying to control his consciousness, the majority of his attention was used to watch Pu Yao.

Pu Yao's spiritual power flooded the bloody character. The character seal suddenly became full and glistening as though it was alive.

Zuo Mo felt as though he was suddenly jerked into an extremely strange world.

There was no noise, no change. It was like time had completely stopped. Zuo Mo felt that that his heartbeat had stopped, his blood stopped flowing, his muscles and hair stopped moving!

An unknown amount of time later, this strange state flew away as though it was a dream.

Zuo Mo finally felt shock. In a daze, he heard Pu Yao's slow and deep voice.

“The first move is called [Void Pass]. It does not halt time, it just maintains the laws that everything originally has, but at the same

moment, it refuses all new laws, so you feel as though time has stopped. The two concepts are completely different. It only refuses change. The stronger your spirit is, the greater your control over your consciousness will be, and the larger the area you can control. However, if it is a strong change in the laws, you may not be able to stop it and the technique would break.”

“Do not try to use it on other xiuzhe, unless the difference in cultivation is very great.”

“Then what’s the use?” Zuo Mo heard himself ask instinctively.

“Hue hue, you can use it on talismans. The ling power on talismans usually is constantly flowing. The effect of interfering with that is very outstanding.”

Zuo Mo had received such a great blow that he seemed to have lost his soul in the following days. Pu Yao did not hurry him, looking very confident.

The fifth day, he finally thought it through and came to the sea of consciousness.

Like normal, Pu Yao sat on the gravestone. His back to Zuo Mo, he still knew that Zuo Mo had come, a smug smile at the corner of his mouth.

Zuo Mo’s eyes were clear. Just as he prepared to speak, he saw the gravestone under Pu Yao out of the corner of his eyes, and suddenly stopped.

*

Translator Ramblings: Like any normal person Zuo Mo has the reasoning life > jingshi.

Back to the issue of time. Max lifespan of normal dacheng xiuzhe is 1000 years. Yaomo live longer in general. However, no one is really “immortal,” so these great people Pu Yao mentioned have all died a long time ago.

Pu Yao also is a wonderful negotiator in this chapter. If you search up negotiation tactics on google, you'll see what I mean.

Chapter 179: Gravestone

Written on the gravestone were the words, “Do as he asks.”

Zuo Mo had originally decided not to accept Pu Yao’s tempting offer. [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] and [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] enchanted him, but he still decided to refuse this transaction where it looked like he would benefit disproportionately.

Pu Yao had not described the Mountain Physique in great detail, but Zuo Mo understood that the reason he had cultivated this quickly to Mountain Physique was all due to the gravestone. The [Vajra Profound Sutra] was not an outstanding scripture. The reason it was so effective was those five adjusted phrases from the jade scroll.

Even though Pu Yao did not say much, he was quite scornful of the Mountain Physique in his tone. However, Zuo Mo could easily feel the great strength of the Mountain Physique.

He had recalled that moment he broke through, savoring that feeling of strength flooding through his body.

It was the first time he had so clearly tasted strength.

Pu Yao’s terrible reputation made Zuo Mo unable to believe him. No matter how much he was tempted by [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] and [Little Thousand Leaf Hands], it was clear that what Pu Yao gave looked sweet but it wouldn’t taste sweet when he ate it.

[Vajra Profound Sutra] didn’t have anything profound and was exactly suited to Zuo Mo’s appetite. The fact he could unknowingly cultivate to Mountain Physique, proved that he had talent in this area. Rather than gamble on the untrustworthy Pu Yao, it was better to persist with what he already had.

He didn’t want to think about progression to deeper stages. He believed that if he could reach the level he had experienced when he made the breakthrough, he would have some measure of protection in these troubled times.

After thinking for a few days, and having finally made a decision, Zuo Mo ran to the sea of consciousness to prepare to refuse Pu Yao. But to his shock, he saw the words floating on the gravestone.

A strange feeling rose inside Zuo Mo. It was like the gravestone under Pu Yao's ass was alive. This idea was truly too absurd, so absurd that even Zuo Mo felt that he had thought too much these past days, and was having a delusion.

The words on the gravestone were large and eye-catching.

It wasn't a delusion!

"How about it?" Pu Yao's unconcerned voice suddenly sounded next to Zuo Mo's ear.

Zuo Mo's heart jumped. He glanced and saw the words on the gravestone grow faint. In a blink, the eye-catching words had disappeared.

Was this gravestone really alive?

Zuo Mo thought and brushed off, "En, I've thought for a long time."

If this gravestone was really alive, then

Suddenly, he recalled when he had first met Pu Yao and how he fell into that unconscious state. When he had been muddled, he had heard an ancient and stern voice. He had assumed that it was Pu Yao. Thinking about it now, that voice was stern and authoritative, and was completely different from Pu Yao's seductive and enchanting mannerisms. He had overlooked this discrepancy before because there was no one except Pu Yao in his sea of consciousness.

When the [Vajra Profound Sutra] had appeared on the gravestone last time, it hadn't caused him to question his assumption.

"Do as he asks."

These words, other than living beings with brains, no matter if it was the most outstanding talisman, it could not say such words.

He felt the gravestone was alive.

Zuo Mo's mind was furiously moving. Naturally, his speech could not keep up. This made him look especially dull today.

Pu Yao furrowed his brows, "And then?"

Zuo Mo instinctively answered, "I still have to think." He ignored Pu Yao, sitting down on the ground. In any case, the words on the gravestone had already disappeared.

Pu Yao was slightly surprised. If Zuo Mo entered the sea of consciousness, he should have decided. Had he just decided to change his mind now? He had interacted with Zuo Mo for a long time. Zuo Mo might be hesitant sometimes, but after he made a decision, he would never waver. The other was so stubborn and vicious, even he would gape.

Why did he suddenly hesitate now?

However, he would never have thought in his wildest dreams the gravestone under his bottom had gotten one over him.

Zuo Mo decided to think.

The gravestone should be alive, no, maybe there was something alive under the gravestone.

Thinking about it now, the [Vajra Profound Sutra] had appeared on the gravestone when Pu Yao had been meditating. This time, the gravestone was opposing Pu Yao right in front of him.

Did the gravestone and Pu Yao have animosity?

Pu Yao usually sat on the gravestone. Previously, Zuo Mo had felt that Pu Yao was an undertaker. Thinking about it now, was more like Pu Yao was

guarding it. Was there a powerful enemy sealed under the gravestone, and Pu Yao was so worried he personally guarded it?

This guess was very rational. Zuo Mo felt, that even if it wasn't any great hatred between them, the relationship between Pu Yao and the gravestone was definitely not good. Otherwise, the gravestone wouldn't have opposed Pu Yao twice.

Thinking through this, Zuo Mo suddenly understood slightly what Pu Yao's aims were.

Pu Yao needed the earth energy for something he did not state. Looking at it now, Pu Yao had offered this transaction directly for the Mountain Physique that Zuo Mo had just achieved.

Zuo Mo suddenly didn't get it again.

If Pu Yao and the gravestone really didn't have good relations, then Pu Yao could just stop him from practicing [Vajra Profound Sutra]. However, Pu Yao did not prohibit him from practicing [Vajra Profound Sutra]. If Pu Yao was targeting Zuo Mo's Mountain Physique, he had enough skill and methods to just take that.

Pu Yao wasn't a generous person. This person always wanted to get even. Whoever he held a grudge against, would quickly feel retribution from Pu Yao's machinations. Pu Yao would not let his enemies go, and give them time to recuperate.

As to Zuo Mo himself, he didn't feel he could affect Pu Yao in any way between the two enemies.

The deeper he thought, the more puzzled Zuo Mo felt.

He threw away thinking about the relationship between Pu Yao and the gravestone. What he needed to consider was which choice was most beneficial for him. Pu Yao's promises were not trustworthy in Zuo Mo's mind. Compared to that, he was more willing to believe the gravestone. The benefits from the gravestone's [Vajra Profound Sutra] were real and tangible.

There was no spectacular description, but true power and that was more

likely to persuade Zuo Mo.

If he thought of Pu Yao and the gravestone as two people, his past experiences with Pu Yao were terrible, but his experience with the gravestone had been very good.

Zuo Mo felt dejected. This clearly was going to slow down his body cultivation progress so why did the gravestone want him to agree? Was there

Suddenly, an idea appeared in his mind, did the gravestone have a solution?

Zuo Mo suddenly became uplifted, it was possible! Otherwise, the gravestone certainly wouldn't want him to agree to Pu Yao's transaction. If the gravestone was not concerned with his cultivation progress, it wouldn't have passed him [Vajra Profound Sutra] in the first place.

Zuo Mo believed that any action had an aim.

The gravestone had its own aims in passing on the [Vajra Profound Sutra], but he did not know it at the moment. But since it had a goal, then it wouldn't easily let its previous efforts go to waste. Otherwise there would have been no reason to pass onto him the [Vajra Profound Sutra].

If the gravestone had just taught him out of sheer pleasure, even Zuo Mo would not believe it.

He couldn't guess the goal, but Zuo Mo could judge what was more beneficial to him.

He decided to listen to the gravestone. Having made his decision, he started to think how the gravestone would give the solution. Thinking of the [Vajra Profound Sutra] and the words that had floated there, he decided to visit the sea of consciousness more frequently in the future.

After thinking it through, Zuo Mo stood and walked in front of Pu Yao.

"En. I've thought it through. Let's make the transaction!"

"Your choice is very intelligent," Pu Yao's cold blade-like lips curved slightly.

Zuo Mo's caught a glimpse of this smirk and felt that Pu Yao's smile carried some unusual content, as though it proved some of his speculations.

The first chapter of [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] and the first three moves of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] in his hands, Zuo Mo started to study them as though he was starving.

[Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] was cryptic and he still had barely progressed even now. The two spells had their own places that were hard to understand, but they were much easier compared to [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]. What was most surprising to Zuo Mo was that Pu Yao was willing to personally teach [Little Thousand Leaf Hands].

He took the chance to ask Pu Yao for clarification regarding the problems he encountered. He hadn't expected that Pu Yao to have changed his frugal attitude, and freely replied, and it could even be considered, very patiently. Zuo Mo was amazed.

Such a good chance, if he didn't use it fully, then he was an idiot. Zuo Mo took the chance to go through everything he was usually puzzled by.

After going through it all, he felt it was worth it even if there wasn't the two spells!

This set of spells that yao had about the spirit was more profound and wondrous than any jade scroll that he had ever read. It was like the difference between the cloud and earth.

But making a transaction with Pu Yao meant one could never just simply enjoy. Accompanying it was always the pain of the flesh.

Under Pu Yao's guidance, he quickly learned how to absorb earth energy from the ground. The earth energy of body cultivation and the [Art of Earth Energy] that Zuo Mo cultivated shared the same name, but the two were completely different.

The earth energy of [Art of Earth Energy] was the energy nurtured from the soil, but the earth energy that Zuo Mo took in right now was a kind of weighty and concentrated power. The only similarity between the two was

they were both nurturing and heavy. But what the [Art of Earth Energy] nurtured was ling plants, and what the earth energy of body cultivation nurtured was his body of flesh.

An attentive Zuo Mo found two reasons he could absorb earth energy. One was his body cultivation had reached Mountain Physique. The other reason was the mo matrix.

The mo matrix that Pu Yao had carved onto Zuo Mo's body was wondrous in allowing his body to communicate with the earth.

He somewhat understood now why mo would primarily cultivate their body. It was because they were born with a mo matrix, and were the children of the earth.

When he was absorbing earth energy, it was so comfortable that he was intoxicated. Little by little, concentrated strength slowly moved into his body from his legs, nurturing every part of his body. He could feel the strength increasing in his body, a tranquility that he never felt before which was addicting.

But the earth energy that he took in would be drawn out by Pu Yao in an instant, in a great form of torture!

When the strength inside his body was extracted, his mind would blank for a short moment. When Zuo Mo's mind came back, weakness and the lack of strength would make him feel that he had an incurable disease. A strong sense of dizziness and nausea destroyed his appetite and his interest in anything else

Each time Pu Yao drew out the earth energy, he only had one thought, to faint and sleep.

However, he didn't sleep. He needed to cultivate.

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo finally realizes that the population in his consciousness is one more than expected. This chapter breaks down Zuo Mo's thinking which is super practical. The gravestone and Pu both have credit scores with Zuo Mo, and Pu has a terrible one.

Chapter 180: [Great Thousand Leaf Hands]

What Zuo Mo cultivated first was the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands].

The second half of the first chapter of [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] explained how to form the great thousand leaf hands. This Sky Yao was an amazing genius. He used the process of a plant growing to complete his spell.

The first step of [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] was to gather up the spirit that was scattered. This was not a problem to Zuo Mo, he easily accomplished it.

Next was to forge the gathered consciousness into “seeds.” This step was crucial. If one could not form “seeds,” they could not practice [Great Thousand Leaf Hands].

The steps to forge “seeds” seemed to be very complicated, but when Zuo Mo finished reading, a strange feeling arose.

This was the “dan nurturing” water method!

The Moisture Dan hadn’t brought much jingshi to Zuo Mo, but he had studied the water method. The wondrous process of the dan forming had left a deep impression on him, so when he saw the process of the “seed” forming, he instantly found similarities.

He didn’t know if this Sky Yao knew of the water method, but to have created such an amazing set of spells and to use a dan-making method with spiritual power, he was in awe of the elder.

Thinking about it, he twisted his mouth.

Pu Yao said he was a Sky Yao, but they were both Sky Yao so why was the difference so great? Pu Yao had taken out many kinds of spells, but he had never heard the other say that he had created any of them. Even more importantly, Zuo Mo didn’t think Pu Yao behaved like a Sky Yao. He was very suspicious that Pu Yao’s Sky Yao identity was just him boasting.

Knowing the water method, Zuo Mo didn't have much trouble in forging the "seed."

A few hours later, a "seed" had been formed.

This "seed" that Zuo Mo had gathered all his consciousness into was the size of a soybean, expanding and contracting as though it was breathing.

The most difficult part did not stop Zuo Mo. As long as he persisted in practicing this set of spells daily, after ten days, this "seed" would germinate.

However, since all of his consciousness had been used to create this seed, it was like his consciousness had disappeared. This caused Zuo Mo, who had relied on using his consciousness constantly, to feel extremely awkward.

Without his consciousness, Zuo Mo could not make dan, could not forge, but what made him jump in fright was that he could not use the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation].

Damn it!

He had made such a fatal mistake. It seemed that he had been too proud these past days.

Please, no one come in these next ten days.

To not cause terror in other disciples, he acted normally on the surface.

Gongsun Cha delivered a pile of materials to him, all of it taken from the body of the Blue Spiked Crocodile that Zuo Mo had killed. What was most attention-catching among the items was the hide of the Blue Spiked Crocodile and the seven blue spikes. The hide was pristine. It was rare to see such a perfect Blue Spiked Crocodile skin. The hide of a Blue Spiked Crocodile was outstanding material to make ling armor and the price on the market was very high.

What Zuo Mo liked the most was the seven blue spikes.

The seven blue spikes were rare water element materials, and they came from the same Blue Spiked Crocodile, which made them very appropriate

to forge into a flying sword.

Zuo Mo's set of five sword essence swords needed five flying sword with completely different attributes. It would take luck to gather all five.

He decided to forge the seven blue spikes into a set of flying swords suitable for him to use now.

But when he thought that his consciousness was completely used in creating the "seed," Zuo Mo could only grimace.

Ten days later.

Zuo Mo focused all his attention on growing the "seed" using the chant from the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands]. After ten days of continuous change, the "seed" was now the size of a goose egg, its outer shell a glowing porcelain. It was possible to see a curled sprout inside.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo detected the consciousness inside the egg moving. The outer layer of the "seed" broke. The outer layer was composed of consciousness and naturally would not have made a sound, but to Zuo Mo it was like thunder.

His body seemed to be struck by lightning as it vibrated.

A tender sprout with a single leaf reached out of the broken shell.

The leaf of the tender sprout was extremely small. It appeared like the palm of a person, with all five fingers.

Everything in the surroundings flooded in clearly. This feeling of everything being in his grasp instantly made Zuo Mo feel secure.

Consciousness!

Without him detecting it, Zuo Mo found, to his shock, that his reliance on his consciousness had reached such a shocking step. The consciousness seemed much weaker than before, but as long as he had his

consciousness, he could activate the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] and he could guarantee his safety to some degree.

Finally calming down, Zuo Mo started to study his completely transformed consciousness.

His spiritual power had all turned into this little tender sprout. The little hand that was as round and tender as an infant's was the only leaf on the sprout, but it was of great joy to Zuo Mo.

His mind moved and the leaf rippled, the five leaf fingers shaking. Quickly, Zuo Mo discovered the trick to manipulating the leaf fingers. The five fingers on the leaf became even more nimble. Zuo Mo was even able to control the five fingers on the leaf hand to do the finger motions of all kinds of spells. There was no sound when the leaf hand made the motions, the spiritual power and the ling power was completely different.

However, if he used finger motions with the leaf hand, its nimbleness far surpassed Zuo Mo's own finger movements. He could control the leaf hand to complete many highly difficult and almost impossible finger movements. If he used his own fingers, he definitely could not do them.

The five fingers on the leaf hands could lengthen and change shape according to his will. Zuo Mo marveled at it.

Zuo Mo played with the leaf hand until he was exhausted mentally. When he stopped, he noticed something he had missed before. The difficulty of controlling the leaf hand had become much easier than before. He wouldn't dare to even think about doing such delicate changes before.

The area covered by his consciousness was much smaller than before. In the beginning, he had thought that his consciousness had weakened, but he understood after studying the leaf hand. At the moment, the root of the leaf hand was still inside the "seed."

The great majority of his spiritual power was still in the goose egg sized "seed". The amount of consciousness that had transformed into the sprout was only a small minority. If all the consciousness inside the "seed" turned to leaf hands, his consciousness would return to the same level as before.

The broken “seed” was like soil right now, the leaf hand taking its nutrients from it to grow.

In the span of one day, the tender leaf hand sprout grew a little bigger.

When all of his consciousness turned to leaf hands, the speed the leaf hand grew would then be affected by the rate his spiritual power grew.

Zuo Mo had a direct measure of the benefits that the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] gave him. Even though the area covered by his consciousness was much smaller than before, but the clarity of the area covered by his consciousness was much higher.

This benefit had a direct connection to dan-making and forging.

Zuo Mo’s control of fire had increased to another level. He had a strong impulse to forge a flying sword now, but he suppressed it. His consciousness had not recovered to its peak.

The growth of the leaf hand was not fast, but it was steady. Zuo Mo wasn’t in a hurry, he had many things to do.

Like practicing the first three moves of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands].

Zuo Mo had already learned the first three moves. Pu Yao teaching him personally did have some effect. These three moves were either exquisite or powerful so he naturally would not let up, and continuously practiced them. He needed to practice them to the point that he could execute them with a thought.

However, he was far from that step.

What he felt strange was the light at his fingertip when he drew the characters was a faint white light, and not the bloody red of Pu Yao. However, the effect of the completed move did not change. Pu Yao could not find a reason for this, so Zuo Mo, seeing it was not detrimental to casting the spell, threw it to one side.

Zuo Mo still had not discovered the relation between this [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] and the leaf hands.

It was night, the moonlight streaming down.

A completely golden figure was at the edge of the black lake, his feet bare, and his legs apart.

Zuo Mo was using [Vajra Profound Sutra]. Small strands of earth energy burrowed into his body through the soles of his feet. The earth energy was thin and felt cold. As it spread through his body, he felt unspeakably pleasurable. As the threads of earth energy entered his body, his muscles became even more strong and hard. Zuo Mo's body was filled with silence and vitality, just like the great earth.

He opened his eyes. Glancing at his palms, a faint mountain peak tattoo could be seen.

He shook his head. When Pu Yao sucked away the earth energy from his body, the mountain peak tattoo would once again disappear.

Each day, he had to go through this. He had naturally found some trends. The mountain peak tattoo on his palms should be the symbol of the mountain physique. The stronger the body, the richer the earth energy in the body, the clearer it would be. Each time after he absorbed earth energy was the time it was most clear.

A suction suddenly appeared inside his body. The earth energy that had just spread through his body was like a school of fishes that was attracted by bait, moving through every one of Zuo Mo's muscles and bones.

An expression of pain came into Zuo Mo's eyes.

It didn't need his control, his body instinctively rebelled, resisting the departure of the earth energy. It wanted to keep the earth energy, but the suction was so powerful that the earth energy continuously gathered there.

Pu Yao took all the earth energy inside his body.

Weakness flooded in, but he could not faint because of the pain. His

body felt like it was being pricked by needles all over, each muscle and bone was in pain.

Zuo Mo understood the reason.

Absorbing earth energy, and then having Pu Yao drawing it away. In the entire process, Zuo Mo's body was like a man that had just gotten a treasure after struggle, but suddenly was robbed. It instinctively would defend and try to take it back. But since the enemy was too strong, in the conflict, his body was wounded.

He had to go through this process daily. The pain could be imagined.

It was torture!

The damned gravestone! Each time, Zuo Mo gritted his teeth as he bore the pain. At the same time, he repeatedly cursed the damned gravestone!

In this period of time, he would run to the sea of consciousness when he had the free time.

The result was that the gravestone didn't take any action after the words had popped up.

Listening to the words, Zuo Mo, who had been trusting of the gravestone, was furious. He finally understood. He had trusted the wrong person!

No, he had trusted the wrong stele!

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Translator Ramblings: No one mentioned it so I'm really curious. Did anyone else think that the Void Pass Pu Yao showed Zuo Mo seem like what he used against the five jindan a long time ago in Dong Fu?

Also, the Sky Yao who made the Thousand Leaf yao arts would have been before the water method for dan-making was invented. Zuo Mo doesn't know enough history for these things.

Chapter 181: Familiar Guests

Zuo Mo's former habit had been to listen to the sound tablet every day. After arriving in Desolate Wood Reef, he would open the sound tablet whenever he was idle. This was not limited to just him. All the people on the Desolate Wood Reef were the same. Other than the flying sword messages the elders from the sect sent them, this was the only way they could communicate with the outside world. Even with Zuo Mo's cultivation, he was unable to send flying sword messages to the sect over such a long distance.

Every day, they could hear the bad news. It was like the yaomo had suddenly became strong and peerless, the xiuzhe were not a match for them and continuously lost. Each time he heard this kind of bad news, Zuo Mo felt depressed. Theoretically, xiuzhe had been hunting yao for so many years in Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. While the yaomo were like the livestock being raised in the xiuzhe's back yard, but why did the xiuzhe suddenly become so weak?

He went to the lava lake. Inside the fire formation, a scorching flame covered the copper hoop and silently burned. After a long period of tempering, the copper hoop had become completely red like a piece of fire jade.

Carefully inspecting the fire formation, Zuo Mo's mood became slightly better. If it was tempered for a bit more time, this copper hoop would completely transform. He anticipated just how powerful this copper hoop would be after it was done tempering.

After adding new jingshi to the fire formation, he climbed back out.

The sunlight landed on his body and warmed him, it was so comfortable he wanted to groan. Now that everything on the Desolate Wood Reef had settled into a routine, other than having to endure the "pain of earth energy" every day, he didn't have any other frustrations.

The Desolate Wood Reef might be isolated, but compared to the endless conflict inside the sect, it was paradise.

Suddenly, he raised his head. Several black dots appeared on the horizon, heading at astonishing speed towards the Desolate Wood Reef.

Xiuzhe!

Zuo Mo's heart shook slightly, but compared to the restlessness of the past, he was much more composed. With the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], even though his consciousness had not completely turned to leaf hands, but the leaf hands were so powerful that just the leaf hand of half his consciousness was more powerful in controlling the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] than before.

As long as the xiuzhe that were coming were not jindan, he was not afraid.

Three xiuzhe had come.

Seeing them speed over, Zuo Mo's heart was slightly shocked. The three were not weak.

However, when the three people flew close, he found to his surprise that he knew them. The three people were the xiuzhe that had found him previously to process the Inky Black Lotus Seed.

When the three came close to the Desolate Wood Reef, they had surprised expressions when they saw Zuo Mo. The three quickly landed.

"Didn't think we would encounter Brother Zuo here, it really is fate!" The red-robed man laughed forthrightly, his composure was extremely friendly. The other two tightly followed the red-robed man.

Last time, having ran into trouble with them, Zuo Mo knew they were not good people. In his heart he was wary. However, with his zombie face, no one could see what he was thinking. With Wu Kong Sword Sect behind him as support, and the island having the big formation, he was very confident.

"Ha ha, yes, yes," Zuo Mo bowed with folded hands.

If it had been in the past, the three would have been furious at this attitude, but Zuo Mo's present status compared to the past was like the

difference between heaven and earth. The status of Wu Kong Sword Sect was rising in Sky Moon Jie. No one dared to provoke this battle-crazy sect, and Zuo Mo was also a core disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect.

The red-robed man rejoiced that he had made amends last time, so their relationship wasn't too terrible. Otherwise, they would have a hard time today. He did not underestimate Zuo Mo due to his zhuji cultivation. Putting aside Wu Kong Sword Sect, Zuo Mo alone was a very dangerous entity.

He naturally understood a bit about the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] after having possessed the jade scroll for so long. When he saw Zuo Mo set up the formation in the Great Pine Pavilion, his shock had been indescribable. When he flew near Desolate Wood Reef and saw Zuo Mo, he understood that Zuo Mo definitely had put a formation over the island.

However, this person was very experienced. He could bow with the circumstances and was extremely perceptive. He smiled and said, "Us three brothers wish to use your place to rest and recover for a few days. This is just a token of our appreciation, Brother Zuo Mo, don't refuse."

The red-robed male handed over a small bag of jingshi. Zuo Mo slightly bounced it, and was very satisfied.

Three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi. As expected, this xiuzhe was good with handling relationships.

"That's fine. You can pick any residence here. If you need anything, just ask this little brother," Zuo Mo instantly became much warmer.

The red-robed male released a breath inside. It was easy now that Zuo Mo was willing to take their jingshi. What he was most worried about was that Zuo Mo held a grudge over the incident of the Inky Black Lotus Seed. So before Zuo Mo had said anything, he had proactively and generously made the first move.

Looking at it now, he was correct in doing so.

"Sorry for the disturbance!"

“Right, I’ve also put a formation on this island. Please do not move around carelessly,” Zuo Mo reminded them.

The red-robed man thought, as expected. His mouth responded, “Many thanks for the reminder, Brother Zuo.”

Zuo Mo didn’t waste words, he turned and left.

When Zuo Mo disappeared, the three finally relaxed.

The snarling brawny man snorted coldly, “look at him act like that, I want to grind him to meat paste!”

“Is this place safe?” The hawk nosed man looked at his leader.

“We’ll rest here for a day and leave. Then go to Little Mountain Jie,” The red-robed man said decisively.

“I” The snarling brawny man was still going on.

The red-robed man glared at him, and interrupted, “Don’t waste words. Quickly meditate. We don’t have much time.”

The brawny man docilely sat and meditated.

Taking in three hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, Zuo Mo felt very good. Business with no cost and all profit was really pleasurable. He recalled that the three seemed quite rushed, as though they wanted to leave quickly.

He had previously received the jade scroll for the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]. and had also gotten a [Gold Forging Chapter Remnant]. The gold method was more obscure; adding on that it was just a remnant

scroll, Zuo Mo didn't put any effort in studying it.

But one point was very clear, these three were clearly quite wealthy.

Zuo Mo thought about making a transaction. He had a pretty good amount of Golden Crow Fire on his hands and naturally wanted to sell it. However, the Desolate Wood Reef was really too isolated. He would have to fly for a long time to reach the nearest town. He was just a zhuji. If the news got out that he possessed Golden Crow Fire, he would be instantly surrounded and attacked if he stepped out of the Desolate Wood Reef.

The best and safest way was to attract people to come to him.

As long as he was on the Desolate Wood Reef, Zuo Mo was not afraid of any ningmai. He didn't need to worry, no matter how big the attack force was. No power would actively challenge a battle-crazy sect like Wu Kong Sword Sect. What was most worrisome was the small xiuzhe groups of two or three people. They were the primary bandits and robbers. After killing and stealing, they would hide in a place. Once the noise was over, they would come out.

If he had to attract people to come such a long way to such an isolated place, he needed to have something to attract them. Golden Crow Fire would be one of those things.

What Zuo Mo needed to do first was pass the news out so other people knew they could buy Golden Crow Fire at Desolate Wood Reef.

His first target would be these three people.

The red-robed male who had been meditating suddenly opened his eyes, a wary expression on his face. The other two quickly opened their eyes.

Seeing the intruder was Zuo Mo, the wariness in their eyes lessened slightly.

"Sorry to disturb everyone's rest," Zuo Mo brashly sat down, no hint of

apology in his voice.

“It’s nothing,” The red-robed male forced a smile, “What does Brother Zuo need to come so late in the night?”

Zuo Mo didn’t waste words, heading straight for the topic, “This little brother has something good. Does everyone have an interest?”

The red-robed male first stilled, and then gave an interested expression, “Oh, something that Brother Zuo finds good, it must not be ordinary.”

Zuo Mo handed over a jade box, “Everyone, take a look.”

The red-robed man took the mini box and praised, “Such a fine jade box. Oh, such exquisite formations on here, I have great expectations for what is in the box!”

He opened the jade box.

Inside the jade box, a golden flame silently burned as it floated inside the box.

“Golden Crow Fire!” The red-robed man shouted, the expressions of the two behind him changing as well.

The other two stared fixedly at the Golden Crow Fire in the box, the heat and desire not disguised at all. The red-robed male stared dazedly at the Golden Crow Fire inside the jade box. After a beat, he sighed, “Brother Zuo is really skilled! I heard before that the Golden Crow Pill was made by Brother Zuo. I didn’t think that Brother Zuo could also make such a pure Golden Crow Fire seed. Such skill is really terrifying!”

Seeing the other did not show signs of wanting to attack, Zuo Mo’s heart slightly eased. The aura of murder that faintly exuded from the three people suggested that they were frequently involved in shady transactions. Zuo Mo had been very worried that their greed would get the best of them. Even though he had been on guard, there was still danger if the three attacked together.

He didn’t know but in this moment, countless thoughts had turned inside the red-robed man’s mind. Don’t underestimate such a little bit of

Golden Crow Fire. It had extremely high value. If one had something to exchange it for, the price wouldn't be just a little bit. However, when he saw Zuo Mo was so serene, he felt that Zuo Mo had measures in place.

The red-robed male repeatedly weighed his options and pushed down his greed. The three knew each other very well. Leader didn't speak, so the other two knew that Leader didn't want to attack, so they had to control the killing intent inside.

"You are too complimentary. Are you three interested?" Zuo Mo said.

The red-robed male said, "How about a trade? This one doesn't have much jingshi."

Zuo Mo instantly became alert and said, "No problem." What he hoped for the most was to trade for something useful to him. On a place like the Desolate Wood Reef where even the birds didn't shit, there was nowhere to spend jingshi. It was better to trade for something he could use.

The red-robed male took out a pile of items for Zuo Mo to choose from.

Trading was a frequent transaction type between xiuzhe. Because there was no third party, what the transaction process tested was the knowledge of both sides and the price they had inside.

The red-robed male had taken out a variety of items. There were talismans, materials, and jade scrolls. The other two also took out and displayed what they had.

The three of them were very wealthy. Zuo Mo's eyes instantly reddened, but his heart jumped.

This pile of items was of great variety, and definitely not from one individual. He couldn't help but think about those xiuzhe that killed for treasure. The number of xiuzhe whose lives were ended by the hands of these three definitely wouldn't be low.

Zuo Mo refocused and started to pick.

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Translator Ramblings:

The cast can tell you which chapters these people first showed up in. Zuo Mo's first customers are here.

Not all xiuzhe can tell whether Zuo Mo is performing body cultivation or if he is a mo, especially since Zuo Mo doesn't look like any kind of mo at this time. He just seems to have a really strong body. Also, the people he encounters now have never seen yaomo before so they don't really know what yaomo are like, just like Zuo Mo thinking of the yaomo as evil and monstrous back at the beginning of the story. On the other hand, Pu Yao has turned Zuo Mo into a bit of a Frankenstein's monster.

Chapter 182: Discovery!

Flipping through the talismans and materials in front of him, Zuo Mo rejoiced at his decision.

These three really had a lot of good items!

There were multiple fourth-grade materials, two or three fourth-grade talismans. The rest were things they didn't know the use of.

Zuo Mo wanted to take them all, but that was just a fantasy. Golden Crow Fire was something good, but what he was offered was also good.

In the end, Zuo Mo picked three items.

The first was a paper seal soldier. Zuo Mo had a deep impression of the seal soldier from last time, the brute power and astounding presence it had. When he found a seal soldier in the pile, he was very happy.

The grade of this seal soldier was higher than the one before. It should be third-grade. Zuo Mo had only used a seal soldier once; he didn't understand very much about it, and could only make a general judgement.

On the three-finger wide snowy white paper, the cinnabar seals were curving like earthworms, little bits of gold contained within the bright red cinnabar. The seals felt as though they were burned onto the paper.

Holding it on his hand, it was very heavy as though it wasn't made of paper but more like a piece of metal, strong yet flexible.

The other was a fourth-grade Blue Icicle Crystal. This Blue Ice Crystal was of outstanding quality, entirely transparent without an impurity, forming a perfect icicle. When he took it out, a mist floated around the Blue Icicle Crystal.

Zuo Mo had to channel ling power to hold this Blue Icicle Crystal. If he did not channel ling power to his palm, his hand would have been frozen by the crystal.

Seeing such an outstanding Blue Icicle Crystal, the first thought in Zuo Mo's mind was his five essence set of swords. If he forged this into a flying

sword, it would be perfect for Xin Yan Shibo's Ice Dragon sword essence.

The last was a talisman. When the three saw Zuo Mo pick this talisman, they all had shocked expressions.

It was a stick shaped talisman that was severely damaged. It looked as though it should have four panels, but two of the panels were broken.

None of the three recognized this talisman, they didn't even know where they had gotten the stick from. Zuo Mo was willing to use a valuable choice to pick this broken stick, then it wasn't something ordinary.

They were clear about that, but they didn't recognize it, so it wasn't useful in their hands. Also, no matter how good this talisman was, it was damaged, how good could it be?

They were willing to trade it.

The two sides easily made the transaction. Zuo Mo gave the Golden Crow Fire with the minibox to the other. The three all had happy expressions. Even though it was three for one, but they felt it was worth it.

The Golden Crow Fire was one of the higher quality fourth-grade fire seeds. Fire seeds were rare in the first place. This fire might be a tiny flame, and was weak, but it was pure Golden Crow Fire. As soon as it was imprinted, it could form a fire seed inside the body. While the Blue Icicle Crystal was also fourth-grade and it was perfect, but it still was not on the same level as this little ball of Golden Crow Fire.

But Zuo Mo did not lose out.

It was very hard to buy a third-grade seal soldier on the market. There were not many seal xiu in Sky Moon Jie. Seal soldiers could save lives. A second-grade seal soldier could face a ningmai for a short amount of time.

What about a third-grade seal soldier? Zuo Mo couldn't help but feel anticipation.

No matter if it was the third-grade seal soldier, or the perfect Blue Icicle Crystal, they were all extraordinary treasures. But what Zuo Mo put the most importance on was the damaged stick.

The three opposite him did not know it, but Zuo Mo recognized it.

It was not a stick, but a damaged four-flanged Vajra Gada.[i] It was a talisman that Dhyana xiu used. True Dhyana were rare in Sky Moon Jie. Zuo Mo was very curious where they got a dhyana talisman from.

[tl: [i] = A gada is a mace, a weapon used by one of the Gods. In depictions, the gada is literally a “stone on a stick”. This particular weapon has flanges, so it is a four-flanged mace/gada. Search vajra weapon, and imagine one end of it set on a stick. try search "Lord Hanuman weapon" , you will see the gada.]

Dhyana emphasized cultivating the body and forming abhinna. This was the first time Zuo Mo saw a dhyana talisman. However, he didn't pick this four-flanged Vajra Gada out of curiosity but because he had discovered something else.

His consciousness had become multiple times more sensitive as the leaf hand formed. When his consciousness had swept across this four-flanged Vajra Gada, he had suddenly felt a hidden power come out of the gada!

This power was not strong, it could be considered weak. It didn't give off any pressure, was a peaceful but thick. This weak, harmless power, almost caused Zuo Mo to lose his control of his consciousness.

How could Zuo Mo not feel shock?

His own spirit was much stronger than normal ningmai. His mentality was as strong as stone, unable to be shaken. Now that he had the leaf hand, in terms of strength, wasn't he multiple times stronger than before?

It wasn't normal!

In an instant, Zuo Mo understood the value of this four-flanged Vajra Gada! He did not hesitate and picked it.

Both sides were happy.

The next morning, the three bid farewell to Zuo Mo very early and flew towards the jie river. Zuo Mo naturally wouldn't speak of letting them stay longer, but felt it strange. These three still clearly seemed quite tired, and had not completely recovered. Why were they in such a hurry to leave?

Crossing the jie river was not an easy matter.

Even though he was puzzled, Zuo Mo did not have the time to care. He wanted them to leave as soon as possible so he could stop worrying and cultivate.

The present Desolate Wood Reef was like a paradise. The incident of the Blue Spiked Crocodile appearing and wounding someone reminded Zuo Mo, that he may have set down an unprecedentedly large Skyring Moon Chime Formation, but the Desolate Wood Reef wasn't small, and there naturally were many holes.

Since he had discovered this, it was easy to deal with. He only needed to add some child formations to the Skyring Moon Chime Formation and it would seal the holes. Luckily, the main skeleton had already been built so the rest progressed quickly.

After being fixed up, the Desolate Wood Reef could be considered impregnable. Zuo Mo had not spared any of the beaches. After the incident with the Blue Spiked Crocodile, no other ling beast had managed to get into the island.

Gongsun Cha became the most idle person. There were no beasts for him to work on. He was very depressed.

Zuo Mo placed heavy importance on this shidi that had been certified for a jade medal and had comforted him.

After making rounds, it was time to absorb earth energy for the day.

Just having comforted Gongsun Cha, Zuo Mo needed to directly face an even harsher reality.

Days were passing so slowly! Zuo Mo howled, feeling as though each day was a year.

“Come!” Pu Yao raised his chin, smiling seductively and smugly.

Zuo Mo asked the question he would ask every day, “How many days left?”

“Soon, soon!” Pu Yao insincerely comforted him.

Zuo Mo’s body was dark gold, his pants rolled up and his bare feet struck deep in the soil. Threads of weak earth energy entered his body and flowed around, continuously permeating his muscles and bones.

It was as though he was soaking in the water, unspeakably comfortable.

But Zuo Mo did not dare to relax. His body was as tense as copper wire, nervous to the extreme. Countless previous experiences taught him if he allowed himself to sink into this comfortable state, the “torture” that would come next would become even harder and more painful to bear.

The sudden discrepancy would destroy a person. Zuo Mo’s spirit had almost been wounded multiple times.

After that, he didn’t dare to let himself sink deeply into this pleasurable feeling.

He was like a criminal that knew that he was going to his execution soon. He had delicious food in front of him, but it could have been cardboard for all he cared.

It was coming!

Strangely, he felt his heart relax. It finally came.

The rest was very simple. One word – suffer!

The earth energy that entered Zuo Mo’s body became even tinier. That would cause the pain when they were drawn out to be even stronger.

Zuo Mo’s body uncontrollably trembled like dice. But his legs were like nails, hammered deeply into the ground.

The hair-thin earth energy was slowly and forcefully sucked out of the depth of his body. They passed through his flesh, the pores in his bones, his channels

Zuo Mo tried his best to keep his mind clear. This was the only method he had found over time that could decrease the feeling of pain.

However, in such a painful state, it was very difficult to enter a clear state of mind.

People's potential was limitless.

After being continuously tortured, Zuo Mo started to find some tricks. He tried his best to pull his consciousness away. It was best if it could wander outside his body. That way, no matter how much pain his body was in, he would not be affected.

Relax, relax

His body was fiercely trembling, yet his breathing slowly calmed down.

[Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation]!

Unknowingly, Zuo Mo entered an embryonic state.

"Hm!" Pu Yao exclaimed in shock, his action of drawing out earth energy pausing.

In his bloody pupil, a thoughtful expression occurred. He seemed to have thought of something. Maybe

Zuo Mo, in his embryonic state, was like a spectator. He could "see" his body continuously tremble in increasing severity.

For the first time, he did not feel pain at all!

There was no joy. He just peacefully "looked."

He "looked" as his body started to become transparent, "looked" at the flesh under his skin and saw those hair-thin earth energies continuously break free of the control of his body and was forcefully sucked out.

The entire process was displayed openly in front of him.

His muscles started to grow larger in front of him, so he could "look"

more clearly, “look” closer. Each fibre of his muscles uncontrollably trembled when the earth energy passed by.

He just silently “looked.” It seemed he could “look” at more things.

He was very peaceful, until he “looked” and saw a scene.

This was

Suddenly, he seemed to understand something. As the idea popped out, it was like a pebble had been thrown at a peaceful pond.

Everything in the surroundings suddenly became blurred and unreal as though it was rippling.

Hiss!

Extreme pain suddenly washed over him like a flood! Zuo Mo’s mind had wavered as he left the embryonic state. Before his mind could steady, it was rushed by this unparalleled pain. He almost fainted.

Damn it!

Having left behind the embryonic state, Zuo Mo did not have any of the peace he had before. He gritted his teeth and arched his neck, trying his best to bear the shock of the pain. His mouth occasionally inhaled sharply. His eyes were red, like a bandit that had murdered many.

If this was any previous time, Zuo Mo definitely wouldn’t try to resist like this. The pain this time was far greater than any other previous occasion. It would be better to just faint. Then he wouldn’t have to experience it.

However, he definitely wouldn’t give up this time. He decided to resist to the end. He didn’t have the time to ponder what he had just seen, but he believed his own judgement.

It was so painful it was pleasurable! So painful it reached his bones!

He struggled to bear it.

He wanted to laugh, roar with laughter!

Chapter 183: Black Wind Bandits

Zuo Mo's hands were on his knees as he allowed his sweat to drip to the ground. His chest was heaving like bellows, his rough rushed breathing short and sharp. He didn't have the energy to talk.

He still wanted to smile, wanted to laugh.

His brain numbed from pain, he gradually recovered his strength. The joy in his heart diluted the exhaustion of his body. What he had seen when he "looked", he almost did not believe it.

The earth energy spread throughout his body, and in the end into his blood and flesh. When Pu Yao drew it out, the thin earth energy was like a rainstorm of needles that once again passed through his blood and flesh.

In other words, Zuo Mo might not have been able to keep the earth energy, but the flesh of his body was bathed twice by the earth energy. The stimulation caused by the earth energy as it was drawn out by Pu Yao was much stronger than when Zuo Mo absorbed the earth energy.

Even though Zuo Mo could not keep the earth energy, his physical body was being continuously tempered like a piece of metal. The attribute of the earth energy, nourishment, could quickly replenish the damage that Zuo Mo's body received during this beating.

As long as he could keep bearing it after his body had gone through such a forging process multiple times, wouldn't it be strong?

He didn't know if the gravestone had told him to agree with Pu Yao because of this. In any case, he wanted Pu Yao to do it more. In his perspective, this was a method of cultivation, even though it really was a matter of luck. Even if he understood the trick to it, but without Pu Yao, it would be impossible. Zuo Mo didn't have any way of drawing out the earth energy in his body.

Zuo Mo controlled the exhilaration in his heart, and pretended to be exhausted. Like a bag of sand, he smashed on to the ground like wet mud.

He definitely could not attract Pu Yao's attention.

Zuo Mo understood Pu Yao very well. That renyao would be excited upon seeing his sorry state and would be very willing to do this again. However, if the other saw his joy, Pu Yao would definitely stop.

In the Endless Ocean, a large group of xiuzhe were flying, all kinds of colors crossing the sky.

“Head, those three would definitely run towards Little Mountain Jie, should we keep pursuing?” The one speaking was a tall and thin person. The almond-yellow Taoist robe hung on his body like a rag that could be blown away by the wind at any time. He was called Wei Rong, and ranked third in this crowd of people.

“Go! Why don’t we keep going?” The large man at the front stared with his bell-sized eyes. Wei Rong couldn’t help but shrink back. The big man at the front was called Zhang Hao. His personality was as explosive as fire, his eyes full of viciousness.

“Not just Little Mountain Jie, even if it’s the edge of the world, I won’t let them escape!” The big man’s eyes flashed with viciousness, “They dare to trick me, I’ll skin them!”

“Yes yes yes,” Wei Rong hurried to agree.

“Hee hee, those three really had the best luck, finding a secret realm. Judging from their actions, they seemed to have gained a lot,” Another man with one eye and a lame leg laughed darkly. He was called Zuo Han. In this group, he was second in rank.

“Good luck? It’s our good luck!” Greed flashed through Zhang Hao’s eyes. He shouted, “Brothers, if we want to be rich, then let’s get motivated! A secret realm! Ha, after finishing this job, we can retire! What do you say?”

“Kill them!”

“Head, don’t worry, meat that’s reached our mouths, can we let them escape?”

“Kill kill kill!”

... ..

Riches moved people’s hearts. To this crowd of bandits that lived through robbery, nothing could move them more than this. This crowd of people exuded killing intent, the exhaustion of their long flight lessening.

Zuo Han glanced at the Head in admiration. Head might look straightforward, but just a few of his words instantly stirred the desire for battle in everyone’s hearts. He was very skilled!

A secret realm!

Just these two words, if news spread, they could create countless conflicts in Sky Moon Jie. Zuo Han couldn’t help but admire the luck of the three people who had found a secret realm. They had accidentally stumbled upon the three and found some traces. However, they were just a bit too slow. When they rushed over, everything good inside the secret realm had been completely swept away.

In reality, even without those treasures, the value of the secret realm was extraordinary. However, to Zhang Hao and the others, it didn’t have any value. They were wandering bandits, moving like the wind. If they put down roots, their enemies would quickly come to kill them.

Everyone understood this, so they did not hesitate in pursuing in the direction the three had gone in.

This team of wandering bandits was about seventy people. Its size couldn’t be considered large, but they had great offensive power. They called themselves “Black Wind.” So everyone called them the “Black Wind Bandits.” Each member was at least zhuji. Five were in ningmai. The newest member had been a part of the group for three years. They were very good in their cooperation. Adding on that there were not many members, they were very experienced. It was hard to track their movement, many experts that wanted to kill them were not able to.

Head Zhang looked straightforward, but in reality, he was careful and cautious. They had lived very freely.

In these two years, the situation had become more unstable. Their lives had gotten even better. Those big sects were hurriedly consolidating their own power for their survival, and didn't have the time to bother with them.

It wasn't just the Black Wind Bandits. The present Sky Moon Jie was not as peaceful as in the past. Murders and fights were multiple times more frequent than three years ago. This messy situation seemed to point to an even more chaotic future. It was very rare to see xiuzhe that travelled alone.

The result was that the market rate to hire a sword xiu had exploded, and reached a terrifying level. Correspondingly, the price for all kinds of production xiuzhe had dropped. Many people were facing unemployment. A very strange situation appeared in the markets. The prices of all kinds of materials were sky high, but the formerly busy ling gardens were now barren.

Everyone was concerned.

Everyone was waiting, waiting for big sects like Wu Kong Sword Sect to finish their reorganization, and steady the situation.

The Black Wind Bandits had taken advantage of the chaos and grew larger by taking a few big jobs. Right now, all of them were very wealthy, but greed was not so easy to satisfy. As they changed their talismans, the overall power of the Black Wind Bandits had risen. This allowed them to gain enough power to steal from more powerful xiuzhe, even managing to target some of the minor powers.

But even the rich little powers could not compare to a secret realm.

"Head, they stopped on the little island coming up," One of the subordinates pointed at the little island that could just be seen. He was the one most skilled in tracking of this group.

"Go see," Head Zhang unhesitatingly ordered.

A group of people flew towards the island.

Chun Yu Cheng pointed at the infant worms in the beast pool, full of pride and anticipation as he said, “Shixiong, this is the first batch of worms.”

He didn’t like conflict and fighting. His main goal in life was to accomplish something in the field of animal husbandry. He had sunk into the beast pool in the last period of time. All of his attention was on pondering the abilities of the beast pool. Much of the content in the jade scroll was not complete and there were many parts he did not understand. However, he was not discouraged, but full of motivation to keep studying harder.

A person that came from grassroots would always be very careful with any opportunity they got.

The harder it was to understand, the more excited he was, because this meant that it was more profound.

Low level xiuzhe were willing to trade anything to get a profound skill or spell, including their life, because they had nothing.

Chun Yu Cheng forgot to eat and sleep as he studied. As expected, he did discover some things. This batch was only six infant worms, and it was the first successful batch that he had raised up until now. It was no wonder that he was so excited, and couldn’t wait to show off his results.

“What’s the mother?” Zuo Mo asked as he looked at the six infant worms.

The infant worms were about the thickness of his pinky, wrinkled, and grey white. They were not very attractive. Zuo Mo was slightly disappointed. These infant worms looked too normal, without any hint of quality. However, he also knew that this beast pond was profound and

hard to understand. Chun Yu Cheng Shidi was just a zhuji, and it would definitely take time before he would produce good results.

He could not hurry this.

Chun Yu Cheng did not detect Zuo Mo's disappointment at all. He said excitedly, "I used three kinds of ling butterflies for the mother. Dong Fu Poisonous Moth, Blue Pupil Butterfly and Rain Mark Butterfly!"

Zuo Mo's face was puzzled, "What are these ling butterflies?"

Chun Yu Cheng didn't dare to laugh at Zuo Mo and he hurried to explain, "Dong Fu Poisonous Moth is a normal kind of poisonous moth produced in Dong Fu. It is second-grade, and can release a certain amount of poisonous powder. It is an average ling butterfly. Blue Pupil Butterfly and Rain Mark Butterfly are third-grade ling butterflies. Blue Pupil Butterflies are born with a pair of blue pupils that can see through illusions of third-grade and under. The Rain Mark Butterfly is a water element butterfly, skilled in water element spells. The highest grade Rain Mark Butterfly I've ever seen could use three water spells. The one I used is of average quality, and can only cast one kind of water element spell."

"Oh, it sounds very complicated!" Zuo Mo gaped, nodding his head.

"Yes, this is all too deep and broad!" Chun Yu Cheng sighed.

Zuo Mo hadn't heard of any of the three ling butterflies before. The bunch of ling butterflies that Chun Yu Cheng had introduced to him before, he had completely forgotten all of them. He thought that his decision to throw the beast pool to Chun Yu Cheng Shidi was really too wise. If it was him, wouldn't he be having a headache?

Thinking about it that way, Zuo Mo's disappointment at the ugliness and average nature of the infant worms instantly disappeared.

He smiled at Chun Yu Cheng, saying, "Don't rush. We can go slowly. Maybe we can produce a few fine ones. Then we'll strike it rich!"

Chun Yu Cheng knew Shixiong was comforting him. The rate that fine ones appeared was very low. He had studied for so many years, but he had only ever produced two ling beasts that could be considered to touch the

border of fine. It was these two semi-fine ling beasts that allowed him to qualify for the jade medal.

“Don’t worry, Shixiong, before, Yu Cheng could not say it,” Chun Yu Cheng said seriously, “But with the beast pool and such a profound method, Yu Cheng would definitely bring good news to Shixiong!”

Zuo Mo saw the mood was too stern and wanted to say a few words to loosen it up when he suddenly raised his head to look into the distant sky.

A long way off in the sky, a crowd of black dots was flying at high speed towards the Desolate Wood Reef.

Zuo Mo’s gaze focused!

After his consciousness had turned into leaf hands, it was abnormally sensitive. He could clearly feel the ferocity of the other’s approach.

The murderous intent was like a dark cloud, a suffocating presence sweeping towards him!

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Translator Ramblings:

For those who commented why the three people didn’t just kill Zuo Mo and take the fire, they have much more to lose as you’ve read in this chapter. Production xiuzhe are now worse off, but if bandits are roaming about, Zuo Mo’s formation setting services should be in high demand if he is still at Wu Kong Mountains.

I don’t know if Zuo Mo is a dictionary-definition masochist since he endures the pain to gain something, not just because he enjoys the pain (Correct me if I am wrong here.) On the other hand, Pu Yao definitely enjoys tormenting others.

The Black Wind Bandits are called the 乌风 Bandits in Chinese. 乌 (wu) is the raven, crow or black. The literal definition is “black wind.” However, it can also be the “raven wind” so it is not a good omen. Even more, 乌风 (wu feng) is also a disease in Chinese Traditional Medicine. When it occurs, the afflicted has itchy eyes, a headache or dizziness, and may be

temporarily blind.

Chapter 184: Mantis and Oriole

Without a word, Zuo Mo brought out the Wu Kong Flag.

The black metal mast carried a inky black flag, the words “Wu Kong” written with sword-like strokes that almost flew off the cloth!

As the Wu Kong Flag was revealed, sword essences rippled as though an invisible hand disturbed a still puddle of water. The air in the surroundings became dense and cold, with turbulence flowing under the surface.

Zuo Mo saw the xiuzhe come in even closer, and his hands started to rapidly cast all kinds of spells.

Light suddenly formed on the Wu Kong Flag above his head. Countless sword energies of all colours flew out from the flag, like fish of different colours. They swirled and circled around Zuo Mo.

With the sword energies as protection, Zuo Mo's confidence increased.

Wu Kong Flag was the token of the sect, forged together by multiple jindan. What was sealed inside were sword energies from all types of jindan experts. Limited by his cultivation Zuo Mo could not use the full power of the Wu Kong Flag, but the sword energies of jindan experts were still incredibly dangerous to ningmai.

Luckily, there was no jindan expert in this group!

Zuo Mo stared at the group of xiuzhe that was coming closer. He couldn't help but be slightly nervous. This was the first time he was facing so many people by himself. The other side clearly had ill intentions.

However, he might be nervous, but there were not any stray thoughts in his head. His mind was abnormally clear. As soon as the other side made a move, he would not hesitate in unleashing a thundering attack!

The xiuzhe in the air stopped their flight, facing off from far away.

Zhang Hao's face was hesitant as he stared at the black flag.

Zuo Han's features were twisted, his one eye showing deep hatred, his hands fisting and cracking.

Wei Rong's face was pale, his bamboo-like body shaking. When the other people saw the flag, it was like they had seen a ghost, deep terror on all of their faces and their bodies uncontrollably shrinking back.

In one moment, the procession of more than seventy people sank into a strange silence.

"Head, this little brother has followed you for ten years, you know my temper. This little brother doesn't want to drag everyone down. This brother's revenge, this brother will personally take it. Head, don't stop me!" Zuo Han's voice seemed to come from the Netherworld. Everyone's expression changed upon hearing it. The cowardly Wei Rong was white.

Some time before, the reckless Black Wind Bandits had coincidentally encountered Wu Kong Sword Sect, and it had been the group led by Wei Sheng. They were instantly defeated and heavily wounded. Zuo Han's eye and leg had been taken by Wei Sheng.

Wei Sheng's Void Sword Scripture was somewhat complete now. His sword essence would permeate the body. Zuo Han had tried all the lingdan but could not heal it. His hatred of Wu Kong Sword Sect was deep to the bone. He had constantly thought of ways to seek revenge but the only realistic way was to encounter Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples that were alone and kill them to vent his frustrations.

He hadn't thought he would really encounter Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples.

Staring at the big flag, Xhang Zhao did not speak. He could naturally see the extraordinary nature of the flag. This disciple was undoubtedly a core disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect. If he really killed this Wu Kong Sword Sect disciple today, Wu Kong Sword Sect would not rest.

Having almost been killed by Wu Kong Sword Sect, how could Zhang

Hao not be angry? But he recognized the situation. With the strength of the Black Wind Bandits, going to seek revenge against Wu Kong Sword Sect was seeking their own death. In the eyes of Wu Kong Sword Sect, the Black Wind Bandits were nothing. As long as they didn't go to challenge them, Wu Kong Sword Sect would not remember them.

But if he let Zuo Han go off to see revenge alone, what would the other brothers think? Zuo Han was one of the oldest and original members of the Black Wind bandits, and had followed him for ten years, making numerous and great contributions. If he was so frigid, it would cool the hearts of the other brothers.

If the hearts moved apart, then the Black Wind Bandits were over.

Also, a secret realm

The secret realm was like a heavy weight on his heart. The balance in Zhang Hao's heart instantly tilted.

This was the jie river. If they killed this disciple, and travelled far from Sky Moon Jie, no matter how powerful Wu Kong Sword Sect was, they would not be able to do anything. As long as this band of brothers was together, they could live anywhere.

He never even thought that he could be defeated. It had been such a long time, and the only person who came out was a zhuji.

No matter how strong Wu Kong Flag was, if his group couldn't kill one zhuji, then they could go back to drinking milk.

A pity about the flag

He knew the extraordinary nature of the Wu Kong Flag, but he didn't dare to take it. Sect tokens like these would have their own special imprints in them. Holding it was akin to telling other people where they were. Wu Kong Sword Sect would only need to send one jindan to kill them all.

Zhang Hao inhaled deeply, viciousness flashing through his eyes. He said hatefully, "What are you saying? Our group, after all this time and struggles, we are one f***ing family! Wu Kong Sword Sect might be strong!

We can't kill them! But we can't be weak! We were humiliated so badly last time, if we can't even deal with a baby, can it be any more of a f***ing embarrassment?"

Zhang Hao looked around. Shame was on the faces of many. Yes, Wu Kong Sword Sect was powerful, but if they had surrounded a disciple, it would be embarrassing if they escaped!

Zhang Hao's tone relaxed slightly, "Where is this? This is the jie river! As long as we pass the jie river, it will be Little Mountain Jie! Wu Kong Sword Sect is strong? Can they go through Little Mountain Jie without any care? Ha ha, we can go hide. Can they find us?"

The other people nodded when they heard this.

Zhang Hao continued to pour oil on the fire, full of persuasion. "It is a secret realm! Brothers! Once we catch those three, we're rich! With jingshi, where can't we go? We'll be bosses wherever we go!"

With the work of a few words, the desires of the group had been stirred by Zhang Hao. Viciousness shine in everyone's eyes, killing intent brimming. They wanted to immediately level the Desolate Wood Reef!

Feeling the killing intent become increasingly heavy, Zuo Mo knew a big battle could not be avoided. He didn't have any thoughts of avoidance. He didn't know what the group of people was, but seeing they had no fear of the Wu Kong Flag, they were definitely not normal xiuzhe.

One against seventy, he knew how low his chance of victory was.

But there was no place to escape on this Endless Ocean. The shidi that he had taken along were all producers. If he abandoned them, they would only have one outcome.

He broke off all his thoughts. Staring at the xiuzhe brimming with killing intent in the sky, his courage rose.

Wasn't it just a fight!

Ge will chip off all of your teeth until the blood flowed!

He felt his blood boiling, a desire for battle rising in his chest.

Just as he was going to activate the Skyring Moon Chime Formation, he suddenly made a sound of surprise.

Skyring Moon Chime Formation

The disciples of Wi Kong Sword Sect were gathered together, all of them with bloodless faces. The only one that was somewhat calm was Gongsun Cha. Even Chun Yu Xheng's complexion was slightly pale.

"Where did this crowd come from? They dare to disregard our Wu Kong Sword Sect! Aren't they afraid the sect will pursue them?" Chun Yu Cheng's voice was trembling.

Gongsun Cha snorted, "This group is definitely wandering bandits. I just don't know which bunch. Pursue? How do they pursue? If they run to Little Mountain Jie, the sect will have no way."

"What should we do what should we do... .." Chun Yu Cheng was mindless.

Gongsun Cha shuffled and spread his white palms, "All up to Zuo Shixiong."

"Zuo Shixiong is only one person"

"No way about it, submit to your fate."

About ten miles from the Desolate Wood Reed, in the middle of a white

cloud, a bunch of people were also staring at the Desolate Wood Reef.

“Ha, now here’s something to see. Who do you think will win?” the yellow-faced man said.

At his side was a black clothes xiuzhe. His body was withered like dry firewood, his eyes dark. It was Gui Feng from the Sword Test Conference. On the other side was an indifferent, short wiry haired, Chang Heng with a copper ring at his collarbones.

The other people present both feared and were in awe of these three, unconsciously keeping their distance.

Gui Feng’s eyes were eerily green, his cultivation much deeper than before. His voice was raspy. “He isn’t in ningmai.” The implication did not have to be said. He still didn’t know the origins of the yellow-faced man. He only knew that the yellow-faced man called himself Bo Feng.

He cultivated the [Little Ghost Sword] which was an extremely obscure sword scripture. Even though he had good talent, but the [Little Ghost Sword] scripture had been incomplete at the start. It was hard for him to keep progressing further. At the time, Bo Feng had given him a scripture called [Nine Ghost Nail Curse]. This scripture that he had never heard of before caused him to have no hesitations about joining.

But when he saw Chang Heng, he was slightly shocked. He speculated that Chang Zheng should be in a similar situation as him. However, he didn’t know what scripture Bo Feng had given Chang Heng.

He didn’t really care about this group of zhuji. Actually, he felt there was no use for them. With him and Chang Heng, this group of thirty six zhuji really had no use. The problems the three of them could not solve, what good would adding on these thirty six zhuji be? They still won’t be able to solve it, and would even drag down their speed.

However, it had been Bo Feng who had gathered these thirty six zhuji. Gui Feng wouldn’t make trouble for himself by broaching the topic.

“What do you think?” Bo Feng turned to ask Chang Heng.

Chang Heng said calmly, “Zuo Mo wins.”

“Hm, you have such confidence in him,” Bo Feng smiled with surprise. Bo Feng’s appearance was not attractive. He was extremely normal but his composure and actions had a presence that could shake people’s hearts.

Hearing this, Gui Feng did not agree. This was not the Sword Test Conference, Zhang Hao and his group of Black Wind Bandits were all extremely nasty and terrible people. This was a battle to the death. A zhuji, managing to block them for a few hours was enough to be proud of, much less victory.

But he did not voice it. He was still very wary of Chang Heng, there was no reason to cause conflict for such an unimportant topic. His strength had grown over this period of time, Chang Heng’s growth most likely had not grown any less than his.

Bo Feng did not linger on the topic. He looked at the two sides facing off in the distance, his voice serene. “No matter which side wins, we need to get the detailed information about the secret realm from Zhang Hao.”

The authority in his voice could not be resisted. Everyone’s hearts shook.

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Translator Ramblings: I hope you guys haven’t forgotten the strange yellow-faced man that was searching for something during the Sword Test Conference.

If this was another fantasy novel, and Wei Sheng was the main character, Zuo Mo will be the epic side character that will bravely stand up to protect the territory of the sect, have a moment of enlightenment when motivated by his determination and feelings for the sect, but die a terrible death. Then Wei Sheng will power up due to his sorrow and embark on a journey of revenge for Zuo Mo.

Here is an explanation of the mantis and oriole.

<http://history.cultural-china.com/en/233History3285.html>

The main gist is the hunter (mantis) is focused on its prey (locust) to the point it cannot see another hunting it (the oriole) from behind. Fang Xiang isn’t going to follow the idiom very well.

Chapter 185: The Power of the Golden Crow Fire!

The two sides didn't even exchange greetings.

Zuo Mo didn't need to ask to feel the enmity from the other side. The Black Wind Bandits did not find it necessary.

He was just a zhuji, so did they need to waste such words?

Even though he knew that Zuo Han desperately wanted to get revenge, Zhang Hao still decided to send a few people to test out the waters. The abilities of the Wu Kong Flag would be known after an encounter. Zhang Hao had gone through countless battles and knew very well he could not be careless. The enemy was a core disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect. It would be normal for him to have one or two life-saving talismans.

These life-saving talismans were usually bestowed by the elders of the sect and were incredibly powerful. If they were not careful, they would stumble where they shouldn't, a common occurrence. Since their own side had the advantage, there was no need to take unnecessary risks. Zuo Han was a very good subordinate. He wouldn't be able to bear it if Zuo Han was tricked.

There were seventy people in the Black Wind Bandits. Five of them had reached ningmai. These were the backbone of the Black Wind Bandits. Those under ningmai could easily be replaced, especially in such troubled times.

He called five zhuji subordinates forward. Even if the opponent had life-saving treasures, his cultivation was still limited. The other would be at a disadvantage with one against five.

"Battle quickly," He said and then turned to comfort Zuo Han, "Old brother, don't be impatient. After they catch him, if you want to skin him or suck out the marrow, you can do whatever you want!"

Zuo Han said gratefully, "Many thanks, Head!"

Zhang Hao roared with laughter, "Don't be so courteous. Old Brother has made many contributions over these years. This is just a minor matter."

The five people did not dare to be rash. Light was flashing on the flag above the other's head, and suggested it wasn't anything ordinary. If it was one on one, they knew that they were not a match for disciples of a large sect. But if it was five on one, so they had enough confidence. To be able to survive in the Black Wind Bandits, especially as a zhuji, they had to learn how to cooperate with their fellow bandits.

This was the reason that the Black Wind Bandits had been able to remain free all these years.

They cooperated very well among themselves. This showed up very clearly when several groups were fighting. Their best method of fighting was to use many to fight against the strong, and use many to fight against many.

The disciples of large sects focused on individual power; that meant that they didn't have any advantages when they were fighting in groups.

The five xiuzhe came slowly, spreading out in specific positions that complimented each other.

Zuo Mo stared at the five people. He was not nervous. The sword energies around his body were flying in patterns.

Of the five xiuzhe, three were sword xiu, one person had a black banner, and one had a chain-sickle. The cultivation of the five were not much different compared to Zuo Mo, roughly in the higher stages of zhuji. The

person holding the black banner waved it, and an inky black cloud headed towards Zuo Mo.

The three sword xiu also attacked. Three flying swords of different colors turned to three dashes of light, transforming in the air as they headed towards Zuo Mo.

A cold smile floated on the mouth of the xiuzhe holding the chain-sickle. The black sickle swung in his hands and rattled rhythmically. The chain was the thickness of a thumb, with a water-drop shaped spike at the end of the chain. Traces of blood could be seen on the black chain. It could be seen this weapon had drank a lot of blood and was a violent weapon!

Zuo Mo naturally would not slack off. The Wu Kong Flag above his head landed on his hand, and he waved it.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh.

Countless sword energies flew out of the body of the flag and headed towards the black cloud.

The sword energies easily passed through the black cloud. The black cloud rumbled and returned to normal in the blink of an eye.

Zuo Mo tightly stared at the black cloud. Of the five people, the black cloud and the person holding the chain-sickle felt most dangerous to him. The threat posed by the three sword xiu was actually the smallest. None of the sword xiu had comprehended sword essence. In Zuo Mo's eyes, their sword energies were insubstantial.

The feeling this black cloud gave Zuo Mo was somewhat similar to the blood fiends in the sword cave, dark and gloomy.

His mind was clear, the three flying swords were aiming at his chest, Zuo Mo turned and dodged the three flying swords. He still stared at the black cloud, his mind thinking furiously about how to deal with it. The person wielding the banner was hiding behind everyone else. It wasn't realistic to attack the other.

The xiuzhe holding the chain-sickle did not move. He was like an

experienced hunter, patiently waiting for Zuo Mo to reveal a weakness.

The black cloud was not fast, but its scope was very vast and would not be easy to dodge. The sword energies that passed through it had not stopped it at all.

A difficult thing!

Zuo Mo's head swelled.

Far away, the attitudes of those spectating such as Bo Feng were idle, but when Bo Feng saw the black banner, he had a startled expression, "Black Blood Banner? People still make those?" He looked closely and then realized, "So it is incomplete. No wonder. "

"What is the Black Blood Banner?" Gui Feng suddenly asked. In the [Nine Ghost Nail Curse] that Bo Feng had given him, it had mentioned the Black Blood Banner but it was a general description.

"An obscure talisman. Made by collecting yin and dirty substances. It can corrode talismans and flying swords very effectively," Bo Feng did not conceal anything, explaining honestly, "Most of the xiuzhe that use this kind of talisman cultivate ghosts and yin spirits, but it is not easy to forge one. What that banner used is Black Dog Blood. The grade is too low, the forging method is incomplete so the power is limited."

Gui Feng listened carefully. He might cultivate a sword scripture, but it was also related to the area of ghosts and yin spirits. Most of the xiuzhe that practiced these arts were roaming xiu, but among the sword xiu it was not considered an honourable practice. He normally did not have anyone who could teach him.

Bo Feng glanced at him and said care freely, "However, if one doesn't know how to deal with it, this is difficult to deal with."

The other members of the Black Wind Bandits were at ease. In their minds, this battle was already decided.

Zhang Hao smiled at Zuo Han, "That guy's Dark Yin Banner is really good! It is always effective when used. Pity that it is hard to forge. If we can get a few more, our strength will increase by much."

Zuo Han's mood had relaxed. His face also easing off. Hearing this, he smiled and said, "Head is too greedy. It is lucky that our troop had even one. Other than our troop, I've never heard of another in our profession that had one, and Head wants us to have multiple."

"Ha ha!" Zhang Hao laughed, "That's true. I'm too greedy."

He was very proud inside. The Black Wind Bandits did not have many members but it did not lack for talent. They were some of the best of their profession in Sky Moon Jie.

Just as Zuo Mo was frantically moving, he suddenly heard Pu Yao snort coldly, "They take something as trashy as this out! So embarrassing!" He then said disdainfully to Zuo Mo, "You can't even defeat trash like this, you truly embarrass me!"

Zuo Mo instantly didn't feel good. Looking at the situation he swore, "Stop wasting words, and tell me how to deal with it?"

"The methods of the Dhyana xiu are very effective."

"Dhyana xiu?" Seeing the black cloud fly closer, Zuo Mo was speechless. There was no time to deal with Pu Yao's riddles

"Oh, I forgot you don't understand. You only have a half-assed [Vajra Profound Scripture]. It's useless," Pu Yao drawled.

It was deliberate, this guy definitely was doing it deliberately! Zuo Mo's teeth itched in anger.

"Oh, I remember, this thing is afraid of fire."

Zuo Mo's mind jumped. Afraid of fire, that was too easy!

What he didn't lack right now was fire!

A flip of the hand, and a mini box appeared in his hand.

Zuo Mo's action attracted everyone's eyes.

What was that?

Amidst everyone's curiosity, Zuo Mo threw the jade box at the black cloud.

The xiuzhe holding the black banner snorted coldly, ling power flooding into the banner. The black cloud became even thicker and darker, like sticky black ink. A nauseating smell instantly spread.

His Dark Yin Banner had been forged using a secret method that he had found in the remnants of a scroll. It was always successful at corrupting talismans.

Seeing the other throw out a jade box, he smirked inside. What the Wu Kong Flag had sent out were all sword energies. His cloud was intangible, so they had not been affected it.

I'm not afraid you will use talismans, but I'm afraid that you won't use talismans!

His eyes twinkled as his prey fell into his trap. .

The little jade box flipped through the air, attracting everyone's eyes.

Zuo Mo had used a large amount of force. In the blink of an eye, the jade box flew into the black cloud.

The xiuzhe with the chain-sickle shook his head, slightly regretful that he wouldn't get the chance to attack. He knew his fellow's black banner very well. No matter what kind of talisman, if it was touched by the black cloud, they would become scrap. Many ningmai had been tripped up by this non-descript black cloud.

As the jade box entered the black cloud, it was quickly corroded. The surface of the box was raven black, and a white rotten pattern appeared.

The xiuzhe holding the banner gave a smug smile.

Suddenly, a sword energy entered the black cloud and accurately struck the jade box!

This was

The smile of the banner-holding xiuzhe suddenly froze.

Pia!

The corroded jade box was incredibly fragile, and turned to dust when struck by the sword energy.

A pure golden flame fought its way out of the jade box.

Golden Crow Fire!

Hiss crack crack!

The black cloud was like a ball of oil that was suddenly lit up in a blaze, the little wisp of Golden Crow Fire grew dramatically. The fire spread with astounding speed from the centre of the cloud outwards.

Terror formed in the eyes of the banner-wielding xiuzhe.

Watching from far away, Bo Feng's eyes lit up and he couldn't help but gasp, "Golden Crow Fire! It's actually Golden Crow Fire!"

Golden Crow Fire!

Chang Heng and Gui Feng's hearts shook. They stared at the black cloud, not daring to move their eyes away. Their subordinates were all puzzled.

"Hm, what's happening?" Zhang Hao stilled. He could make out golden light through the black cloud.

Was it that the talisman the little baby had thrown out not affected?

Zuo Han also couldn't help but stare at the black cloud.

The two looked at each other and found their heated gaze. A talisman that was not affected by the black cloud was very rare. That was definitely a very good talisman!

The golden light inside the black cloud became increasingly brighter. All of the xiuzhe noticed the abnormality of the black cloud. However, their thoughts were the same as Zhang Hao and Zuo Han. No one noticed the deep hopelessness on the face of the banner-holding xiuzhe.

A wisp of golden fire finally burned through the black cloud.

In the blink of an eye, the thick tangible surface of the black cloud was covered in burning flames.

In the sky, an enormous golden ball of fire hung like the sun.

The golden fire was entirely pure, a domineering presence spreading out and sweeping like the wind!

"Ah!" The heart-wrenching wail caused everyone's hearts go jump.

The banner-holding xiuzhe had become a person made from golden fire.

He only had the time to wail before both he and the black banner turned to dust.

Everyone was shocked!

Translator Ramblings:

Zuo Mo's flag is attached to the pole by the side of the cloth. The banner is most likely attached to the pole by the top to a perpendicular bar. So these two cloth-type talismans look somewhat different.

Chapter 186: Sword Formation

Golden Crow Fire, fourth-grade, formed by gathering the essence of the sun, had extremely yang and strong attributes, and was one of the sources of all fires in the world.

Golden Crow Fire was usually created through being nurtured by some special kinds of ling grasses such as the Sky Sunflower. Golden Crow Fire could occasionally be found at the very centre of the flower.

Supposedly, some sects had secret methods that could create Golden Crow Fire, but due to the fire being overly yang and domineering it was extremely damaging to the body. It could leave hidden weaknesses and so secret methods were needed. It was one of the fire seeds people dreamed about. It could even absorb and merge with many other kinds of fire seeds, increasing the grade of the fire.

On the market, Golden Crow Fire was a treasure that had high demand and no supply! Even the smallest wisp would be worth a thousand jingshi.

People usually remembered how beneficial it was as a fire seed but usually forgot about the heat and domineering of the fire itself!

It was fourth-grade!

Zuo Mo was also stunned by the broad expanse burning in front of him. He had assumed that it could damage this black cloud. He had never thought that the power of the Golden Crow Fire was so terrifying!

What he didn't know was the Golden Crow Fire was an extremely strong yang attribute, and was the exact counter to something yin and corrupting as the black cloud. This was why the result was so exaggerated.

The black cloud twisted in the air like a little mountain, pressing down on everyone.

But when it turned to a ball of fire, such an enormous ball of fire, it was even more of a blow than the black cloud.

It came without any warning, or rather, they hadn't made any preparations.

Everyone was frightened!

Zuo Mo was only stunned for a moment before he woke. Such a good chance, if he wasted it, he would be punished by Heaven!

After being hammered in the big sword essence formation, his grasp of battle rhythm had increased.

He channeled ling power silently. The sword energies were like swimming fish that soundlessly flew out of the Wu Kong Flag and soundlessly neared the remaining four people.

There was a variety of sword energies sealed inside the Wu Kong Flag of all attributes. It could be seen just how vast of an area each elder had grasped. The flag also sealed three great moves that could be constructed from these sword energies. This was the most important thing about the flag. The original intentions of Pei Yuan Ran and the others in forging the flag had been these moves, that only jindan experts could use. This way, ningmai disciples could release jindan level attacks and save their own lives at a crucial time.

Pei Yuan Ran originally had not intended to give Zuo Mo the Wu Kong Flag because he had been considering that Zuo Mo basically could not use the full power of the flag. Later on, he couldn't withstand the fire of Shi Feng Rong's fury, so he had to part with it.

Zuo Mo couldn't use any of the great killing moves sealed inside the Wu Kong Flag. He didn't have enough ling power. He could only release those sword energies and not activate the killing moves.

But so what if he couldn't?

It might have been the pressure from the life or death situation, but Zuo Mo's consciousness was abnormally clear. The shock caused by the Golden Crow Fire disappeared in an instant. The little leaf formed from the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] imperceptibly waved.

The sword energies flowed silently like water.

He found that he had dismissed this Wu Kong Flag before!

There were sword energies of all different kinds. Even though they could not form killing moves, but he could easily control these sword energies.

Wasn't this the best tool for setting a formation?

Instantly comprehending his resources, his mind was clear and still.

The situation had turned.

The position of hunter and prey silently changed.

The golden ball of fire burned, a peerless domineering presence spread in ripples. It attracted everyone's gaze, the four people closest to it were not an exception. Under such a bright light, everything had lost color. The four people did not know that sword energies had silently surrounded them.

The sword energies slid like they were on ice, without a sound, and changed positions.

At the beginning, the changes in position between the sword energies was slightly raw, but quickly, the changes in position became very precise.

All of this happened in an extremely short period of time.

The four people had still not recovered from the ferocity of the Golden Crow Fire. The only person who detected something was the xiuzhe who had the chain-sickle.

Some clarity came into his eyes. He glanced at Zuo Mo holding the flag, his heart relaxing slightly. When he looked in the surroundings, his expression suddenly changed. He called in alarm, "Careful"

The sword formation had formed!

His shout became the prelude to the closing of the net!

The sharp and intimidating sword essences sliced at every bit of space. The air within their vision was shattered in an instant.

Pew pew pew!

Three pillars of blood shot high into the sky! Before they landed, their bodies were ground to powder by the sword energies that wove and sliced. Bam bam bam. The three sword xiu seemed to explode in midair, countless bits of blood and gore flew outwards in all directions.

The first person to detect the attack was the xiuzhe who held the chain-sickle. He was very experienced, and had gone through hundreds of battles. He didn't retreat, but charged!

A black light flew from his hand, the sickle headed straight for Zuo Mo! The water drop spike arched like a poisonous snake, dancing so his sides were covered. As the sword energies hit it, sparks flew!

Ding ding ding ding!

The sword energies continuously hit the lengthening chain, like it was a chain made of sparks. The tip of the sickle gave a howl that shocked people's souls.

The chain-sickle was made out of an unknown material that was able to cut out a path through such a dense rain of sword energies!

The speed was very fast. The edge pointed straight at Zuo Mo!

Impact!

The hook had hit the other person!

He was jubilant at this surprising outcome. His original intentions had been to defend for a while so his fellows would save him. He hadn't thought he would make impact with one attack!

Was the other too busy controlling the sword energies, and could not split his attention?

Hm, that wasn't right

The sword energies that suddenly lit up alarmed the Black Wind Bandits who were still in shock.

Right after, they saw something they would never be able to forget!

Countless sword energies formed a grand net. The three fellow bandits had been ground down and exploded in an instant. The only surviving fellow, they were all very familiar with. The chain-sickle on his hand had taken countless lives. However, the black blade was now strangely striking at an empty space, several dozen zhang away from the enemy!

The jubilation on their comrade's face made their hairs stand on end.

"Illusion!" Zhang Hao's pupils shrunk. He controlled his impulse to charge over.

His eyes were very experienced. He clearly saw the other had used the sword energies to form a formation. Now that the formation had been activated, charging in was too dangerous! His gaze suddenly darkened. He knew that his remaining subordinate would not escape death.

As expected, a gigantic sword made from sword energies heavily struck at the chains that covered the other.

The chain that was not easily damaged by flying swords shattered. The xiuzhe that did not have the time to dodge was instantly bisected!

All five had been lost!

Bam. The golden ball of fire coincidentally collapsed at this time, sparks flying in all directions.

As the bright golden sparks rained down, a thin and weak youth holding a black flag several times his size, was standing proudly under the five colored sword energies!

No one spoke, no one dared to move!

The pupils of all the Black Wind Bandits couldn't help but shrink. All the underestimation, all the disdain, all their certainty, it all seemed so foolish now!

On the sky above the Desolate Wood Reef, there was only the sound of

the wind.

Wei Rong who was shaking like dice suddenly shrieked, "I remember, I remember now he's Zuo Mo! He is Zuo Mo!"

The shriek was ear-piercing in this deathly silence.

Far away, Bo Feng's gaze recovered its clarity. Even he had been dazzled by that grand kill.

"Other than cultivation, Zuo Mo has improved very much compared to last time," He praised, "His formations are even harder to predict now. If his cultivation could increase at this rate, he wouldn't be any less outstanding than Wei Sheng!"

Gui Feng's mouth was open wide, but he could not make a sound, shock dominating his eyes.

The strength that Zuo Mo had just displayed was not just a little bit higher than at the Sword Test Conference. Even though that Wu Kong Flag was very strong, but Zuo Mo's skill was worthy of praise.

His control of the sword energies, his skill at setting up formations

It was completely different than before.

What surprised Gui Feng the most was Zuo Mo's practiced composure and calmness. He remembered how tender Zuo Mo had been at the Sword Test Conference. In the short span of half a year, the Zuo Mo in front of him had become a completely different person.

Cheng Heng did not speak, but his eyes seemed to light up, full of desire for battle.

“Zuo Mo, so you are Zuo Mo!” Zhang Hao’s expression was very ugly, his voice pressuring.

He had thought it would be a soft fruit, but it turned out to be a hard nail. He had heard the name of Zuo Mo before. After the Sword Test Conference, this name had spread through all of Sky Moon Jie. He knew the little brat that looked slightly weak was a core disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect, but he had not expected it to be Zuo Mo.

He remembered now. In the rumors, Zuo Mo was most skilled in formations.

He couldn’t help but glance at the Desolate Wood Reef under them. There was no movement there, but since the person here was Zuo Mo, there definitely would be countless formations down there!

Bandit groups like the Black Wind Bandits disliked situations like this the most. What they were skilled at was ambushes and robbery. What they were least skilled at was attacking heavily guarded places with full frontal assaults.

In Zhang Hao’s eyes, the little island below was like a hedgehog.

If it was any other time, he definitely wouldn’t attack such a place.

But right now, he tasted what it felt like to be unable to get off his high horse!

Other than Zuo Han’s vengeance, five subordinates had been killed in front of him. If they left like this, their overall motivation would be greatly impacted.

Also, he hurt!

The five subordinates had all been zhuji, but the one with the banner and the other with the chain-sickle had been xiuzhe with special spells. Other than the five most important backbones, it was very difficult to find replacements for these xiuzhe who had special spells. He didn’t hurt for the death of the three sword xiu, but his heart was in pain at the death of those two!

He stared at Zuo Mo, his eyes red.

His temper was vicious and explosive. Now that he had tripped up so heavily, would he rest?

Even more, since he knew the person in front of him was Zuo Mo, he was clear of the importance of this little island to Wu Kong Sword Sect.

Such an important place, they would definitely have stored plentiful resources.

He quickly decided. No matter what, they had to take down this little island!

*

Translator Ramblings: Zhang Hao is like the person who just lost a hand at poker and decided to go all in immediately after.

Chapter 187: Two Hours

The wind howled, the mood above Desolate Wood Reef became even tenser.

The Black Wind Bandits' killing intent spread. Zuo Mo sighed to himself. Killing the five people just now had not created fear; it had provoked their viciousness.

Very quickly, he threw these thoughts to the back of his head because the other side had began advancing forward.

Without a doubt, the next fight would be more fierce and cruel.

Zuo Mo felt the pressure suddenly increasing. He didn't have the luxury to hold back, raising his hand he cast a light downwards.

Skyring Moon Chime Formation!

A crescent moon rose low into the sky. Countless thin strands fell from the bright moon, covering the entire Desolate Wood Reef. On these thin strands, light rings of various sizes hung like wind chimes.

But this crescent moon was dyed with an orange-red tinge, the moon gave off a warm orange glow, when previously it was as clear and smooth as flowing water.

Zuo Mo sighed. Just a little bit more and the Buddha Sound Hoop would have finished. The tempered Buddha Sound Hoop would definitely have increased its power. It was a pity that it had just missed by a little bit, but just this little bit caused the power of the Buddha Sound Hoop to be one level lower.

The situation in front of him did not allow him to continue to temper it. There were still more than sixty people on the other side.

More than sixty xiuzhe, and five of them ningmai the pressure they gave him was unparalleled.

The only thing that could compete with the present situation was the great sword essence formation. The big formation that was created by five

jindan together. Naturally it would not be ordinary. However, when he was inside the sword essence formation, he knew he didn't have to worry about his life.

In terms of presence, this group was not as intimidating as the sword essence formation, but this group of people wouldn't blink as they killed him. They really would take his little life!

"What should I do?" Zuo Mo asked Pu Yao.

"Kill!" Pu Yao was simple and crisp, his bloody pupil shining.

It was now that Zuo Mo felt this guy had some of the mannerisms of a Sky Yao. However, while the aura was present, but it wasn't useful at all.

"How do I kill?" Zuo Mo felt he was an idiot to ask Pu Yao who was also an idiot, but he couldn't resist asking.

Was it out of nervousness?

As expected, Pu Yao looked at him like he was looking at an idiot, "One by one, of course."

He now really wanted to ask Pu Yao, "How do I kill them one by one?" But he suppressed it. He really did not like Pu Yao's gaze.

Pu Yao thought and then suddenly said, "If you can kill them all within two hours, I will teach you another move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands]."

Two hours kill them all

This time, it was Zuo Mo's turn to look at Pu Yao like he was looking at an idiot, "Do you think I'm an idiot? Two hours, you think I'm killing pigs? They are"

"Just say if you will do it or not?" Pu Yao lazily said, none of the killing intent he had just shown was on his face.

"Do it!" Once he said it, Zuo Mo felt he was really an idiot.

Two hours, to kill that dense patch of people

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven

Sixty seven people, five ningmai, sixty two zhuji, he was zhuji... ..

Okay, after Pu Yao did this, the last bit of nervousness in Zuo Mo's heart had dissipated.

Strangely, he felt anticipation and excitement. It was as though he really yearned for the battle that was going to come. His body heated up and his ling power was abnormally lively. Was it that he had stayed too long with a pervert like Pu Yao, and became slightly perverse himself

The Skyring Moon Chime Formation covered the entire Desolate Wood Reef. Zuo Mo's figure was inside it, flickering in and out of sight.

Zuo Han's eyes were cold and filled with hatred and killing intent. However, he forcefully suppressed it. He was waiting for Head's order. The reason that the Black Wind Bandits had remained free for such a long time was their outstanding battle strategy, and it was their best protection. Even though he was second in command, and even though the hatred was deep in his heart, he still suppressed it.

Zhang Hao's pupils shrunk into a line, a bloody light flashing from his eyes, cruel and vicious.

At this time, he had thrown all other thoughts to the back of his head. No matter how many concerns he had, once he decided to fight, there was only one thought in his mind, kill them!

"Kill!" A bellow like the howl of a wild beast came from his throat.

"Kill, kill, kill!" The eyes of everyone else were completely red, leaving behind only pure killing intent.

The sixty seven people split into several parts, and like thin flows, they headed towards Desolate Wood Reef from different directions.

Just sixty seven people, but the vicious and brutal aura they exuded would alarm anyone.

Bo Feng who saw this scene suddenly lit up, and praised, "I had originally thought that the Black Wind Bandits had an inflated reputation before. Looking at it now, they are even better than the rumors! To create this kind of presence, even Wu Kong Sword Sect which has been so powerful recently, cannot do it."

One xiuzhe couldn't help say, "When the Black Wind Bandits met Wu Kong Sword Sect last time, they suffered a huge loss." The subordinate had followed Bo Feng for a time and knew that Bo Feng would not be discontent due to differences in opinions, which was why he dared to speak.

Bo Feng smiled and shook his head, "It's not the same. Wu Kong Sword Sect's strength is in their individual experts. What the Black Wind Bandits are strong in is their combined ability. The power of the group cannot replace experts, and the experts cannot replace the group. In small conflicts, the effect of experts is very evident, but if it is battles of thousands of people, then the use of experts begins to lessen."

"How can there be battles with thousands of people?" That xiuzhe objected.

"There aren't any now, but that doesn't mean there won't be in the future," Bo Feng said meaningfully.

The sixty seven xiuzhe attacked at the same time, their presence was astounding!

Light flashed across the sky, flying swords and talismans were dancing.

Zhang Hao's plan was very simple, to use brute force to break technique! It was unwise to go head-on against a fortified target, but the present

situation was special as the only person on the other side that could resist was Zuo Mo. No matter how strong Zuo Mo was, when he faced the attacks of sixty seven xiuzhe, there would have to be times where he would slip.

Formations were set up on the island. If they landed in them, that would give Zuo Mo a chance. It was better to use brute force to break the formation from the base. Having lost his greatest defense, Zuo Mo would be like a lamb waiting for slaughter.

Zuo Mo felt terrible right now.

Damn it!

This group of people rained everything down on his head!

Sixty seven xiuzhe furiously attacking downwards at the same time, without regard for ling power. They looked as though they would only rest when Desolate Wood Reef was leveled.

This group was also very smart. They only bombarded Desolate Wood Reef from a distance and did not come any closer.

Seeing all the flying swords and spells come down on his head like rain, Zuo Mo became stubborn. Alright, ge will see just how much ling power you have to waste!

The Wu Kong Flag was heavily inserted into the ground. The sword energies that swarmed around his body silently entered the Skyring Moon Chime Formation.

Zuo Mo jumped up from the ground and started to pass around the Desolate Wood Reef. He was like a fireman, continuously watching over the big formation.

The Skyring Moon Chime Formation he had set up was unprecedentedly large, reaching two hundred and sixteen child formations. Adding on that

he had continuously been fixing the holes recently, even though it was not impenetrable, but it still managed to survive the bombing of the Black Wind Bandits.

He knew as long as he could make it through this round, the initiative would instantly change sides.

Sixty seven xiuzhe, not all of them could be offensive xiuzhe. For example, Zuo Han had a Hundred Poison Fan that could release all kinds of dark poisonous miasma, but in a fight of strength, it couldn't have much of an effect.

The greatest threat came from strength based xiuzhe like Zhang Hao.

Zhang Hao's flying sword was very unique. The body of the sword was extremely wide, like it was a shovel or an ax. What he walked was a road of strength. The body of the sword was covered in a layer of red light. Each attack was like a heavy ax breaking a mountain, weighing thirty thousand catties!

Zuo Mo felt that Zhang Hao was the greatest threat out of all the people. Each of his attacks would make Zuo Mo's heart jump.

The hair-like threads of the Skyring Moon Chime Formation would be blown into a mess, causing the rings of light on the threads to chime.

After being tempered for such a long time, the Buddha Sound Hoop had an additional attribute of yang and dominance. Before, the chimes had been clear and ethereal. The present chimes were deep and explosive. Even the echoes seemed to carry heat and flame.

Zuo Mo was still relatively calm. After being alarmed the first few times, he found that the Skyring Moon Chime Formation was still untouched. He finally remembered that during the Sword Test Conference, the seventy two child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation had endured a great ordeal. At that time, the number of ningmai that had been in the formation had been more than right now.

If the others wanted to ruin the two hundred and sixteen child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation through brute force, that was a big

delusion.

He knew the other side would quickly realize this.

At that time, the fight would truly start.

Zuo Mo raised his head to look at the sky. Throughout the threads, he could clearly see the mania and hatred on the faces of his enemies.

He lowered his head, his eyes becoming slightly cold.

He started to take out formation disks from the ring, and threw them inside to form various formations. Using the Skyring Moon Chime Formation as a cover, he secretly threw out many formation disks.

At this time, he didn't have any thoughts of keeping anything back. The formation disks in his ring flew out of his hands like they didn't cost money.

He wanted to turn the Desolate Wood Reef into a hunting ground. A hunting ground full of traps!

Gongsun Cha and the others had gone to hide in the cave with the lava lake. This was the safest place on the Desolate Wood Reef. The lava cave was deep under the ground. Zuo Mo had set up countless formations around it, and it was the most important of all important grounds.

So when they heard sound filtering from the outside, all of the people inside the cave had worried expressions.

Chun Yu Cheng sighed, "What a pity that we cannot help!"

These made many people unconsciously clench their hands. They were all production xiu. However, they were young and it was the age to be rash and brave. They also knew what their fate would be if this group broke through the big formation.

What wandering bandits needed were people that could fight.

Production xiuzhe, who had no offensive strength, would be killed at the earliest convenience.

Gongsun Cha was the most composed of all the people. He laid on the ground and said unconcernedly, "Don't worry. It won't be so easy for them to break through Zuo Shixiong's big formation. I also feel that Zuo Shixiong is much stronger than before. Has everyone forgotten the Blue Spiked Crocodile?"

Once the words came out, everyone was uplifted!

They thought about the multiple brute force impacts between Zuo Shixiong and the Blue Spiked Crocodile. Confidence grew. Their unsecure hearts settled down!

In the sky, the attacks slowed down.

Zuo Mo raised his face to look and then bent down to keep setting up.

An absurd idea suddenly came into his mind.

Two hours, there wasn't much time left... ..

*

Translator Ramblings: Listen to Bo Feng, he is the most second-most knowledgeable person in this chapter. Zuo Mo has some great advantages in this fight. First, the fight is on his territory. Second, he has adequate time to prepare. The bandits are attacking a place they do not know so well, and an opponent they do not know enough about.

Chapter 188: Entering The Formation

“The Black Wind Bandits lack strong offensive xiuzhe. It isn’t quite possible to break through Zuo Mo’s formation-defense-style,” Bo Feng said while shaking his head. “In Zuo Mo’s hands, this kind of turtle battle strategy is really used to the extreme. Unless they have troops specializing in offense, it’s impossible to break through the turtle shell. With such a gigantic formation, ningmai would find it difficult to destroy in a full frontal attack.”

Gui Feng lowered his head. He thought about Zuo Mo’s formation-defense-style at the Sword Test Conference that had caused a headache for everyone.

He didn’t have many good ideas about how to resolve the formation-defense-style either.

Unless they could attack before Zuo Mo had set up the formation. Once Zuo Mo had completed the formation, the chance of victory was almost zero.

The formation-defense-style was also called the turtle-style. It was called the strongest defense below jindan. It wasn’t that other people hadn’t thought of mimicking Zuo Mo’s formation-defense-style. But when they tried it themselves, they discovered the formation-defense-style was not so easy to make.

How to quickly set it up was one of the most important problems.

Looking at the present situation, Zuo Mo’s formation-defense-style had reached another stage. His efficiency at setting up and his skill had risen dramatically when compared to the Sword Test Conference.

Other than that, the combination of formations needed to be decided in an extremely short period of time. To control the formations, it also demanded a strong and large consciousness.

After studying it in depth, everyone found that the formation-defense-style was not as simple as imagined. Even the process of Zuo Mo battling

Chao An was repeatedly taken out and studied. This was one of the rare battles in recent years where the weak won over the strong. The rich battle strategies involved in the match was enough for every xiuzhe who studied it to marvel.

“Is there really no way?” Another xiuzhe asked.

Bo Feng said deeply, “If you encounter Zuo Mo, do not give him the chance to set up formations.”

“But he has already set up formations,” The xiuzhe looked at the Desolate Wood Reef.

“Then I don’t have any way,” Bo Feng spread his hands and said honestly

Another xiuzhe couldn’t help but say, “There’s so many people. If they just charge in, they could win.”

In their eyes, the difference in strength between the two sides was too extreme. One versus sixty seven, and there were five ningmai. Zuo Mo himself was just in the stage of zhuji. Even if he had the help of the formation, if this many people charged in at the same time, Zuo Mo basically would have no chance.

“If it is anyone else, I would also feel the same,” Bo Feng said patiently. To the zhuji under his command, he never skimmed on guidance, “But if it is Zuo Mo, I don’t think so. What formation-defense-style, that’s just the surface. What Zuo Mo is greatest at is strategy. He is most skilled at using all the factors at his disposal, and then turning them into advantages for himself. Even if he didn’t have these factors, he could also create an environment advantageous to himself. He is a born strategist. On this point, Wei Sheng is not as great as him.”

His subordinates all had expressions of understanding.

Bo Feng added, “Of course, maybe, to Zuo Mo, this is a method born out of helplessness. He needs to use other methods to compensate for his flaw of cultivation.”

If Zuo Mo heard Bo Feng’s analysis, he would definitely agree. If one had ling power, who would do all this? Just slice with the sword. He admired

Wei Sheng Shixiong very much on this point.

Bo Feng then gave his conclusion, "From when they started to attack the Desolate Wood Reef, they became the reactive side. Desolate Wood Reef is very important to Wu Kong Sword Sect, but why did Wu Kong Sword Sect only send Zuo Mo alone? Because they are very clear that Zuo Mo, who is able to create the formation-defense-style, would be able to create a safe place by himself if he is given enough time. The Black Wind Bandits bully the island because there is only Zuo Mo. What they fail to realize is that Zuo Mo's offensive abilities might not be strong, but if he is used to guard one island, he is more than enough. Zuo Mo's growth has exceeded my predictions."

"Zuo Mo would only ever fight in an environment that is advantageous for him. The Black Wind Bandits are not weak. To use force to overcome technique, they may have a chance at victory. This will be something to see."

His speech made the thirty something zhuji under him enchanted. Everyone was in zhuji, but the difference was just too great.

"Then if a jindan expert came?" Some people were still not convinced. Clearly, he was very discontent about a zhuji being so arrogant.

"If a jindan expert came, no one can stop them. Only jindan can stop jindan."

This zhuji could not say a thing.

Zhang Hao also realized that they could not break this turtle shell, even if they kept on bombarding the island. The Black Wind Bandits were still wandering bandits in the end. They moved like the wind and lacked strong offensive moves. Zhang Hao's greatest wish right now was that everyone would have a talisman like the Sky Flipping Seal, picking it up and throwing it down heavily!

However, wandering bandits that travelled quickly like the Black Wind Bandits usually scorned talismans like the Sky Flipping Seal. They were too difficult to transport.

The threads coming from the orange moon shook. The rings of light chimed endlessly, but they did not break.

Zhang Hao was clear about the power of his flying sword. Even among the ningmai, those that could receive his sword head on would be those top ningmai experts.

He was the first one to save Zuo Han from Wei Sheng's hands. Wei Sheng might have previously been second to Gu Rong Ping, but Gu Rong Ping had steadily faded out of view. Wei Sheng had quickly overtaken Gu Rong Ping as the most promising youth of Sky Moon Jie. Having gone into seclusion after the Sword Test Conference, Wei Sheng's cultivation had skyrocketed. Everyone guessed he had found a method to break through to Heart Turn Sword Essence.

His amazing battles afterwards almost proved everyone's speculations. From following Xin Yan in the beginning, to quickly leading his own team, he battled in all directions, and never lost.

No matter if it was in reputation, or strength, he became the first expert in ningmai!

Zhang Hao was not as good as Wei Sheng, but if the ningmai of Sky Moon Jie were ranked, he would belong to the rank of experts. However, he was usually low-key so he was not famous.

But the formation in front of him made him not know what to do.

Zhang Hao had experienced too many tribulations. He did not panic upon meeting a standoff. In the end, Zuo Mo was just one person. No matter how strong the formation was, it needed people to control it. A formation with someone controlling it and without were two completely different things. Formations might have many wonders but in the end, it was still an outside aid. After living through so many days on the blade's edge, he clearly understood that the true substance of a battle was still a matter of the two sides strength.

This was why true sword xiu experts did not like using other moves. Because they themselves had enough power, and they had absolute confidence in their own strength.

Zhang Hao might not be a sword xiu expert, but he had the same absolute confidence in his group of people.

He suddenly whistled, and everyone instantly stopped.

“Kill!” Zhang Hao charged into the formation first, Zuo Han following tightly after. The other Black Wind Bandits did not hesitate, all of them charging into the formation.

Bo Feng who saw this from afar sighed, “Zuo Mo has the initiative.”

“Having the initiative doesn’t mean he is able to win,” Someone said.

Bo Feng smiled and nodded, “That’s true. But we will know after watching.”

As Zhang Hao entered the formation, he found the scene in front of him change. He was suddenly situated in the wilderness, empty and desolate. An orange moon hung in the sky, exuding a warm light.

As expected, the other had some skill!

He praised inside. If possible, he would definitely have tried to get Zuo Mo to join the Black Wind Bandits. However, he knew it was just a delusion. The other was a core disciple of Wu Kong Sword Sect, would they even properly look at this group of wandering bandits?

He refocused and pushed down this unrealistic thought.

This was not the first time he had to solve a formation, but it was the first time he had faced such a powerful formation. Even though he didn't understand the formation, but he was still confident because the opponent's cultivation was one stage below his.

For xiuzhe, one stage meant a difference in the basic attribute of strength.

He also had a small secret, a secret that no one knew: Heart Turn Sword Essence! His [Mountain Opener Sword Scripture] had been cultivated to the stage of Heart Turn Sword Essence!

Holding the flying sword covered in a red light, he slowly proceeded. The red light became even brighter, his body covered by a seemingly tangible red shield.

A five colored fan appeared on Zuo Han's hand. In the blink of an eye, a multi-colored mist surrounded him, his figure gradually disappearing in the rainbow mist.

Wei Rong's face was pale, his tall and thin figure shaking in the wind like bamboo. He stared around in terror, wanting to find his fellows, but there was no one in his sight.

Zuo Mo's eyes were serenely cold. He was completely prepared, the ling power of his body abnormally lively, but his mind empty and calm.

The prey had entered the hunting grounds!

His figure slowly became muddled and then disappeared.

His first target was Zhang Hao. Take the head first! Once he got rid of Zhang Hao, the other people would become headless, and his chances of ambush would be greater.

Zhang Hao's ningmai cultivation meant that he could not face him head on, but Zuo Mo had his own methods.

Covered by the red light, Zhang Hao did not know that Zuo Mo had locked onto him. However, even if he knew, he wouldn't feel fear, but would be even more excited.

Suddenly, he stopped, and waved the heavy sword in his hand.

A patch of red sword energies left his sword. The sword energy was extremely large, like a thick red light curtain that blocked in front of him.

Ding ding ding!

Several sword energies hit the red light curtain and bounced off.

Zhang Hao smirked not slowing in his steps as he headed in the direction of the moon. The Wu Kong Flag was a good talisman, and it was powerful. It was a pity that Zuo Mo's cultivation was too low, and could not release its true power. Sword energies of this degree could kill zhuji, but it wasn't enough for ningmai like him.

He didn't know if this was controlled or just an attack of the formation.

He strode towards the crescent moon. He looked to be walking slowly, but it meant he was not easily lost in the illusions. He flooded his legs with ling power. Each step would be like a large hammer. A large hole would appear with each step. All illusions would be shattered. He was taking advantage that Zuo Mo's cultivation was not as high as him. This method was stupid, but it was extremely effective.

Every formation would have a formation core. The core of the formation was the control center. If he could destroy the formation core, the strongest formation would still collapse in an instant.

Zhang Hao steadily headed towards the moon. All kinds of sword energies along the way were blocked off.

He used ling power to seal his ears to shut off the sounds that disturbed one's mind. He only focused on walking forward. The sounds that could attack were all blocked by his heavy sword.

The more he walked forward, the more confident he grew.

Formations were very useful, but the difference in the two sides power was too large, it was useless!

He had taken the initiative again!

*

Translator Ramblings: So the formation core might be the “cover door” thing mentioned way back in the Sword Test Conference. I don't know why the author didn't use the same term this time.

This is a somewhat ironic case of Bo Feng thinking too much. He thinks the Wu Kong Sword Sect elders are much wiser than they really are. The Wu Kong Flag was Shi Feng Rong's deed, and if Zuo Mo hadn't “screwed up” by learning more about formations from the sword essence formation, he couldn't have made the formation as powerful as it is for Desolate Wood Reef. On the other hand, even if he did get to heart turn sword essence, he still might have been sent as the only person available in the sect who had been a core disciple to “protect the retreat.” I'm not actually sure if Pei Yuan Ran let Zuo Mo leave without additional manpower because he believed Zuo Mo was strong enough, or because he thought that the boy hadn't died yet and is pretty resourceful, but even if he died, it's still alright since his offensive capabilities are not great and his sword potential is limited.

Chapter 189: Brewing

Zuo Mo did not expect that Zhang Hao would use such a straightforward method. He did not assume that Zhang Hao would instantly find the formation core, but the Desolate Wood Reef was just this little bit of area. With Zhang Hao's speed, it would take him less than two hours to cover it all.

If possible, he wanted to use a similarly straightforward method like [Moon Chime Sound Storm] to just get rid of everyone. He had enough confidence that the [Moon Chime Sound Storm] of a two hundred and sixteen child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation would be stronger than the formation at the Sword Test Conference, and might even get all of them in one swoop.

However, he didn't have the confidence he could successfully release it!

The state at the Sword Test Conference was a matter of good fortune. The number of successes that he had on releasing the [Moon Chime Sound Formation] with just the seventy two child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation could be counted on one hand, and a two hundred and sixteen child formation Skyring Moon Chime Formation was many times more difficult.

There were two choices in front of him: one was to get rid of Zhang Hao before he found the formation core, and the other was to get rid of everyone else while Zhang Hao was searching the formation core.

Both choices had their pros and cons. Zuo Mo chose the first course of action.

Of all the people in the formation, Zhang Hao was the greatest threat to Zuo Mo and to the formation. As long as the formation existed, Zuo Mo's advantage would exist. But if the formation broke, all his advantages would disappear. Without the formation, not mentioning that he had to facing the sixty seven xiuzhe, Zhang Hao alone was enough to make him turn and run.

He might have defeated Chao An, but used all his cunning and

numerous preparations. It did not mean that he had the ability to battle with a ningmai expert. Further adding to his troubles was the fact Zhang Hao and Chao An were not on the same level.

The two sides had not directly fought, but these two people did not dare to underestimate the other.

Zuo Mo no longer had the time to think. The longer this dragged on, the more reactive he would have to be.

He took out the Five Colored Pagoda which turned into a five colored light and flew underneath the copper hoop. The orange Buddha Sound Hoop completely covered the Five Colored Pagoda. No one noticed that the Skyring Moon Chime Formation had switched controllers.

Zuo Mo took out the Wu Kong Flag from the ground, and silently sneaked closer to Zhang Hao. He had put down a lot of little illusory formations in the Skyring Moon Chime Formation.

Three zhang away, Zhang Hao stopped, his face full of wariness.

Zuo Mo was silently shocked. Zhang Hao seemed to have clearly detected him coming near. The other's consciousness was much weaker than his, but his sensitivity was not any lower.

What he didn't know was for xiuzhe like Zhang Hao, who had lived for long periods at the edge of death, were sensitive to killing intent to a terrifying level.

His aims of ambush failing, Zuo Mo saw the situation and inserted the Wu Kong Flag into the ground.

Threads of sword energies swam around the Wu Kong Flag, suddenly gathering and spreading out.

Zuo Mo took a deep breath, his right hand reaching out flat.

The sword energies moving restlessly suddenly stopped. The inner sword essence suddenly exploded!

Zhang Hao's expression changed slightly. His response was very quick. With a "Ha!", the heavy sword in his hand chopped forcefully in Zuo Mo's

direction.

A crescent shaped crimson sword energy left the sword and shot at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo felt the red light flash in front of his eyes, and the other's sword energy had reached him, a broad sword essence pointing at Zuo Mo's brow!

Such pure sword essence!

For some reason, Zuo Mo couldn't help but think of Wei Sheng Shixiong. Even though he didn't know about the present Wei Sheng Shixiong, but the other's sword had been very similar to the past Wei Sheng Shixiong! The other was very skilled in sword scriptures!

Zuo Mo really jumped in fright. This person had seven to eight tenths the power of Wei Sheng Shixiong at the Sword Test Conference. How could he not be shocked?

What he didn't know was this person, that he thought was unknown, was the Head of the most terrifying and feared group of wandering bandits.

Even though he was shocked, he did not panic. Zuo Mo's flat right hand turned to a point, and tapped at the air in front of him.

Cling!

Like a sword coming out of the sheath, the silent sword energies suddenly gathered at the air three cun from his fingertip.

His fingertip pointing at empty space, a blinding point of light. The sword energies surrounding Zuo Mo flashed with light, forming a cocoon that was composed of countless lights of various colors which shielded Zuo Mo.

The broad sword essence destructively hit the point of light in front of Zuo Mo's fingertip.

Boom!

The red sword essence was instantly destroyed. Zuo Mo's body shook

uncontrollably taking a few steps back. The sword energies gathered at his finger tip had been scattered.

It seemed that the two were even, but Zuo Mo knew he had slightly lost. The sword energies of Wu Kong Flag came from jindan. Usually, Zuo Mo could not completely release their full power. However, Zhang Hao's blow was enough to make the sword energies successfully feel danger. They automatically released the sword essences they carried to block the other's move.

But quickly, Zuo Mo had no time to consider this. Zhang Hao's second blow came!

Zhang Hao was not shocked that Zuo Mo could block his first blow. He had stolen and killed for treasure many times, and his eyes were very experienced. He knew very well what Wu Kong Flag was like.

He had great battle experience and knew what was most important at this time was to stick to the other and not give him chance to breathe and set up, especially when it was a xiuzhe skilled in formations like Zuo Mo.

Therefore, he struck out a second blow.

Zuo Mo took a breath, and pointed again.

Clang, the sword energies that had been scattered once again gathered at the empty space in front of his fingertip.

Boom!

The power passed on by the red sword energy was much stronger than last time. Zuo Mo felt his fingertip hurt and couldn't help but grunt,

stepping several steps back.

“Ha ha!” Zhang Hao laughed, feeling pleasure. He stepped forward, raising his heavy sword again.

Up until now, everything was much smoother than he had imagined.

As long as he killed Zuo Mo, everything was not a problem!

At this time, his heart suddenly shook. The chop of his heavy sword turned to a seal, and block in front of his body.

Ding!

A large force came from the sword. The red light of the heavy sword in his hand flashed and blocked the other's attack.

Zhang Hao was very shocked. It sounded like it was one sword energy, but what he had blocked was three sword energies! These three sword energies also came without warning and from an unknown direction.

He didn't have the time to think. He felt his heart jump. Snorting coldly, the heavy sword was placed in front of his chest as he struck his left palm heavily against the sword hilt!

The heavy sword turned to a dash of red light that circled around his body.

Ding ding ding!

The domineering and brutal heavy sword was as nimble as a little bird as it flew around him, forming a curtain of red light. The sharp and dense sword energies could not break through this curtain of light.

These sword energies were sharp and their paths were strange and hard to defend against, but to experts like Zhang Hao, other than to dragging out the fight, they were ineffective.

Zhang Hao was patiently waiting for a chance. Zuo Mo could not keep

going like this. These sword energies were shockingly powerful, but the ling power used in releasing them would also be astounding. With Zuo Mo's zhuji cultivation, he would not be able to maintain it for long. And as long as he was controlling the sword energies, Zuo Mo wouldn't be able to make any other actions.

In other words, Zuo Mo seemed to have met a dead end. His attacks could not deal a killing blow to the other, but the ling power was not enough to support him for a long battle.

Zhang Hao became slightly puzzled. He was very experienced and felt that something was not right, but he could not identify it.

He decided to wait for the changes.

If he could see what Zuo Mo was doing right now, he definitely would not be so composed, and definitely would not be waiting!

Formation disks flew out of Zuo Mo's hands, and into position around Zhang Hao.

In the blink of an eye, Zuo Mo had thrown out more than a dozen formation disks.

Only when they had all been positioned did he feel slightly safer.

Multitasking. Zhang Hao didn't think that Zuo Mo could do several things at the same time.

This was due to the contribution of the [Great Thousand Leaf Hands]. Zuo Mo discovered that after his consciousness turned to the leaf hand, he could do multiple things at once. He was overjoyed at this discovery. It had to be said that multitasking was very useful in battle. When both sides were fighting with flying swords, one could ambushed the opponent. This kind of unscrupulous strategy was the dream of countless people.

But the reality was that no matter if it was sword xiu or other xiuzhe,

when they were fighting against enemies at the same level, they could not multitask. They could continuously switch spells, but they definitely could not use two spells at the same time, unless they didn't want to win.

It was not that it was impossible to cast two spells at once, but using two spells at once would decrease the power of both spells. He had never heard of an expert skilled in multitasking.

Zuo Mo was able to multitask before, but that degree was completely minuscule compared with now because of the leaf hand.

Zhang Hao never thought that Zuo Mo was able to multitask, controlling the sword energies at the same time as he set up formations.

After setting up, Zuo Mo slowly closed his eyes, and pointed with his finger again.

Slowly, an unspeakable aura appeared on his body.

Hm!

Zhang Hao's heart suddenly shook. Zuo Mo's presence transformed suddenly. Everything in the surroundings was very quiet, but the bad feeling in his heart became even stronger.

It was like in the space above his head, there was a pair of cold eyes looking at him indifferently.

Danger!

A strong sense of danger suddenly appeared. All the hairs on his body stood.

Zhang Hao's expression changed greatly!

He believed his own intuition, the intuition that had saved him in countless bloody battles!

Feeling the strong terror in the heart of its master, the heavy sword

flashed back into Zhang Hao's hands.

Holding the familiar hilt, the terror in Zhang Hao's heart dissipated greatly. His mind jumped. Not daring to hold anything back, all the ling power in his body furiously flooded towards the heavy sword.

The red light slowly flowed like a sticky liquid. Zhang Hao's eyes widened angrily!

Just as he prepared to act, three blue chains suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and headed towards him.

Third-grade formation, [Dragon Tying Formation]!

At this time, Zuo Mo closed his eyes and had finished brewing his killing move.

The earth under his feet started to crack. The fine dust from the crack seemed to have been affected by an invisible force, slowly floating upwards. On Zuo Mo's forehead, a leaf shaped symbol that seemed like a hand gave off a faint light, visible to all.

The finger that Zuo Mo had out was drawing in the air.

The places the finger drew past, the strokes curved, and gave off a faint light like starlight. In the blink of an eye, an ancient character formed!

*

Translator Ramblings: For the person who commented about the pagoda, there you go!

The ramblings are my personal opinions and my opinions are subject to debate.

Back to the topic of Pei Yuan Ran's decision ... I find there are two major sides to it. He sent Zuo Mo to Desolate Wood Reef to keep him safe, or he was sent away into exile because he was more of a burden. We do

have Pei Yuan Ran's own words that he wants to keep Zuo Mo safe but it's hard to for me to believe him entirely. Why? Because Zuo Mo has shown great skills in survival. He managed to survive by himself for two years in the outer sect while there were inner sect disciples more powerful than he was (cough Hao Min cough). He might be less important in the sect at present since other and newer sect members are more powerful in terms of cultivation than he is, but Zuo Mo's status has never been based on his cultivation, but on his skills. He became an inner sect member due to his ling farmer status, and he became famous due to the Golden Crow Pill and his skill in formations, not because he showed how just how great he was at fighting.

If Pei Yuan Ran really wanted to protect Zuo Mo, could Zuo Mo have gone above him and refused if Pei Yuan Ran sent someone along? In a way, it looks more like Pei Yuan Ran thought he made an investment that failed and decided to let it be. Nothing erases what the elders, especially Shi Feng Rong, has done for Zuo Mo in terms of money for the formation, and it is understandable that Zuo Mo, who has shown little battle abilities, is ranked lower than Wei Sheng and Luo Li who is out fighting all this while.

The most valuable things Zuo Mo took from the sect were what Shi Feng Rong managed to get out of the sect leader, the Wu Kong Flag, and the materials for the sect. The disciples that came along are close to worthless. The wages for production xiuzhe has fallen, since people feel they are less valuable, while sword xiu wages have increased. Similarly, Zuo Mo has dropped in value. Pei Yuan Ran allowed Zuo Mo to leave with limited resources without a guarantee of resupply and close to no combat members. For a management point of view, it seems like an alright course of action since Pei Yuan Ran has seen that Zuo Mo has no talent at fighting "the proper way" and cannot do much to help the sect. From other points of view, it is a ridiculous decision. The leader just sent away what is one of their closest supporters (however weak he may seem) into literal exile. What would Wei Sheng and Luo Li think when they know this? You just showed all the newcomers to the sect that you are very pragmatic, and admitted that you are weak and struggling to the point you

can't protect one of your own disciples. Who among the newcomers will support you if you look weak, even if the four elders hold a majority of power in the sect?

Even if they thought Zuo Mo could survive all the dangers of the island (weird when you consider they thought him weak and in need of protection), the elders are too inexperienced and ignorant which is not their fault considering three thousand years of peace and how much of a backwater Sky Moon Jie is, but Bo Feng's observations about the group and the expert is exactly what the elders don't know, or realize the significance of. The elders are actually not bad people, but they make decisions that show just how much they do not understand Zuo Mo, and the world they live in. (There's a rant there for a time in the future.)

Lastly, for investment purposes, Wei Sheng and Zuo Mo are nothing compared to Luo Li. The inner sect members of that group, like Qin Cheng, were inner sect members from childhood, meaning that they were taken into the sect based entirely on their potential and nothing they had done.

Chapter 190: Going All In

[Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] !

Countless silver electricity snakes danced around Zhang Hao. The fine lightning tore at the air, cracking like popcorn and suddenly rampaging.

Lightning was domineering and strong, usually preferred by xiuzhe. Even the sword xiu who usually preferred purity did not disguise their preference for lightning. There were many lightning sword scriptures, and they were not low-grade. Due to the different kinds of lightning, the differing qualities would give the user many different abilities.

Hard lightning was a very common type of lightning. It was known for being strong and evil-cleansing, the natural antidote to yin and corrupting spells. But the words Yang Fiend in front of it, then it was extremely rare!

There were various ways to rank lightning , but in all these methods, the grade of Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning was never ranked lower than fourth-grade.

Fiend: greatly ominous in character; Hard, especially strong and unbreakable.

When Yang, Fiend and Hard was put together, it was possible to see just how strong and domineering it was.

Of the first three moves of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands], [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] was the only direct offensive spell. Yet, Zuo Mo valued this one offensive spell like it was a precious treasure!

Other than his formations, this [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] was the strongest move he had!

Starting with his killing move, Zuo Mo did not want to risk any uncertainty.

What he was still dissatisfied with was that the [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] that he cast was only five zhang in diameter. This was why he had to risk nearing Zhang Hao, and it was also why he had not used the move against the black cloud.

Zuo Mo's mind was clear, all the ling power in his body serene, and the leaf hand created from his spiritual power was like a real hand, the fingers moving rapidly!

[Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] was a purely spiritual attack!

Zhang Hao who had been calculating how much ling power Zuo Mo had left never would have thought Zuo Mo would have a purely spiritual offensive spell!

The electric snakes danced and instantly gathered into a burning red bolt of lightning!

As the red lightning took form, a domineering and destructive presence gathered tightly around Zhang Hao!

Zhang Hao had detected the abnormality when the [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] formed. It really made too much noise! His heart was in shock and he almost couldn't believe it. How could a zhuji use such a powerful and terrifying spell?

The vast destructive presence almost took away his mind!

He was very experienced and vicious; he knew that he could not retreat now. If his heart held any desire to flee, he definitely could not escape and would only die even quicker! Going against the flow he faced the spell. Only by finding life in death was there a chance of survival.

All of his confidence and all of his conceit turned to dust in front of the [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning].

Zhang Hao was like a wolf that had been pushed to the edge, rousing all of his brutality.

His eyes wide, his hair standing on end, and the red light on his body was so thick it appeared to be fresh blood. The heavy sword in his hand seemed to feel it's master's decision and glowed with brightness. A hint of

black was added to the red light.

The red black light flashed and the blue chains on his body were destroyed.

He raised the heavy sword up high. With him as the centre, a vast presence suddenly exploded! No one would doubt that his next strike could really break a mountain!

“Kill!” Zhang Hao howled as though he was insane. With all the ling power in his body, he cleaved downwards.

The first move of [Mountain Opening Sword Scripture], [Open Mountain]!

At the same time, all the Black Wind bandits in the Skyring Moon Chime Formation stopped what they were doing, with shock filled faces.

The presence of Zhang Hao’s ultimate attack had alarmed everyone.

The Head was going all out?

How was it possible?

That was the first response from the Black Wind Bandits. They couldn’t wrap their heads around it. Who could force the Head use all his power?

Just as they were shocked, they heard Zhang Hao’s angry bellow. Everyone realized that Head really was fighting with all his power!

The Black Wind Bandits did not hesitate to fly towards the bellow.

At this time, Bo Feng who was looking from far away suddenly gasped, his eyes lighting up, “Zhang Hao is going all out!”

Gui Feng was slightly startled. Chang Heng did not speak, but the light that increased in his eyes revealed his surprise. The two became even more wary of Bo Feng's unmeasurable strength. The entire Desolate Wood Reef was tightly locked down. They were very far away and could not see a thing.

It was terrifying that Bo Feng could judge so accurately.

However, Zhang Zhao was going all out

The sentence quickly filled their thoughts. When had Zuo Mo become so strong that he could force Zhang Hao to fight at full power? The two of them were not Zuo Mo. In the period of time they had followed Bo Feng, they had constantly tracked the Black Wind Bandits and were clear regarding how strong Zhang Hao was.

Gui Feng and Chang Heng knew. The other thirty six xiuzhe also knew.

None of the other analysis' that Bo Feng did were as effective as this one sentence.

A zhuji had truly forced Zhang Hao to fight at full power!

So many people could feel Zhang Hao was going all out, so Zuo Mo, who was closest, could he not feel it? But at this time, he didn't have the energy to spare to think. All of his attention was on this series of attacks.

As the red sword energy sliced down, Zuo Mo's vision was entirely red. That suffocating presence would make one tremble instinctively.

Zuo Mo did not tremble.

Completely in battle mode, there was no joy nor sorrow in his heart, no emotion at all. His mind was clear and could detect any change within five zhang of him.

He suddenly understood.

[Little Thousand Leaf Hands] must be used with [Great Thousand Leaf Hands] to be able to reach its maximum power.

Every hand motion of the spiritual leaf hand flowed across his mind. He was like a bystander, silently savouring the profound changes embodied in each hand movement.

It seemed to be a long time, but it was just a short instant.

The lightning of [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] was as thick as an arm, twisting and giving off a faint red light.

Zhang Hao's sword energy was another kind of red, a bloody red that carried hints of black.

The two powerful red lights accurately clashed!

Boom!

A little sun suddenly formed between Zuo Mo and Zhang Hao.

The Black Wind Bandits that had rushed over were blinded by the light and stopped in their tracks. Some weaker xiuzhe wailed and covered their eyes.

Ding ding ding!

Messy chimes suddenly sounded.

Pew pew pew!

A bloody hole had suddenly exploded on the chest of several of the Black Wind Bandits.

[Micro Void Arrow] of the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]!

Lil' Pagoda was controlling the Skyring Moon Chime Formation and had grasped the rhythm perfectly. The flash of Zhang Hao and Zuo Mo's attacks had lit up without warning. Many of the Black Wind Bandits had

been caught unaware and Lil' Pagoda's [Micro Void Arrow] was clearly a level higher than Zuo Mo.

Seeing a big hole explode in the chest of their compatriots, the other Black Wind Bandits paled!

Only now did they remember they were on dangerous grounds!

The Skyring Moon Chime Formation had previously given off a feeling of a turtle formation and had not shown any offensive qualities. This had caused them to slightly relax. That level of relaxation wasn't enough to be fatal originally, but when the news that Zhang Hao was in danger was passed to them, their instructive choice made this relaxation quickly grow.

Any little change could cause an avalanche of responses.

The Five Colored Pagoda was Zuo Mo's soul-tethered talisman and could be considered Zuo Mo's second mind. What Zuo Mo knew, it also knew; Zuo Mo's viciousness and cunning meant that the Pagoda's wasn't any less.

Zuo Mo felt the leaf hand suddenly shake. A trembling came from deep within his soul. Everything around him suddenly became blurred.

His spirit had been wounded!

At this time, the turbulence of his energies passed into his heart.

Splat!

Uncontrollably he spat out a mouthful of blood.

How could it be easy to take in a full-power attack from a ningmai?

Zuo Mo's state of mind could not avoid being affected by the injury to his consciousness. The terrifying presence given off by the combined sword energy and the Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning made him instinctively fearful!

He wanted to turn and run!

But he forcefully pushed down the impulse and terror inside, his finger quickly drawing in the air.

[Void Pass] of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands]!

The sword essence and lightning that had charged towards him made a strange turn and brushed dangerously past his body.

At the same time, another part of Zuo Mo's mind controlled the sword energies of the Wu Kong Flag!

Zhang Hao looked much worse off than Zuo Mo. [Yang Fiend's Hard Lightning] was fourth-grade. Even though Zuo Mo's power was limited, but the strangeness of the attack method was extremely effective against Zhang Hao.

At the moment the sword energy and the Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning struck each other, he was injured like Zuo Mo!

At that time, his injuries were much less severe than Zuo Mo. The two were too close. He knew that Zuo Mo received heavier wounds and probably did not have the power to attack. Such a good chance to retreat, would he waste it?

In any case, Zuo Mo was already wounded. The rest could be left for his brothers to do! Zuo Mo's endless bag of strange tricks had created a psychological shadow in him. He wanted to retreat.

Zhang Hao, who had decided to retreat, his expression suddenly changed!

Gathering his remaining strength, he barely managed to pull the heavy sword in front of him.

Clap clap clap!

Three sharp notes heavily struck his flying sword. It was Lil' Pagod taking advantage to ambush him.

If he was uninjured, the three [Micro Void Arrows] would just be a minor threat to him, but being heavily injured he had almost staggered and fell to the ground.

This was like the start of a nightmare.

Zhang Hao, who wanted to leave the fight to find his fellows, discovered three blue chains came out of nowhere lightning fast and latched onto him.

He instantly lost his mind!

[Dragon Tying Formation], [Three Talent Sword Formation], [Dipper Formation]

All third-grade formations. He could see it was all formations released by formation disks. The power was not strong. Usually, Zhang Hao wouldn't pay attention, but right now, they were messengers of death!

How many formation disks had this guy thrown out

Zhang Hao's face was black as mud!

But he was a wise man and knew he did not have an avenue of retreat now.

The ball of light behind him could explode at any time. If he was hit by the ripples, he didn't have a chance of survival.

Eyes red, Zhang Hao stumbled and forced his way through the formations with his heavy sword, disregarding his wounds.

He was covered in blood, his clothing torn!

Finally out!

As the thought appeared, a sharp and dense sword energy took over his vision.

His eyes only saw snowy white. He could almost see a snowy white dragon proudly swaying!

Translator Ramblings: Lil' Pagoda shows how cunning it is.

Fang Xiang plays with tropes and breaks the typical mold. The best example I can think of at the moment is Pu. Pu is the omniscient-master-grandfather-archetype that is found in a lot of other stories. However, he's quite different because he doesn't always help Zuo Mo, and drags him down. His actions of taking away jingshi can irritate people, and his attitude is terrible. Additionally, he fails. The best comparison I can give is Yao Lao from *Battle Through The Heavens*. That person is a great mentor who really aids in cultivation, provides knowledge, and can make money, while Pu provides (dangerous and sometimes useless) knowledge, takes money away from his host, and hampers Zuo Mo's cultivation. Also, I don't think I've read about a powerful and knowledgeable archetype be unable to make money. It's quite ironic considering how important jingshi is to the story and the main character that Zuo Mo's "golden finger" can't make money directly for him like in other stories. Other characters get into bidding fights at auctions and throw money around while Zuo Mo counts his "pennies."

Chapter 191: The First Battle of the Yin Fire Bead

Zhang Hao was sliced in two by the ice dragon sword essence.

Zuo Mo couldn't suppress his injuries anymore and spat out another mouthful of blood!

That amazing ice dragon sword essence had not been cast by him directly, but through him using countless sword energies to construct it. The copycat sword essence was not very pure but the power was not something Zuo Mo could reach himself. The sword energies of Wu Kong Flag came from jindan experts and were extraordinary.

Already on the last of his strength Zhang Hao did not muster a response to the sword strike.

Zuo Mo wiped the blood from his mouth. His body was deathly tired. Using the sword formation while injured was his limit.

He grinned, a bit of madness flashed through his eyes.

So what if he was ningmai? Fight with ge, ge'll kill you!

Glancing at the corpse on the ground, Zuo Mo thought for a moment and then took it into his ring. This guy probably had a lot of good things. However, it wasn't time to view his spoils, Zuo Mo thought regretfully.

He must first resolve the ball of light!

Zhang Hao's sword energy and the [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] had merged into a ball of light. He really did not understand it. However, he didn't have the time to ponder it. If this thing exploded, all of Desolate Wood Reef would probably be flattened.

The ball of light was like a miniature sun. Zuo Mo could clearly sense the terrifying ling power contained inside.

His little heart jerked and beat rapidly. He hurriedly asked, "Pu, what to do with this?"

“Run!” Pu Yao’s response did not contain anything unnecessary. He sighed helplessly, “I’m too weak now, and can’t even deal with a little thing like this,” He sounded very reflective.

Even Pu Yao couldn’t deal with it

Zuo Mo’s heart froze, his mouth volleying, “Aren’t you a Sky Yao?”

Pu Yao smirked, “It’s not there are no ways, there just aren’t any you could use.”

Zuo Mo paused. Did he really have to run?

But on this vast expanse of ocean, where could he run? Even if he had just killed Zhang Hao, the other side still had four more ningmai. He definitely would not be able to escape.

No, there had to be a way There definitely had to be a way!

Zuo Mo said to himself.

The “miniature sun” shook slightly. Even the ripples it gave off was frightening. The closer he went, the more Zuo Mo’s heart shook.

Inside was a brutal ling power that could explode at any time!

Such a waste of ling power! Zuo Mo wanted to criticize Zhang Hao’s wastefulness. This absurd thought suddenly turned to a stroke of lightning.

Ling power!

This light ball contained ling power and hard lightning!

Wasn’t this an enormous jingshi? Except this jingshi was slightly dangerous

He opened his eyes as he had an daring idea.

The trembling of the “miniature sun” seemed to increase. It was becoming less stable.

Zuo Mo’s heart shook. The time did not allow him to think more. The idea he just had was bold but at least he could see hope.

Different materials appeared on his hands, his speed at maximum. He wanted to have a few extra pairs of hands as he furiously set up formations.

The expressions of the Black Wind Bandits were both shocked and suspicious. They all stopped moving.

The Head's presence had completely disappeared!

After that earth-shaking impact, Head's presence had completely disappeared.

Had the Head been killed?

This absurd idea was like a poisonous viper that slowly corroded their remaining courage.

The big formation still existed. If the Head had won, the formation definitely would have broken. Head's presence had disappeared, but the big formation was still present

Realizing that Zhang Hao was in trouble, every person's first response was to go give aid. Yet, knowing that Zhang Hao had been killed in battle, their first response was flee!

In the blink of an eye, Zuo Mo had finished setting up a formation.

What he set up was a Four-Turn fire formation, one that used the light ball as a replacement for jingshi. This idea was incredibly daring. The light ball was extremely unstable and could explode at any time. From any perspective, this idea was preposterous.

It might have been the stimulation of danger that caused Zuo Mo's

thoughts to be usually clear.

He swept the fire formation quickly. No mistakes! He released a breath and then his eyes became serious. Reaching out with his right hand, he started to draw in space.

The second move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands], [Leaf Birth]!

In empty space, a green character of light took form. Immediately, the character shattered and the green pieces of broken light merged into the fire formation.

The green pieces of light were like seeds which rapidly germinated and grew.

In the blink of an eye, the fire formation was crowded with patches of green leaves. What was miraculous was that the unstable ball of light seemed to become more stable, not giving off the feeling of danger any longer.

Zuo Mo finally released a breath!

The fire formation started to turn.

The restless ling power from the light ball was absorbed by the leaves, and turned to an endless and continuous steady flow of ling power.

Zuo Mo wiped the sweat off his head. He had been extremely nervous just now. If he had made the smallest mistake, this close to the ball of light, not even ashes would remain of him. Even Pu Yao hadn't dared to disturb him then.

It was the first time he used [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] with formations. From the present result, it seemed he had succeeded!

After learning [Void Pass], Zuo Mo had learned [Leaf Birth]. In Zuo Mo's mind, [Leaf Birth] had been an extremely useless spell. Its only effect was to regulate chaotic flows of ling power.

If he could regulate the ling power of his opponent then it meant he could resolve the other's attack. It was a pity that this [Leaf Birth] could only be used on the ling power existing in the world and did not belong to

anything. The ling power of the light ball came from Zhang Hao, but Zhang Hao was dead so this connection had disappeared, making it orphaned ling power. Zuo Mo's [Yang Fiendish Hard Lightning] was just taking and using ling power that existed in the environment.

Zuo Mo had never expected that the most useless move of the three moves of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] would save his life!

Killing a strong enemy, staying alive after a tribulation, the joy of success, and the fear

Several emotions were tied together, the feeling was indescribable.

The bright red lines of fire crossed in the air. While heat rolled away from it, Zuo Mo's heart suddenly moved and he had another idea.

Why didn't he use the opportunity to temper the Buddha Sound Hoop? The BuddhaSound Hoop was almost complete. If it could be successfully tempered, then power of the big formation would definitely increase.

Looking at the bright orange moon, it might have been killing Zhang Hao or merging [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] with formations, but his confidence had grown. Beckoning with his hand, the Buddha Sound Hoop flew into the fire formation.

The bright red fire was like a furious wild beast continuously gnawing on the copper hoop.

Zuo Mo glanced at it and shook his head. The grade of the flame that was in the fire formation was too low. The grade of the Buddha Sound Hoop was not low and it was hard to temper.

He suddenly thought of the Golden Crow Fire he possessed and face palmed. He was too dumb to have forgotten about such a good thing!

The Golden Crow Fire was the finest of fourth-grade flames and it had a very beneficial quality of being able to easily merge to other flames. The price of Golden Crow Fire wasn't low, but Zuo Mo knew how to create it and naturally would not be frugal.

He threw nine mini boxes into the formation.

As expected, the power of the fire formation increased with the addition of nine wisps of Golden Crow Fire. A hint of pure gold appeared in the red fire. The Buddha Sound Hoop which had been still finally showed signs of finishing tempering.

The rest required time.

Zuo Mo looked closely for a while and made sure they wouldn't be any problems before he turned to leave.

He shoved a large handful of lingdan into his mouth. The ling power inside his body shook. However, Zuo Mo still could feel the weakness from the heavy damage to his body under the fullness of his ling power. It was not wise to use medicinal power to suppress wounds. However, the battle was far from finished. He knew it was harmful to his body but still did it.

Lil' Pagoda was very skilled at controlling the [Skying Moon Chime Formation]. However, those in the formation were not average people.

Up until now, the greatest damage that Lil' Pagoda had done to the other side was the series of attacks it had done when Zhang Hao and Zuo Mo had clashed. Other than that, it had not achieved any results. None of the remaining four ningmai had been injured.

Zuo Mo was connected to Lil' Pagoda and so he knew the situation inside the formation.

He set his target on Zuo Han. With the guidance of Lil' Pagoda, he could easily find Zuo Han's position.

Zuo Han's figure was concealed inside a rainbow cloud of poison. When the [Micro Void Arrow] hit the poisonous mist, it did not have any effect.

Zuo Mo wasn't stupid enough to touch the poisonous mist. If he accidentally touched it, relying on the second-grade detoxification dan he had made was akin to seeking death.

However, in the eyes of Zuo Mo who had just killed Zhang Hao, the power of this guy who used poison was much lower than Zhang Hao.

Silently sneaking near Zuo Han, a yin fire bead appeared in Zuo Mo's hand.

He usually did not dare to use the yin fire bead. This thing was incredibly powerful, but if it was exposed, the trouble it would bring would be far beyond what he could deal with. But right now, he didn't have to worry about this problem. The entire Desolate Wood Reef was concealed by the Skyring Moon Chime Formation. People outside could not see a thing, and people inside were separated by illusory formations.

It was definitely a good chance to use the yin fire bead.

Originally, he had planned to use it in Zhang Hao. But Zhang Hao had detected him coming closer so the first battle of this yin fire bead landed on Zuo Han.

Zuo Han was completely ignorant that Zuo Mo had already come close to him. His heart was insecure.

The other people were still doubtful but he was almost certain that the Head was already dead. In the middle of the wilderness, he felt the surroundings were cold. Even with the protection of the poison mist, he couldn't feel a hint of warmth.

The only thing that reassured him was the orange moon in the sky had become much dimmer. The formation probably couldn't not be maintained for much longer.

Up until now, he had not encountered one other person.

His expression changed. It came again!

Ding ding ding!

Three invisible sound arrows entered the poisonous mist. Just like the previous times, he lightly channeled ling power. The poisonous mist flowed strangely and the three sound arrows disappeared.

The other was always very sudden in sending sound arrows. However,

his poisonous mist was the perfect counter of straightforward spells.

Ding ding ding!

A storm of sound arrows shot at him without warning!

Zuo Han was very calm. The poisonous mist slowly flowed around him. The sound arrows that entered the mist seemed to have sunk into quicksand, rapidly disappearing.

A small cold smile suddenly floated into his dark face. It was useless!

Suddenly, he detected a small object had hit his poisonous mist. It wasn't a sound arrow.

His expression abruptly changed. He instantly reacted. The storm of sound arrows had been to provide a cover for this little object!

Damn it!

The outside layer of the poisonous mist was dyed a bone white.

Coldness followed the white color as it spread with astonishing speed. Terrified, Zuo Han didn't have the time to even make a response. The coldness blew through his body like the wind. He froze to his spot, his body a frozen and eerie white statue, frightened expression shown to all.

*

Translator Ramblings: Everything is jingshi to Zuo Mo, even large unstable balls of energy. To the commenters that wanted the yin fire bead, here you go!

The sect is a major entity in many Chinese wuxia and fantasy novels. Many times, the sect is this gigantic force in the area, and there are many branches in the sect that compete against each other. Then there are events such as missions, annual fighting tournaments, and competitions against different sects. Master-disciple relationship are akin to parent-child relationships. Also common are mysterious pasts of the masters and inheritance of disagreements by the next generation.

Wu Kong Sword Sect is pretty typical as Fang Xiang has written it, and all the infighting does occur on a minimal level. Fang Xiang's tournament

and sect events seems more like a tribute to these commonly-used events, but he's off on his own thing. It's also quite rare nowadays in popular novels for the main character to tie or lose fights and tournaments like Zuo Mo has done, but Zuo Mo can't lose all his fights since that means he won't progress.

Shi Feng Rong isn't the typical master. First, she's female, which is very rare for a master as she is not a part of Zuo Mo's harem (he doesn't have one), or his main love interest. Teacher-student flirtation is very common in many stories, but not in this one.

Shi Feng Rong also differs from the traditional role in that she does not offer great amounts of resources, ie. money or precious treasures, or pass extremely rare skills to Zuo Mo. Wu Kong Sword Sect appears more like a business rather than how a traditional sect works. Shi Feng Rong is Zuo Mo's manager in upper management when Zuo Mo moved up from low-level laborer to skilled laborer.

Shi Feng Rong is a complete contrast to Pu Yao, and despite how little she taught, she was instrumental in getting Zuo Mo started with the Golden Crow Pill and his path to wealth.

Chapter 192: Buddha Sound Hoop

Zuo Han crumbled away in the wind, only leaving behind a few talismans. The poisonous fan and mist had been frozen into ice by the yin fire bead. Despite this, Zuo Mo didn't feel it a pity. That poison fan was not very endearing, and the glow of the remaining talismans were very good.

It was a pity there wasn't the time to admire them one by one, so Zuo Mo threw it all into his ring.

Zuo Mo sighed. What he sighed at was not the power of the yin fire bead, but the maxim "We are sword xiu, whatever we need we will take it with our sword!" that the sect leader and others always said.

Battle was truly one of the fastest ways to gather wealth!

He had just killed two ningmai, and the talismans and jingshi he received were enough for him to feel his wallet swell up.

With the powerful yin fire bead as his support and the temptation of extreme wealth, Zuo Mo's eyes turned red.

His gaze as he turned on the other xiuzhe was like he was staring at a delicious and fat sheep!

So much jingshi!

At the same time, a Buddha sound rang out. A bright gold light appeared inside the formation and headed for the clouds.

Joy came only Zuo Mo's face. The tempering of the Buddha Sound Hoop was complete!

The Buddha Sound Hoop had turned from red to gold and did not feel like copper but a hoop of gold. Lightning occasionally flashed across the golden hoop. Had the Hard Lightning from the ball of light also been absorbed by the Buddha Sound Hoop? Zuo Mo was overjoyed.

Each time the lightning flashed, the Buddha Sound Hoop would sound out with a deep and dignified ring!

At this time, the environment of the Skyring Moon Chime Formation suddenly changed. A bright sun hung high up in the sky, warm golden light falling down. The thin strands that fell down were dyed gold. The rings of light on the gold wire turned from a clear moon color to gold.

The serenity of before was swept away. The feeling of the present formation was like standing under the sun, destroying all evil!

The remaining Black Wind Bandits felt something completely different. Before it was like they were in the wilderness, scary and dark. Now, they stood before a burning sun. They had moved from a cold wilderness to a hot and burning desert. When touched by the ripples of Buddha sounds, those with weaker minds easily lost all of their motivation.

The Black Wind Bandits inside the formation were all cruel people who lived on a knife's edge. Their minds were not so weak, but they felt wave after wave of pressure!

The previous Skyring Moon Chime Formation made people wary of the sudden ambushes. The present formation demanded that they channeling power at all times to defend against the Buddha sounds. The offensive power of the formation was stronger now!

No wonder Zuo Mo was so happy. It was like someone delivered a pillow to him just when he wanted to nap!

With the yin fire bead and the completely transformed new formation, his chances of victory had risen against this group of bandits.

Zuo Mo quickly changed ideas. Previous, he had planned to wound as many as possible. Now, he decided to not let even one of them go. Each one was so much jingshi!

These criminals whose hands were soaked in blood, let ge release you from your mortal coil! Zuo Mo thought righteously.

At this time, Zuo Mo was like an experienced hunter. He wasn't in a hurry to pull close the net. His consciousness was connected to Lil' Pagoda. He slowly went through all the changes in the new formation. The changes of the Buddha Sound Hoop were so drastic even he needed to

accustom himself.

The Black Wind Bandits inside the formation started to panic. The Head's presence had disappeared, his status unknown. After landing inside the formation, they had become like a crowd of flies, not knowing what to do.

The new formation increased the pressure on them. The sounds that permeated everywhere needed to be fended off with ling power, further increasing their consumption. They were not greenhorns. What they were most afraid of was situations like this when they needed to keep using ling power.

On the battlefield, ling power was the greatest support of a xiuzhe, and experienced xiuzhe would carefully control the consumption of their ling power.

Lil' Pagoda really lived up to being a soul-tethered talisman. The new changes of the Buddha Sound Hoop flowed through Zuo Mo's mind. Zuo Mo instinctively praised it and hadn't expected a joyful emotion to pass onto him from Lil' Pagoda.

Zuo Mo first stilled and then was stunned.

Did Lil' Pagoda really have its own emotions and thoughts?

The formation process of Lil' Pagoda had been very mysterious. Zuo Mo still felt there were many impossible places even now, but in his eyes Lil' Pagoda was just a talisman. It originated from his consciousness and was connected to his mind. Usually, Lil' Pagoda would frequently reveal a personality, but Zuo Mo only felt it only a rudimentary intelligence. He

had never thought that Lil' Pagoda would really have his own sense of self.

When a talisman developed its own sense of self, it was called ling cognition.

The thought that came from Lil' Pagoda made Zuo Mo realize that Lil' Tower had ling cognition!

Heavens! How was it possible?

Any talismans that could have ling cognition were the finest and greatest talismans without an exception. Zuo Mo felt that he was very lucky that he had a soul-tethered talisman and had stumbled into a pile of jingshi.

A soul-tethered talisman that had ling cognition!

Oh!

The sudden good fortune made Zuo Mo vibrate in excitement. His eyes glowed as he looked at Lil' Pagoda as though he wanted to shove Lil' Pagoda into his mouth! Lil' Pagoda instantly shrank back timidly, the five levels of its body shaking.

"Come come come, good son, let Daddy take a good look at you!" Zuo Mo drooled as he beckoned at Lil' Pagoda, his expression unspeakably wretched.

Lil' Pagoda could be considered to be half a son of his. Its ling cognition came from his consciousness.

Lil' Pagoda's body shrunk into a ball and trembled.

After closely examining for a while, he could not see anything. Helplessly, he could only release Lil' Pagoda.

He pondered that he needed to take the time sometime to recall how he had forged Lil' Pagoda. He dreamed of himself surrounded by light, a procession of soul-tethered ling cognition talismans that did not end behind him, it would be amazing!

He would only steal from wandering bandits. Anyone that would resist, all the soul-tethered talismans would bang down on their heads!

Fantasizing about himself grandly sweeping all directions, something suddenly hit his waist. Looking down, he found it was Lil' Pagoda. Zuo Mo refocused and wiped the saliva off the corner of his mouth.

Lil' Pagoda was reminding him the wandering bandits wanted to flee.

Flee?

Zuo Mo snickered coldly. Before, he had still been wary. Now, this remaining bunch of wandering bandits were just meat on the chopping board.

The Buddha Sound Hoop had risen to fourth-grade previously. The tempering this time had not increased its grade, but the power had risen. It had fire, sound, and lightning. The fire was the Golden Crow Fire that could rank in the top ten of fourth-grade fire. The lightning was fourth-grade Yang Fiend Hard Lightning. The only regret would probably be the Buddha Sound formation carved on the hoop, it was only third-grade. Otherwise, this Buddha Sound Hoop would definitely be a rare top-level fourth-grade talisman!

But even so, the present Buddha Sound Hoop definitely could be an upper-level fourth-grade talisman.

After talismans reached the fourth level, due to the increase in power, they needed to be divided even further. Fourth-grade talismans, the highest were the top level; they were the most outstanding fourth-grade talismans. Coming down, it was the upper, intermediate, and lower levels. However, talismans that were soul-tethered and had ling cognition like Lil' Pagoda were above the top level.

The upper fourth-grade Buddha Sound Hoop, adding on the soul-tethered talisman Lil' Pagoda that had ling cognition, the yin fire bead that could instantly kill ningmai, and the third-grade seal soldier that Zuo Mo had not used yet.

Zuo Mo's confidence rose. He discovered that he had so many killing moves!

Such a good chance, would Zuo Mo let these Black Wind Bandits

escape?

Lil' Pagoda flew into the sky, once again taking control of the big formation. The light illusions of the big formation changed. The Buddha Sound Hoop slightly vibrated, waves of sound passing outwards like water.

Inside the formation, the Black Wind Bandits felt the scenery changing. The pressure that had been somewhat ethereal before became strong. Calls rang out in their ears, a strong feeling of numbness made them unconsciously stop moving, like there was a voice muttering in their minds, "Sleep, just sleep for a while"

Their eyelids were strangely heavy, the wariness disappearing from their hearts. Their hearts gradually became calm, the desire for sleep increasingly strong.

The Black Wind Bandits were very experienced. Pushing away their fright, they could only speed up the circulation of their ling power to fend against the sound.

They finally realized the longer it dragged, the more disadvantageous it was for them.

They all sent their killing moves at almost the same time!

Numerous sword energies and talismans shone as they rushed into the sky, shooting for the burning sun in the sky!

The last attack of the Black Wind Bandits before their death frightened Zuo Mo. The smugness in his heart instantly dissipated. His little heart beat rapidly. If the target of their attacks was him, not even dust would be

left behind.

Clang!

The Buddha Sound Hoop suddenly shook!

The golden light exploded, the sound was like thunder. The deep and dignified sound turned into the angry shout of Buddha, strong and fierce! The Black Wind Bandits inside the formation felt their bodies shake, the ling power inside their body out of their control. Everyone's faces changed. When they raised their heads, their faces became pale. Countless fist-sized hard lightning rolled down along the thin strands like marbles.

The big formation turned at its highest power. A deep and domineering presence destructively spread, unable to be stopped.

Zuo Mo gaped. So powerful! The counter-attack from the Buddha Sound Hoop wasn't any less powerful than the [Moon Chime Sound Storm] of the Sword Test Conference!

The Buddha sounds were like anger, and the hard lightning like rain!

The Black Wind Bandits lost their minds. These fist-sized hard lightning wasn't as strong as when Zuo Mo used them, but this was still the true Yang Fiend Hard Lightning! The domineering Buddha sounds had not disappeared, their ling power out of their control, just as the hard lightning fell upon them!

Wails and swearing entered Zuo Mo's ears.

The body count was high! After this one attack, not even thirty of the Black Wind Bandits could still stand. Many Black Wind Bandits were wailing and groaning in puddles of blood. The faces of the still standing Black Wind Bandits were full of hopelessness, their eyes terrified.

Peerlessly domineering!

Zuo Mo sighed in shock and then felt heart pain. The golden light and lightning around the body of the Buddha Sound Hoop was clearly much dimmer than before. He hurriedly took the Buddha Sound Hoop back. If this happened again, the Buddha Sound Hoop would probably be destroyed. Even if it wasn't destroyed, the grade would definitely drop.

It had been so difficult to obtain an upper fourth-grade talisman, could Zuo Mo bear to have it destroyed?

Even more, the wandering bandits that had lost all motivation and he didn't need the Buddha Sound Hoop to subdue them anymore.

He and Lil' Pagoda could get them!

The harvest was about to begin. His gaze was hot as he turned back to the formation, rubbing his hands. Lil' Pagoda, connected to his mind, was also yearning, and excited.

Just at this time, Pu Yao suddenly came out.

"Wait."

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo's fantasies are so interesting.

My personal theory, upon further re-reading, was that Pu Yao was trying to force Zuo Mo to accomplish something similar to the leaf hand during the Sword Test Conference when he told Zuo Mo to multi-task but Zuo Mo ended up with Lil' Pagoda since he had no idea what Pu Yao wanted and he entered the weird state. Pu Yao could have also been playing with Zuo Mo since it's not so easy to form a leaf hand.

Fang Xiang, in his last remarks at the end of the story, admitted that he was not very good at writing cultivation stories. One of those major flaws is probably a lack of a true description of how essence works exactly. For example, understanding of formations do not have levels, but sword essence does. Sword xiu can have epiphanies and modify or level up their sword essence like Zuo Mo did when he merged his two sword essences. Formations are something that has to be constantly studied and is more similar to a puzzle. Magic systems are hard to construct and the lack of

formation essence is something that is skipped over. Power systems based on understanding alone is amazingly easy for a main character to level up on. Someone in danger, an insult, a leaf falling to the ground, they are all great excuses for your character to level up.

Chapter 193: Bountiful Harvest

When Pu Yao came out, Zuo Mo's first response was, "Two hours haven't passed yet!!"

He was still thinking about the promise that Pu Yao had made. If he could get rid of this group in under two hours he would learn the next move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands]! Zuo Mo hungered for the [Little Thousand Leaf Hands]. Of the three moves of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] that he had learned each move had played a crucial role in this battle. The [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] were all very good spells. If they were not powerful then they had special uses.

Most importantly, what it consumed was spiritual power and not ling power. To Zuo Mo presently, spells that used spiritual power were much more practical than spells that used ling power.

"I changed my mind," Pu Yao said.

Hearing this, Zuo Mo was infuriated, "What did you say? Changed your mind? I just finished busting my ass off, and you changed your mind?"

Pu Yao waved his hands, he wasn't angry, "I'll teach you a move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands]."

Zuo Mo's anger instantly extinguished and turned to curiosity, "Then what did you change your mind about?" One move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] being guaranteed he naturally was calm.

"These people should not be killed," Pu Yao said, his expression deep.

"Not be killed?" Zuo Mo stilled, "Keep them for what? These people don't blink an eye when they kill, it would cause problems to keep them."

From any angle, Zuo Mo was not a generous and kind person. Also, to speak of kindness with these wandering bandits that killed without batting an eye, that was purely seeking death. It was better to take everything from their bodies and then kill them.

"Constructing the Nether Pool requires manual labor," Pu Yao said.

“Oh, you aren’t afraid of them rebelling?” Zuo Mo pointed at the crux.

“I am a Sky Yao!” Pu Yao rolled his eyes. The implicit meaning was, to a honored Sky Yao, this was just a little problem.

Zuo Mo smirked, and didn’t give him any face, “Sky Yao? Who told me to run back there?”

Pu Yao paused, his old face slightly red.

Zuo Mo didn’t dare to provoke this guy. He pointed at the Black Wind Bandits inside the formation, and said, “Manual laborers don’t need talismans, right?”

Pu Yao waved his hand generously, “No.”

Zuo Mo looked with some sympathy at the wandering bandits. Landing in the hands of a perverse renyao, it was a fate worse than death! It could be imagined just how dark their future days would be.

However, Zuo Mo was not kind due to feeling sympathy.

He and Lil’ Pagoda, one in the light and one in the dark, used the power of the formation to beat the wandering bandits unconscious. Zuo Mo didn’t even leave them any clothing, taking everything, before he contentedly threw a bunch of naked people at Pu Yao.

The Skyring Moon Chime Formation and the moon in the sky disappeared from the Desolate Wood Reef. There was nothing left except one big pit after another, showing that a battle had taken place here.

Bo Feng who had been watching from afar shook his head, his tone carrying wonderment, “It seems all of the Black Wind Bandits are dead.”

The Black Wind Bandits were dead!

As the words came out, everyone was shocked. They had been pursuing the Black Wind Bandits recently. The longer they trailed them the more

uncertain they felt. The strong strength that the Black Wind Bandits displayed made them lack self-confidence. The only confidence they had was that they had more experts on their side. Bo Feng, Gui Feng, and Chang Heng were ningmai experts that were famous in Sky Moon Jie.

But even if they had three experts, they had thought if the two sides met it would be a hard battle.

Who would have thought a zhuji, relying on a formation on an island, in a period of time less than two hours, had completely killed all of the Black Wind Bandits!

Chang Heng and Gui Feng looked at the Desolate Wood Reef which had resumed its normal appearance and instantly understood. Gui Feng's expression was full of disbelief. He had fought Zuo Mo before. Any way he viewed Zuo Mo, Zuo Mo should not have grown to such a point that he could kill all of the Black Wind Bandits by himself. If it was Wei Sheng, he would have found it somewhat possible.

Cheng Heng looked much more composed. Even the light in his eyes had dimmed greatly. He seemed to be pondering something.

Zuo Mo did not know people were watching him. He was contentedly checking his spoils, Lil' Pagoda observing from the side. Silly Bird had ran out. However, Silly Bird was much more composed than Lil' Pagoda, raising her neck up high, her attitude proud as she stepped her little bird steps, as though she thought of jingshi as dirt. However, the occasional glance out of the corner of her eye revealed her nefarious aims. The black gold worm directly burrowed into the little mountain and didn't come out.

The other shidi came out. They felt as though they were dreaming.

They first saw Zuo Mo Shixiong, and then they saw the mountains of talismans and jingshi!

After that, they turned to stone.

Zuo Mo's eyes were bright, saliva dripping out of the corner of his mouth that he did not wipe away.

Good things! Good things!

He picked up one, and then picked up another, his expression intoxicated and occasionally laughed.

However, the practical Zuo Mo decided he needed to check his personal wealth. He might have made a mountain of profit, but he had also spent a lot. No matter if it was Golden Crow Fire, or yin fire bead, they were not cheap. The cost of recovery for his wounds, and the nurturing of the Buddha Sound Hoop were also not going to be a small number!

He needed to break even.

Click-clack, click-clack, Zuo Mo started to pick through the pile. He rejoiced that he had the experience of processing materials with the Stalagmite fire before. The numbers of items that had passed through his hands was enormous, and helped create his keen pair of eyes.

The profits this time were very rich. There were more than a hundred flying swords, but their grades weren't very high. The highest grade was Zhang Hao's heavy sword, fourth-grade, the sword body was ancient and thick, extremely heavy in the hand, and carved with "Mountain Opener."

Other than flying swords, there was a variety of talismans that broadened Zuo Mo's horizons. There were some extremely obscure ones, like nets. One Blue Light Net, third-grade, when it left the hand it would become a blue ball of light, if one came close then it would turn into an enormous net that would quickly close.

The wealth of the zhuji was limited. Those that were rich were the several ningmai, especially Zhang Hao. This guy had two dimensional rings to start with, and the riches inside were numerous. Also, the guy had been very picky, and what he had kept were very good items.

Like the materials he collected were not of low grade. The majority were third-grade, and he had some fourth-grade materials.

What excited Zuo Mo the most were five fox teeth. These five fox teeth clearly came from the same yao fox. Each tooth was pure white with no impurities, shining like porcelain. A fragrance that was like orchids and plums spread. The appearance showed it definitely belonged to the top third-grade materials.

The quality of the Water Drop sword was very good. If he forged in the fourth-grade Crimson Fire Rock that he had, the two qualities of fire and water could reach the demands of Li Water sword essence. Adding on the Teeth Vine, and these five fox teeth, and the Blue Icicle Crystal he had traded for from the red-robed male, he had managed to gather the materials for four of the five flying swords. Instantly, he felt the five essence sword set was not far.

He was only lacking proper earth-based material before his five essence sword set could be realized!

Most of the talismans on Zhang Hao's body were not ordinary, but most had been damaged. Zuo Mo felt a great pain. Those were all lost jingshi!

The other talisman that peaked Zuo Mo's interest was a cloak. This cloak was called [Shadowless]. It was as thin as a cicada's wing and hard to detect with the naked eye. If worn on the body, it would seem to disappear. However, even though he could not see it, Zuo Mo could still feel the existence of the cloak. This [Shadowless] cloak's only purpose was to conceal his body. Zuo Mo was even more surprised that it was a fourth-grade cloak!

He tried it on, and the effect was outstanding. He couldn't find a trace even if he used his consciousness to search.

Good thing!

This was definitely a good thing!

Zuo Mo instantly recognized the value of the cloak. This was a wonderful talisman to make an escape! If things were going badly, he could wrap the cloak around his body and no one could find him.

He found it somewhat strange the person he had killed didn't use a

talisman as good as this, and used a third-grade cloak.

What Zuo Mo didn't realize was the Black Wind Bandits had run rampant for years. Other than being defeated by Wei Sheng recently, when had they ever been forced to escape? When Zhang Hao first got the cloak, he treasured it. Then he found he didn't have a use for it at all. While the cloak could conceal him, it basically had no defensive power, so Zhang Hao switched to a third-grade talisman that could increase his defenses and was beneficial to charging and fighting.

Zuo Mo naturally wouldn't be polite, cheerfully putting the cloak on.

With two extremely fine talismans as the opener, Zuo Mo instantly looked down at the remaining talismans.

However, these people all had a unique quality of carrying many jingshi on their body. Zuo Mo understood after thinking about it. These wandering bandits travelled everywhere. Nothing was as useful as jingshi, so they could buy whatever when they got somewhere.

All of this was Zuo Mo's now. This was an enormous sum. Like Zhang Hao. He had more than ten pieces of just fourth-grade jingshi.

When he put all the jingshi in front of him, he was stunned! He felt that his eyes were filled with jingshi.

Even the best talisman, if put together with jingshi of equivalent value, it didn't have the same effect as piles of jingshi.

After a long while, he finally recovered from the shock of the mountain of jingshi, his blank eyes becoming clear.

He took a deep breath, and hurriedly swept the jingshi into his ring. Continuing to judge the other talismans, his mind was slightly inattentive.

"Hm!" Pu Yao's voice suddenly came into Zuo Mo's ears.

Zuo Mo shook and suddenly refocused. He found that Pu Yao had appeared at some unknown time beside him.

Pu Yao stared at a white bone on his hand, his eyes unmoving.

Zuo Mo instinctively waved the bone, "Problem?"

Pu Yao was still staring at the bone, his hand reaching out, “Let me see.”

“Oh,” Zuo Mo instinctively handed over the bone.

Once he handed it over, he instantly realized, and regret blossomed. He was an idiot. Something that even Pu Yao was interested in, it definitely was something good!

Having landed in Pu Yao’s hands, it definitely was using meat buns to hit a dog, it would never return!

As expected, Pu Yao flipped his hand, and the bone disappeared. He was very natural in saying, “Oh, I’ll take the bone.”

Zuo Mo instantly wanted to spit blood. He knew he definitely wouldn’t be able to take it back. He responded quickly, “Then what do you trade for it?”

“I’ll give you a batch of little yao guards,” Pu Yao didn’t give Zuo Mo the grounds to bargain.

“Little yao guards? What’s that?” Zuo Mo’s attention was instantly attracted.

Pu Yao snickered, “You’ll know when it is time.” Finishing, he disappeared.

Dejectedly, Zuo Mo could only go back to his pile of talismans in hopes he would find a few more fine ones. It was a pity that his good luck seemed to have been used up. The rest were all very average and made him even more depressed.

When he finished sorting out the last talisman, he suddenly heard a light laugh from the sky, “Brother Zuo really had a good harvest!”

*

Translator Ramblings: Yes, the crocodile spikes are water element as well, but since he already has the sword to stand in for the water element, the spikes are not needed for his sword set.

Zuo Mo best phrase = “Will this make jingshi? Time is jingshi!”

Zuo Mo is an independent person without any support net who has to worry about his living expenses and how to survive. Rivals, bullies, and “mortal enemies” drop down the priority list when a person is trying to not starve. In a dog-eat-dog world, it is a luxury for those that have money and spare time to indulge in. Those who are low level workers on the poverty line like Zuo Mo and Old Black think more about survival. Don't expect young-master syndrome until we really meet some rich people.

Chapter 194: Golden Armor Guards

Zuo Mo looked warily at the three unwelcomed guests in the sky.

The one that spoke was a yellow-faced man. Zuo Mo recognized him. It was the mysterious person he had fought in the Sword Test Conference. The two people behind him was Chang Heng and the other was Gui Feng. How did these three get together? he muttered inside.

And these three appeared at this time was that a coincidence? More likely it was that the three of them had hid and wanted to gain something. Seeing that he had won, they could only come out and greet him.

Zuo Mo was at the end of his rope. He didn't dare to let these three people inside. The three were stronger than him and he had just also made a fortune. If the three became greedy, he might not be able to keep his little life.

"This little brother just has gone through a big battle and is heavily injured, and greatly needs rest. There is no time to greet everyone. Please pardon me!" Finishing, he rushed away.

That nimble and agile movement, did he look like he was heavily injured?

The three people in the air were speechless. They had assumed that Zuo Mo would exchange pleasantries, and they could find ways of getting closer. But they had underestimated Zuo Mo's lack of shame, in turning and leaving. They couldn't do a thing.

If they forcefully landed now, that was taking advantage and declaring they possessed malicious aims. The three people didn't care about those fake reputations, but when they saw the huge holes in the ground, they instantly dismissed the idea of charging in.

Personally seeing the Black Wind Bandits be destroyed the three were very wary of the formation on Desolate Wood Reef.

Zuo Mo ignored the three people. If they really dared to charge into the Desolate Wood Reef, he would even gamble on destroying the Buddha

Sound Hoop to fight them to the death.

When he saw the three standing outside the island, his heart relaxed slightly. He secretly sent Lil' Pagoda out to guard. He threw the Buddha Sound Hoop back into the lava fire formation to be nurtured again and started to heal himself.

This time, the level of damage to his body was far beyond his predictions, especially since he had kept on fighting with these wounds, and had used medicinal power to suppress the injuries. On the surface, there didn't seem to any problems, but in reality, he had serious internal injuries.

Luckily, Master had prepared many lingdan for him before he left. He hadn't thought he would need to use it so early.

He shoved a lingdan into his mouth and meditated.

As the lingdan entered his mouth, it turned to a stream of coldness that flowed with the circulation of his ling power, spreading to every corner of his body. The hidden heat of his organs instantly decreased. He felt unspeakably comfortable.

Forty-two people were soaking in the black pond. Their eyes were closed, occasionally having expressions of pain. Threads of smoke silently entered their body from the black pond water and then slowly spread out.

Pu Yao's eyes landed on the three ningmai Black Wind Bandits. They were completely covered in black, looking like coal. A small bump had risen on the foreheads of the three people as though something was going to grow out.

Pu Yao played with the white bone in his hand, speaking to himself, "Didn't think I would see ancient dragon bone here. The brat really has good luck. Oh, using it on ningmai trash, it really is a waste!"

As he sighed, he slightly applied force. Pa, the white bone broke into pieces.

His hand rising, the ancient dragon bone power turned to three white arrows that burrowed inside the bodies of the three ningmai.

The three ningmai instantly started to shake like dice, their black faces twisted with expressions of extreme pain. Suddenly, their black skin started to ripple and a layer of scale-like material continuously came out.

In just this little while, the three had completely changed. Their bodies were covered by a dense layer of white scales like it was a layer of thick armor. The bump on their foreheads continued to grow. Pew, a sharp black horn broke through the skin, and only stopped when it grew to three cun long.

“White Scale Attendants! The ancient dragon bone is really good,” Pu Yao had a surprised expression. Then he became excited. Tilting his head and thinking, he snickered, and then grabbed at empty air.

Three jade boxes appeared on Pu Yao’s hands, the mini boxes that Zuo Mo loved so much.

Squeezing the jade boxes, Pu Yao gently blew and three wisps of Golden Crow Fire flew at the three people.

The Golden Crow Fire landed on the white scales and with a hiss and entered their bodies. Almost at the same time, mist rose around their body. The black pond water beside them started to bubble as though it was boiling.

Seeing that the black pond was covered in mist Pu Yao became even more excited. He was like a mischievous child who had found a fun toy.

He grabbed again at empty air.

Ding ding ding!

If Zuo Mo saw this, he would have been so angry he could spit blood. Pu Yao’s hands were full of Crimson Fire Rock, including three pieces of fourth-grade Crimson Fire Rock. Zuo Mo only had six pieces of fourth-

grade Crimson Fire Rock. Pu Yao took half of his stock.

Pu Yao's left hand pointed in the air. A black-red beguiling flame appeared in front of him.

He threw the Crimson Fire rock on his hands into the flame. He continued to grab at the air, materials appearing in his hands. He didn't even look before throwing them into the fire.

After one hour, the flame slowly faded, and three entirely red broadsword appeared in front of him.

The broadsword was about half the height of a person, the width of the blade making them appear like a small door. The body was entirely red like burning metal, giving off a scorching heat.

At this time, the mist over the heads of the three people in the black pond dissipated, revealing their figures. The scales of the three were dyed with a layer of gold, making them look as though they were wearing golden armor. The black spike on their foreheads had disappeared.

Before, the three had looked dark and scary. Now, the three didn't have any hint of dark energies, as though they were gods coming to the mortal world. A yang and strong presence was easily detectable.

"Ancient dragon bone, Golden Crow Fire, Nether Pool, these yao guards that were forged really make me anticipate!"

Pu Yao smiled proudly, "White Scaled Attendants, no no no, have to change the name, Golden Armor Guards! This name isn't bad. Ha ha, who can tell they are yao guards?"

Rubbing his chin as he studied for a while, Pu Yao said to himself, "Oh, no, they are too ugly, and need to be changed."

He blew out a ball of flame that grew and enveloped one of them. Instantly, the crackle of flesh burning sounded. A while later, the flame moved away. The person inside the flame had changed in appearance. Right now, his body was covered in a set of golden armor. Even his face was covered all over, the thick armor at the front only revealing the eyes. The shining golden scales had turned into a golden fish-scale armor.

Other than being very dignified, it was more profound, and mysterious.

Pu Yao finally had a satisfied expression. Soon after, all three were modified.

Three bright red broadswords turned to three red lights and flew towards the three people.

The three simultaneously reached out and grabbed the flying swords. The three golden armor guards stood silently, a strong and dignified presence slowly spreading.

Pu Yao looked in sympathy at the other Black Wind Bandits that were still soaking in the black water pond, "You guys who can't be seen in public, you just have to stay here for manual labor."

When Zuo Mo woke up from his meditation there was joy in his heart. The injuries on his body were generally healed. It would be like nothing had happened once he rested for a while. What he was even happier about was the ling power that had stopped growing inside his body for a long time had actually grown slightly.

The increase was not a lot, but for Zuo Mo who had stopped growing for a long time, this was an unexpected happy surprise.

Just as Zuo Mo was happy, he saw Pu Yao proudly come over with three people dressed in golden armor.

Zuo Mo stilled and warily pointed at the three people, "Who are they?"

The three were covered in the golden armor. He was unable to see their features but Zuo Mo could feel the terrifying presence the three gave off all over their bodies.

These three were very strong!

Zuo Mo's perception was extremely sensitive due to his spirit. The

danger that these three gave him even surpassed the feeling of danger the Head of the wandering bandits gave him. Where did these three powerful people come from? Where did they pop out of?

His gaze landed on the broadswords in their hands, and silently swallowed.

Who was so f***ing wasteful?!

Crimson Fire Rock, definitely not less than ten pieces, and definitely had more than one piece of fourth-grade rock. Sky Eye Silver, that was extremely expensive; Zuo Mo himself only had three taels. Any of the broadswords in the three's hands definitely had one tael of Sky Eye Silver added. And the red flame pearl. It was an extremely good fire element material, worth a thousand jing! There were at least three in each broadsword.

Great expenditure! Definitely great expenditure!

Zuo Mo drooled. Just the three broadswords were worth a lot! If it wasn't the dangerous feeling coming from the three people pressuring him, his head might have heated up and he would have gone to rob them.

But, the materials, they looked very familiar

Just as he was suspicious, he heard Pu Yao say smugly, "They are Golden Armor Guards! Just finished making them, do you want to try?"

"Golden Armor Guards?" Zuo Mo stilled, "Didn't you say you were creating little yao guards?"

"Little yao guards are too low quality," Pu Yao said with scorn and continued, "and their appearance is too lacking. Look at these Golden Armor Guards. No hint of yin energy, perfect for dominating a situation. They are also very strong and good at fighting, the best fighters!"

"Really?" Zuo Mo's face was disbelieving.

"You ignorant country bumpkin naturally has never seen anything this high quality!" Pu Yao's face was full of disdain, and he snapped his fingers.

Suddenly, one of the Golden Armor Guards behind him disappeared.

“Ha!” A deep bellow sounded.

Zuo Mo felt the space in front of his eyes light up, a blinding light forcing him to squint his eyes.

A domineering and forceful red sword light rose. This stroke seemed to rip apart space. A scorching, cruel, and domineering presence filled the air.

Zuo Mo’s heart was shocked, the hairs on his body straight. The feeling of danger was like a black cloud filled with lead, pressing down uncomfortably on his chest.

The sword light disappeared without warning!

At some unknown time, the golden armor guard returned to his original position.

Only now did Zuo Mo hear a soft “hiss.” Different than the blinding sword light, the sound of the sword was almost non-existent.

Zuo Mo was stunned!

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo is so amazed by how powerful these Golden Armor Guards are that he hasn’t realized what Pu Yao has done yet. Also, more importantly, his ling power cultivation has grown for those that were waiting. Please don’t forget Zuo Mo’s overall strength has been growing this whole entire time. Zuo Mo’s outstanding in other areas, and not bad in this area. Think about Li Ying Feng, Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng’s cultivation. They are about the same age and they are only outstanding in one or two areas.

In Pu’s eyes, people below ningmai are something to be ashamed about. That’s not hard to believe since he is was still remains a Sky Yao (soul). He was once pretty much at the top of the pyramid as far as this world goes. Remember, he was the guy who killed a few jindan in a multi-opponent battle while using Zuo Mo’s body. Xin Yan is exceptionally strong for a jindan. So you could say Pu Yao was forced to go from being a marbled lungfish to the bacteria which causes leprosy (think the size of their

genomes.)

Power seem to be one of those quantitative factors that people in stories focus on. I thought that this story actually did a good job hitting its readers over the head with the paper crane girl and her carelessness and indifference concerning the “might is right” rule. It showed that this story still held to the same rules of society that most Chinese fantasies have, and it shouldn’t be forgotten among Zuo Mo’s desire to make a living and all the daily happenings that make it seem like a peaceful world. In fact, Zuo Mo is hit over the head many times.

Chapter 195: Two Transactions

The strength of the Golden Armor Guards made a deep impression on Zuo Mo.

“But what are they really?” Zuo Mo asked as he pointed at the three muscle-heads. The three Golden Armor Guards were very brawny. Standing with their swords, they were like three little mountains whose sole purpose was to pressure others.

“Puppets,” Pu Yao said softly.

“Oh,” Zuo Mo responded. A strong impulse formed to study these three puppets. There were many ways to create puppets. The most famous would probably be corpse-forging. Things like thousand year corpse were the best corpse-forging materials. Seal soldiers were also one kind of puppet, but they were completely different than corpse-forging.

But when he thought about that astonishing sword strike, he decided to stop thinking about this dangerous idea.

His eyes stared at the red broadswords in the hand of the three Golden Armor Guards. A beat later, Zuo Mo’s heart wrenching wail came out of the cave.

“Old Ghost! Ge will kill you! Sob sob sob! My Crimson Fire Rock! My Sky Eye Silver”

In the sky above the Desolate Wood Reef.

“How much longer do we have to wait?” Chang Heng said impatiently.

“He he, he would come out soon,” Bo Feng was very calm. At the side, Gui Feng’s eyes occasionally swept across the Desolate Wood Reef. Different than what they had thought: it wasn’t just Zuo Mo on the Desolate Wood Reef; there were also Wu Kong Sword Sect disciples.

However, these disciples were all production xiuzhe.

At the beginning, these disciples would occasionally look up at them. As time went on, they attended to their own business.

The Desolate Wood Reef looked calm but many important places were covered with white clouds so nothing could be seen. These balls of cloud proved that the big formation of the Desolate Wood Reef had not been critically damaged.

Gui Feng felt that Zuo Mo was very mysterious. He was somewhat puzzled why Wu Kong Sword Sect would send such an important disciple to such an isolated place? Was it because they had trust in Zuo Mo?

He didn't feel that way. While the importance of the Desolate Wood Reef was undoubted, no matter how great their trust was, the elders shouldn't have been frugal in sending along a few more strong disciples with him.

Such an accomplished disciple, he didn't believe any sect was willing to lose him.

But Zuo Mo was guarding Desolate Wood Reef alone. This made Gui Feng feel it was more of an exile.

The Black Wind Bandits had all been killed. If this news spread, it would definitely shake all of Sky Moon Jie. Zuo Mo's own reputation and the reputation of Wu Kong Sword Sect would be pushed to another height.

Gui Feng glanced at Bo Feng. There was no impatience on Bo Feng's face. They had been guarding here for five days. To show that they didn't have any enmity he hadn't brought any of the thirty six zhuji.

Gui Feng saw Zuo Mo's figure appear out of the corner of his eye, his mind becoming alert.

Hm!

His gaze swept across the three enormous figures behind Zuo Mo, Gui Feng's pupils suddenly shrunk into pinpoints!

The golden scale armor covered their entire body, the dense scales

flashed with a pure golden sheen. Their faces were covered by gold masks, which only revealed a pair of eyes.

The three guards dressed in golden armor simultaneously looked at the three people in the sky.

When Gui Feng's eyes met the three people's eyes, his heart shook.

The three pairs of eyes were strange but all similar in that they were indifferent, cold, and emotionless. Gui Feng even felt that they were dead! He could feel that he was just an ant in their eyes, unable to cause even a ripple.

Suddenly, Gui Feng felt he was burning in a fire, an almost tangible pressure forming, and pushing down like a little mountain.

Gui Feng snorted coldly, his body moving slightly and circulated his ling power.

The invisible pressure around him instantly disappeared.

Successfully getting rid of the other's pressure, Gui Feng did not feel joy at all. Quite the opposite, his complexion was very bad. The two seemed to be even, but Gui Feng knew he was at a disadvantage.

Such a powerful expert!

Was this Wu Kong Sword Sect's hidden strength? He narrowed his eyes.

Bo Feng and Chang Heng's expressions became serious. Their thoughts were the same as Gui Feng. These three xiuzhe covered in golden armor and cultivations above ningmai, and their strength was very strong! Even though they could not see the features, but the thick killing intent covering the three was the killing intent that would only form after countless battles.

No wonder the Black Wind Bandits were all killed. So the Desolate Wood Reef was also hiding three experts. The three people rejoiced that they hadn't charged in. Facing any of these golden armor xiuzhe, even Bo Feng didn't have a certain grasp on victory.

Ningmai had three stratus. Gui Feng and Chang Heng were only at the

first stratum, but the three golden armor xiuzhe were all above second stratum.

The difference between ningmai and zhuji was large, but the difference between ningmai were also similarly large. The cultivation of ningmai second stratum was three times that of a first stratum ningmai!

Their cultivation was not as good as the other; their battle experience not as good as the other; their talismans

They looked at the burning red broadswords. Those were clearly not normal and definitely had reached the fourth-grade. The two sides were even. What they had the greatest confidence in was spells. Gui Feng was very confident in the [Nine Ghosts Nail Curse] that he was practicing.

In Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness, Pu Yao muttered, "Pity about the baldy. He's good material for making Golden Armor Guard."

Zuo Mo did not pay attention, his eyes looking at the sky.

This time, with the three Golden Armor Guards around him, even though his wounds had not completely healed, he still had more bravery.

"Thank you for waiting for so long, is there something I can help with?" Zuo Mo did not like to chit-chat, and said forwardly.

Bo Feng did not twist, and said, "This one has two matters to ask."

"Oh," Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. He hadn't thought the other really had a matter, and two of them at that.

"Brother Zuo killing the Black Wind Bandits is really a happy matter," Bo Feng said, "I want to buy some news from Brother Zuo."

Black Wind Bandits? Zuo Mo stilled and then reacted. So his attackers had been the Black Wind Bandits, no wonder they were so strong! His minds whirling, he quickly responded, "What news?"

Bo Feng started at Zuo Mo and said seriously, "I want to buy the position of a secret realm from Brother Zuo."

Zuo Mo's heart jumped. Secret realm!

He truly was shocked by the words "secret realm." Zuo Mo had missed the secret realm exploration after the Sword Test Conference because he had been thrown into the sword essence formation. It had been a regret of his. He hadn't thought that he would suddenly hear information about a secret realm.

Bo Feng suddenly running over to ask him the location of the secret realm, the clever Zuo Mo instantly realized where the information about the secret realm would come from.

The Black Wind Bandits!

Definitely the Black Wind Bandits!

Pu Yao reacted even more quickly than he did, and had more tricks. In the blink of an eye, he had gotten the answers he wanted from the manual laborers that were still soaking in the black pond.

Hearing Pu Yao speak of it, Zuo Mo understood the general shape of the matter, and instantly was disappointed.

The first people to find the secret realm were the three of the red-robed xiuzhe. For some reason, the news had been leaked, and they were targeted by the Black Wind Bandits. However, the three were extremely slippery, and tricked the Black Wind Bandits, almost clearing out the entire secret realm before fleeing.

Zuo Mo finally understood why the three people had so many good items on their body. So it had been a secret realm!

He had admiration and disappointment. However, a secret realm that others had gone through did not hold any attractions to him.

However, he wouldn't give the information so easily to Bo Feng. The cleared out secret realm might not have anything good, but the ling energy of the secret realm was dense and perfect for making a residence. It was

not very useful for him, but to the sect, it was very good.

Bo Feng evidently wanted this secret realm.

“Ha ha,” Zuo Mo smiled, but his wooden expression looked very strange, “How does Brother Bo want to buy it?”

Speaking about business he became alert. In any case he had the initiative. He could sell or not sell. The red-robed man and his fellows had run to Little Mountain Jie, and definitely wouldn't be coming back soon. The only people who knew the location of the secret realm were the Black Wind Bandits, but all of the Black Wind Bandits were soaking in the black pond.

Even if he didn't sell its location to Bo Feng and sent the news back to the sect, he would get many rewards.

But in the deepest part of his heart, Zuo Mo didn't plan on telling the information to the sect. If it was in the past, he definitely wouldn't have hesitated in reporting the information to the sect. But the only person he missed in the sect right now was Master. The present Wu Kong Sword Sect was not the Wu Kong Sword Sect of the past that had felt like a home.

If it wasn't for Master, he wouldn't have any supplies. He wouldn't even have had the Wu Kong Flag. If he came to such an isolated place as the Desolate Wood Reef, he would have more dangers than lucky encounters.

He couldn't help but ball up his hands.

Destiny, it was more reliable to grasp it in his own hands.

“Ha ha,” Bo Feng laughed lightly, he seemed to have already had a plan, “I will use a piece of news to exchange with Brother Zuo.”

“News?” Bo Feng's suggestions was out of Zuo Mo's expectations.

Bo Feng said generously, “Brother Zuo should look first. If you are not satisfied, we can keep negotiating,” Finishing, his finger flicked and a jade scroll shot at Zuo Mo.

Pia!

A golden palm reached from behind Zuo Mo and accurately grasped the

jade scroll.

Bo Feng smiled and didn't speak. Inside, he praised Zuo Mo's carefulness.

Zuo Mo took the jade scroll, and lowered his head to read.

There was not much inside the jade scroll, but after reading the last word, Zuo Mo felt he was in a glacier, his entire body cold.

"How is it? Is Brother Zuo satisfied?" Bo Feng asked.

Zuo Mo took a deep breath, and then bowed with folded hands at Bo Feng. He said seriously, "Many thanks, Brother Bo." Finishing, he took out an empty jade scroll, entered the position of the secret realm, and threw it to Bo Feng.

Bo Feng took the jade scroll. After reading it, joy appeared on his face. When he finished, he crushed the jade scroll to powder.

"Brother Zuo is really refreshing!" Bo Feng said crisply, "This one wants to ask for a wisp of Golden Crow Fire from Brother Zuo, please help me!"

"Golden Crow Fire?" Zuo Mo nodded, "If Brother Bo has earth elemental materials above fourth-grade, a deal can be made."

He didn't ask for a high price. The news that Bo Feng had just given him was too important!

Bo Feng could not control his joy, "We really have good fate. This one luckily has a piece of Breathing Rock, and of high quality. It should fulfill Brother Zuo's demands."

"Trade!" Zuo Mo did not hesitate in nodding.

In fourth-grade earth element materials, Breathing Rock was a rare fine material. It usually existed in the deepest parts, a special earthy grey that naturally clung together, unable to be cut with anything metal.

Zuo Mo was excited. He finally gathered together everything for his five essence sword set!

Translator Ramblings: If Pei Yuan Ran had his way, Zuo Mo would have been packed off to Desolate Wood Reef with his allowance of jingshi and not much else. After so many chapters, Bo Feng finally gets what he was pursuing. It was almost too simple since Zuo Mo did the work for him.

“A Problematic Youth” ended right after the Sword Test Conference. We are in Volume Three of the story right now, the title being “Seeking Survival On A Desolate Island.” The title was too much of a spoiler since this volume started when Zuo Mo woke up with Wei Sheng and Luo Li in Fragrant Ginger Yard. We have passed the one-fifth mark of the entire story.

Chapter 196: News

At Wu Kong Mountain, Shi Feng Rong had a face full of fury, “Why?”

Pei Yuan Ran was helplessly apologetic. “Too far! Even if we tell him, he won’t be able to get back. Unless he is jindan, he can’t get back in three days.”

“Then I won’t go to Bright Wave Jie! I’ll go get him!” Shi Feng Rong said decisively.

“Nonsense!” Pei Yuan Ran was furious. Looking at the pain and anger on Shi Feng Rong’s face, he suppressed the anger inside and said in a low voice, “There are so many experts in Bright Wave Jie. Whether our sect can establish ourselves in Bright Wave Jie, it all depends on us jindan. In our time of need, will Shimei abandon the entire sect for just Zuo Mo?”

Shi Feng Rong bit her lips tears flowing down uncontrollably.

Pei Yuan Ran relaxed his tone of voice, “Shimei, don’t worry. Zuo Mo is usually clever. He definitely will be fine. After we establish ourselves in Bright Wave Jie, we can send people to search for him!”

Pei Yuan Ran comforted Shi Feng Rong for a long time before she was finally persuaded.

When Lin Qian saw Pei Yuan Ran, he saw the other’s face was dark, and assumed that Pei Yuan Ran was worried for the future. He comforted, “Sect Leader Pei, do not worry too much. This one has some weight in Bright Wave Jie and will definitely pick a good land for your sect.”

Pei Yuan Ran raised his hands in thanks, but he stared at Lin Qian and said solemnly, “This one still has one thing that that he does not understand. Master Lin, please explain a few things to me!”

“Oh, please speak, Sect Leader Pei,” Lin Qian said.

“Master Lin has no connection to our sect, so why have you been so close with our sect as of late?” Pei Yuan Ran’s eyes were bright.

Lin Qian seemed to have already know that Pei Yuan Ran would ask this, and smiled, “If that’s the case, then I will speak the truth. It is because I see potential in Wei Sheng. Wei Sheng is the most talented xiuzhe that this one has ever seen, he has unbridled potential and his future will certainly be boundless. Sect Leader Pei can think of this as an investment. In the future, when I need help, please, Sect Leader Pei, lend a hand.”

“Naturally,” Pei Yuan Ran’s heart relaxed slightly. Even though he didn’t believe all of it, but he didn’t let it show.

Lin Qian smiled and said, “We will temporarily set our departure at noon three days from now. This one will be waiting and won’t disturbed Sect Leader Pei now. Farewell!”

“I won’t see you off!” Pei Yuan Ran said, raising his folded hands.

Zuo Mo and Bo Feng had made two good transactions, the aura between them very harmonious.

Chang Heng and Gui Feng were not interested in Golden Crow Fire, something Zuo Mo felt was very regretful about. However before leaving, Zuo Mo asked them to spread the news of the Golden Crow Fire, and Bo Feng agreed.

Zuo Mo saw Bo Feng and the others leave.

“What are you going to do?” Pu Yao suddenly asked.

Zuo Mo inhaled deeply, and then exhaled, as though he wanted to pushed out all the darkness that had formed in his heart, “I’ll take it step by step.”

Pu Yao smiled coldly, “You didn’t receive one bit of information. Tsk tsk, seems those old codgers don’t value you very much!”

Zuo Mo was silent.

“Plan on flying back?” Pu Yao didn’t have any sympathy.

“There’s not enough time,” Zuo Mo shook his head. From the Desolate Wood Reef to Wu Kong Mountain, flying would take multiple months.

“Don’t worry,” Pu Yao said unconcernedly, “Even if the yaomo come, it would be small groups. Probably just Night Stock Yao and Moon Demon, nothing important.”

“Night Stock Yao and Moon Demon? Are they very strong?” Zuo Mo asked curiously. He didn’t know much about yaomo.

“Little worms,” Pu Yao twisted his mouth, “about the same as ningmai.”

“Then why is everyone fleeing?” Zuo Mo could not understand, “If they are about the same as ningmai, we can completely kill them!”

Pu Yao smiled scornfully. “Whether Night Stock Yao or Moon Demon, if they face your ningmai, they can fight one against three!” His bloody pupil suddenly rippled, “Their growing environment is much more cruel than you guys.”

“So what?” Zuo Mo wasn’t persuaded.” Sky Moon Jie has jindan!”

Pu Yao shrugged indifferently, “This is just the beginning. I am willing to bet... no, guarantee that the old codgers of your sect are definitely planning on migrating away. Who is willing to bleed themselves to help other people stop yaomo?”

“Wu Kong Mountain is the base of our sect”

“You are too naïve!” Pu Yao’s words were full of scorn, “Just a poor mountain. As long as they have people, where can’t they go? Without the mountain, they can go steal another one.”

Zuo Mo couldn’t speak.

“Prepare early,” Pu Yao shook his head, “I won’t have any time in the near future, don’t bother me.”

He disappeared after finishing.

Zuo Mo stood at his spot he was unfocused for a moment. He could not think that the entire front line of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie had collapsed in such a short period of time. This was the news that he traded with Bo Feng. Supposedly, it was a group of yaomo that had appeared at the flank and caused the collapse of the entire defensive line which fortified Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie.

Sky Moon Jie was not immediately next to Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie, but it wasn't far from it, so it was in a very dangerous situation. Many sects of Sky Moon Jie had already started to prepare for migration.

This was the news from five days ago.

What had frozen Zuo Mo's heart was that he had not received any news from his own sect. News from five days ago, with Wu Kong Sword Sect's present status, they couldn't be ignorant of it. If he moved now, he couldn't meet up with the sect unless the sect migrated to Little Mountain Jie. But if they were going through Little Mountain Jie, they would have notified him so he could prepare to receive them.

But he hadn't received anything.

He knew that he was set on a different path from the sect after this incident.

He wasn't sad. In reality, when he had came out of the sword essence formation, he had sensed it coming, but he hadn't thought the day would come so quickly. The present Wu Kong Sword Sect had long not been the Wu Kong Sword Sect of the past.

Never mind, he should think of way to protect himself. It was better to rely on himself than on others.

Zuo Mo's idea was quite different than anyone else. He decided to keep guarding Desolate Wood Reef. Desolate Wood Reef's environment was special. Adding on the Skyring Moon Chime Formation, and the golden armor guards, he could basically guarantee his own safety. If it was needed, he could enter Little Mountain Jie through the jie river at any time.

But before that, he needed to increase his own strength. Otherwise, with his zhuji cultivation and despite his large wealth of jingshi, not a piece of him would remain. If he left, he would take the shidi with him.

He had found all the materials for the five essence sword set. Also, his cultivation, which hadn't moved for such a long time, finally had started to grow.

At this time, it was better to control his personality and increase his own strength before anything else.

The re-forging of Water Drop sword was very quick, only taking one day. He added a piece of fourth-grade Crimson Fire Rock. Even though that did not elevate it to fourth-grade, it rose to the top of third-grade. The outer layer of the Water Drop sword had an additional aura of bright red flame that constantly burned.

Zuo Mo renamed it [Water Fire Sword].

The Teeth Vine was soaked in a "ling spring." There were no ling springs on the Desolate Wood Reef. This ling spring was one that Zuo Mo made himself using formations. The effect was not as good as natural ling springs. Zuo Mo could only increase the time it spent in the water.

The ten days it should have taken to forge, were extended to thirty days by Zuo Mo.

The Blue Icicle Crystal, the Breath Rock, and the Fox Teeth were all fourth-grade materials. It was almost impossible for Zuo Mo at present to forge them. He could only process them into sword billets. When his cultivation reached ningmai and he had absorbed Golden Crow Fire, could he finish the forging.

All of his other time was spent on meditation.

In this period of time, even Pu Yao who usually disdained Zuo Mo's cultivation, intelligently chose to remain silent. Also, Pu Yao was very busy in this time.

Zuo Mo received a flying sword message from his Master. On there, it said that Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie had collapsed, and the sect decided to

move to Bright Wave Jie. She told Zuo Mo to be careful and protect himself. It also told him he could enter other sects. If there was a chance, he could also go to Bright Wave Jie to find them.

Zuo Mo put the flying sword message into his ring, and turned back to his meditation.

On the Desolate Wood Reef, the black lake had been completely transformed.

The inky black pond water now glowed darkly. On the shore, a simple and old-fashioned stone altar had taken form. Thirty something little yao guards continuously took water from the black water pond and poured it onto the stone tiles of the altar.

The stone tiles were like sponges. No matter how much black water was poured onto the surface, they didn't leave one drop behind.

Pu Yao looked at the altar, not saying a word.

The number of xiuzhe that passed through Desolate Wood Reef increased over the days. At the beginning, there were little crowds. After a while, it turned to a continuous flow.

The power of the Skyring Moon Chime formation was much higher than before, so the consumption of jingshi was also much higher. Each day, it needed twenty pieces of third-grade jingshi to remain active. However, even though it was very expensive, but the strength exuded by the Brahma sound ring, and the Skyring Moon Chime Formation, prevented the passing xiuzhe from daring to have any greedy thoughts.

The rumors were that the Black Wind Bandits had attacked the Desolate Wood Reef, but ended up all being annihilated. There were also rumors that Zuo Mo was selling Golden Crow Fire. As long as they could pay the price or had good things to trade, they could buy it at any time.

Each xiuzhe that came onto the island would ask around about these two pieces of news when they landed.

As the flow of people increased, Zuo Mo's daily income also shot up. However, he didn't have any time to put on it. Each day, he furiously

meditated, hoping to quickly break through to ningmai.

In comparison, Lil' Pagoda was living very well these past days. The large amounts of talismans and materials that Zuo Mo had gotten from the Black Wind Bandits were quite good. Since Zuo Mo could not use them, and there was no place he could sell them, he decided to feed it all to Lil' Pagoda.

Lil' Pagoda flowed with light. Compared to the fragility of the past, it seemed to be brimming with life.

The tip of the tower that had been as sharp as a sword was now much more round. The slender body seemed much broader. The past Five Colored Pagoda gave people the feeling of darkness and sharpness. Now, it was more lively and nimble, the aura of killing was much smaller. What Zuo Mo felt most strange about were the five little gourds appeared on the eaves of the first level.

The five little gourds were all of different colors, belonging to the five elements. They were the size of a grain of a rice. If Zuo Mo did not look closely, he wouldn't have found them.

Zuo Mo and Lil' Pagoda communicated many times on the use of the five little gourds. Lil' Pagoda tried very hard to explain, but Zuo Mo didn't understand even after a long time. Full of anticipation, Zuo Mo couldn't do anything except throw the question to one side.

To Zuo Mo's joy, Lil' Pagoda spat out a piece of grey mud again. It was slightly larger than last time, about the size of his thumb. Zuo Mo put the little bit of grey mud into his ring.

The other shidi also knew now that the sect had already left Sky Moon Jie. Everyone's mood became terrible. Some people joined other sects. Zuo Mo didn't stop them. In situations like this, they were certainly free to enter other sects.

Power and responsibility were tied together. The sect surrendered their responsibilities to them. Accordingly, they also surrendered the power to constrain them.

All of Zuo Mo's efforts were put on cultivation.

He could feel his cultivation progressing extremely quickly. On a certain day, he finally started his charge at ningmai!

Chapter 197: Ningmai!

The ling power inside Zuo Mo's body was thick like a cloud as it filled his channels. If it was not being channeled they would be abnormally quiet and flow extremely slow as though they had stopped.

This was a characteristic unique to zhuji ling power. The ling power in Zuo Mo's body was thick like rain clouds, showing that his cultivation had reached the peak of zhuji.

The reason that his cultivation had grown so rapidly recently was all due to a strange repulsion at the little holes in his dantian. Before, any ling power he absorbed would spill from the little holes. Right now, the holes still existed but the ling power in his dantian would not spill and leave.

Zuo Mo was very suspicious that this strange repelling force was caused by the draw of earth energy away from his body as this began occurring after the earth energy had tempered his body.

However, the mysteries of channels were not something a little person like Zuo Mo could understand. He quickly threw it to the back of his mind and started to cultivate.

The cloud-like ling power relentlessly circulated in his body. Zuo Mo had already maintained this for four hours. His ling power was active while his mind and body were all at their best condition.

He started to charge into ningmai!

All the ling power in his body were roused, they started to flow through the channels at a speed Zuo Mo was familiar with.

Ningmai, or concentrating channels, required condensing the mist-like ling power into liquid form ling power. The simplest way was to continuously absorb ling power thus increasing the density of ling power causing it to condense from gas into liquid.

However, the process was not so simple when this condensation occurred in real life. After one's cultivation reached the peak of zhuji, they would encounter resistance when they absorbed ling power. If they could

not absorb ling power they could not increase the density of ling power.

Many people found themselves stuck at this gate into ningmai.

There were many ways to break through to the stage of ningmai, such as lingdan. The markets would sell Ningmai Dan. The success rate was high but not everyone liked to use them. Different than zhuji, those in ningmai stage started to comprehend the laws of the world. The breakthrough to ningmai was a wonderful opportunity to comprehend all kinds of laws. Xiuzhe who had confidence and high aspirations for themselves usually would not chose the Ningmai Dan but to comprehend by themselves.

Zuo Mo chose to comprehend it himself.

With his present wealth it was very easy to buy a Ningmai Dan, but he was understood that the easier the beginning was the easier it was to trip at later stages. If he walked more steadily at the beginning, even if he suffered more, the beneficial it would be for him later.

He had grown in this half year, and with the recent battle he had grown rapidly.

This kind of growth was not just in cultivation and formations, it was also the growth of his mind. Continuously encountering certain things caused him to understand many things. Even though it was hard to change his habit of taking shortcuts when possible, but regarding cultivation, he was abnormally steadfast.

Carefully channeling the ling power in his body his spiritual leaf hand opened like a flower. Any change in his ling power would be instantly detected by the leaf hand.

Using spiritual power had become Zuo Mo's instinct. After he started [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] he became used to using his consciousness in any situation.

This habit had given him many benefits. He became even more determined to persist in this habit.

The mist-like ling power continuously magnified in front of his eyes. He could even see tinier wisps of ling power swimming within. They were like

a group of tadpoles. They appeared to be one but the interior was made up of countless little entities.

There was a weak attraction between wisps of ling power, but as the ling power in the channels continued to increase there was a kind of repulsion that occurred between the ling power. The amount of ling power in the channels had reached a limit!

For some reason, Zuo Mo suddenly thought of Wu Kong Mountains, thought of the time that he had been farming in ling fields at Wu Kong Mountain.

A faint sorrow slowly flowed at the bottom of his heart. The ling power inside his body seemed to feel his emotions and instantly slowed down.

It took only a short while for Zuo Mo to fight his way out of the sadness. The world could not be predicted. He had started to learn how to deal with these emotions. He didn't hold any hatred towards Wu Kong Sword Sect. The sect leader's choice was not wrong at the core. With the exception of a few conservative and extremely old sects the great majority of sects were extremely mobile.

He just had never thought this would happen to him.

Focusing Zuo Mo controlled his thoughts and brought his attention back on his ling power.

He knew why he would suddenly recall farming ling fields on Wu Kong Mountain. The mist made him think of [Little Art of Cloud and Rain].

He was so familiar with the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] he couldn't be any more familiar. It was the spell out of the five basic spells that he had the deepest comprehension of. For a long time, he had relied on it to not starve.

Wasn't the the process of ningmai just transforming water element power to rain?

The [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] required first to use the spell to gather water element power. When the power reached a certain level, it would form water drops and fall as rain, nurturing the ling fields.

The two were so similar!

How did ling rain form? Zuo Mo was too familiar. In the past, in order to study the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], he almost took apart everything in the the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain].

Water element power was invisible and intangible. It could not directly turn to water drops. There were two requirements: one was having enough water element power, the other was collisions. The water element power had to collide among themselves. Only through mutual collisions to overcome the repulsion between the water element power could water drops form. The water drop would increase in size and condense in the air.

One way worked so it worked for ten thousand problems.

Zuo Mo's thoughts became abnormally clear and he was very confident that his direction was not wrong.

Since the ling power in his body had reached a limit and no matter how he tried, he could not absorb any more ling power, then what he needed to do now was to cause the ling power to collide.

To cause the collisions in [Little Art of Cloud and Rain], Zuo Mo used turbulence in the air. The changes in air flow would cause the water element power to continuously collide.

Naturally, this method would not work on ling power. Other than ling power, the channels did not contain anything else.

His direction was not wrong. What he had to find now was a realistic method.

After thinking for a while, he thought of a way. Smashing ling power!

If he split his ling power into two parts and then made them smash into each other at high speeds, would that accomplish the effects of a collision?

His mind became alert. It would be difficult for others to use their mind for two things at once, but he possessed the leaf hand, it wasn't a problem.

He didn't rashly start but continued to sit and ponder.

He thought through every possible problem that he could think off. Some questions that he didn't know the answers to, he would only know when he tried it.

Zuo Mo decided to start experimenting.

He split the ling power inside his body to two parts

The spiritual leaf hand started to shake, two portions of ling power started to move along their own paths. One half of ling power flowed through the channels on his left side, revolving clockwise. The other half of his ling power flowed through the channels on his right and revolved counter-clockwise.

Zuo Mo's mind was clear, untainted by mortal matters, no sorrow or joy.

On his body, there was none of the frugality and worldliness that he usually had, but a faint and clean aura.

His ling power circulated while gradually speeding up.

The reason that low level xiuzhe attacks were so weak, besides their cultivation, was that they were limited by the speed the ling power circulated through their body. When high level xiuzhe thought, their ling power would be like a tsunami, and a killing move would form. For low level xiuzhe, even if they managed to respond in time, and channeled the ling power in their body, the time that was needed was much longer than high level xiuzhe.

But as Zuo Mo continued to speed up the circulation, the speed of the two groups of ling power had reached the limits of his endurance. His channels started to hurt.

The intensity was pretty much enough!

Zuo Mo gritted his teeth. The two high speed flows of ling power moved simultaneously from up and down towards his dantian!

The dantian was the place chose for the collision. Compared to the narrow channels, the dantian was much broader and the amount of ling power it could tolerate was much higher.

This held a certain degree of danger. The dantian was the nexus of all the channels in the body. If he made a mistake then it would be a calamity.

Cultivation was to go against the natural order and it was full of dangers. This was just ningmai. If his cultivation deepened, he would encounter more dangers such as heart demons and heavenly tribulations, and risk the destruction of his soul at any time.

Knowing that there was danger, Zuo Mo's mind was abnormally clear without any fear.

Two high speed ling power flows charged into the dantian and collided without any finesse!

Zuo Mo's body shook, his head ringing. It was as though he had been struck by a large hammer. He felt his body boil. There was an instant where his soul was outside his body, his mind completely blank, not knowing what was happening.

But when Zuo Mo woke up, he felt his body was unspeakably comfortable, soft and relaxed, so comfortable that he wanted to groan!

Zuo Mo did not sink into this comfort. He carefully inspected the changes in the ling power at his dantian.

A strange scene was occurring in front of him.

The two flows of mist that had ran head first at each other merged into a ball of ling power, and this ling power ball was slowly drizzling rain.

The feeling of comfort was from the ling power raining down at the dantian.

As the ling power continued to collide, the ling power rain constantly rained down on the dantian. In a little while, the dantian turned to a little pond.

Zuo Mo was overjoyed!

These water-like ling power meant that Zuo Mo had successfully entered ningmai!

He suppressed the happiness inside and carefully channeled the two streams of ling power. When all the ling power had collided, that was completion!

The ling power fell like rain.

Zuo Mo patiently waited for the last thread of ling power to turn collide into drops and land in the ling power pond below.

Feeling his dantian was hollow, Zuo Mo took out a piece of jingshi and furiously absorbed.

When the ling power was absorbed inside his body, he repeated the process and turned the ling power into liquid. Zuo Mo absorbed three pieces of third-grade jingshi before his dantian felt slightly filled.

He stopped.

Opening his eyes, he could not disguise the joy he felt. The ling power in his body was three times what he had in zhuji. This now was just after he had broken through.

He finally understood why ningmai was so much stronger than zhuji.

At some unknown time, his body had become wet, a sticky black layer pasted onto his body and emitting a nasty odour.

Zuo Mo hurriedly cast the [Little Art of Cloud and Rain] and washed his body clean. The black substance were impurities from his body.

After finishing, Zuo Mo felt his body was filled with ling power, unable to stop himself from howling.

Lil' Pagoda that was in charge of the [Sky Ring Moon Chime] Formation simultaneously started the formation with a ring from the Buddha Sound Hoop.

All of Desolate Wood Reef could hear it.

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo's first spell makes an appearance back again. This is his version understanding ningmai. Other people probably

have to comprehend different things.

There's a lot that can be argued about the decisions Wu Kong Sword Sect made but the first matter is to say that Fang Xiang really created characters that are controversial yet relatable, not one-sided selfish antagonists. By the time I got to these chapters, it was almost entirely relief that the struggle is over. I go through the process of anger and relief every time I reread.

These elders are not the all-knowing and wise elders that exist in some stories, they are imperfect individuals that make decisions based on the limited information they have. Each person has priorities and just because one of those priorities is lower on the list does not mean that it didn't mean anything. There is a whole series of decisions that created the choice at the end, and no one is faultless. You might say that Zuo Mo was doomed to leave once he encountered Pu Yao. At the same time, Zuo Mo may have influenced decisions that were made but he is almost always in the reactive position.

This is obviously been a case of the needs of the many outweighing the few as the elders prioritize the sect. From Pei Yuan Ran's perspective, this is the best result. He cannot sacrifice the safety of the sect which had just started to prosper, and was the lifelong goal of him and the other elders, for one ningmai disciple that most likely cannot pass on the sword teachings of the sect. While Shi Feng Rong may have made it to Desolate Wood Reef in three days, she most likely could not have flew back with Zuo Mo in three days, and that would be past the deadline for the move. Zuo Mo may be Shi Feng Rong's student, but she has other students like Xiao Guo. But I do not mean that this was the best decision to take for both Zuo Mo and the sect. As the story proceeds, the world will expand and many things will be explained.

Chapter 198: What Is The Situation?

After venting his joy, Zuo Mo gradually calmed down. He quickly made a new discovery. His vision had little tiny threads.

What was this?

Zuo Mo's heart moved and he started using his scripture.

As expected, these strands flowed towards him.

Ling energy!

So that was how ling energy looked in the air! Zuo Mo suddenly realized. Quickly, another question popped up in his head. Then where did the ling energy in the air come from? Ling veins? Then where did ling veins come from... ..

Zuo Mo laughed. Not even jindan experts could explain these topics. He was just a ningmai, what was the use in thinking so much?

He brought his attention back to his body. Now that he broke through to ningmai there were many places that needed a reassessment.

If someone asked Zuo Mo what the dominant feeling of ningmai was, then it was the feeling of enough ling power!

The ling power in his body was three times what it had been previously. The feeling of having enough ling power was extremely pleasurable, as though his body was filled with power. The lack of ling power had been his biggest limit before. Now that he had broken through the limit it was an exhilarating feeling. The spells that he could not complete before he could easily cast them now.

This was just the first stratum of ningmai.

He made a rough guess of the ling power inside his body. It was about three jing. When one reached ningmai, the ling power inside the body was measured with a new unit—jing. The ling power of one jing was the ling power contained in a standard third-grade jingshi.

The peak of the first stratum of ningmai was about ten jing.

After that, he would reach a period of steady growth.

The ling power in ningmai was far purer than in zhuji. There was a change of properties in regard to power and control.

Zuo Mo flipped his hands, threads of fire began dancing. In an instant a Four Turn fire formation had taken form. There was none of the previous difficulty. The feeling of ease made it enjoyable for Zuo Mo.

Previously, when he then tried using Li Water Burning Heavens, this move would have taken half of his ling power, but now it was easily accomplished. The flame like water carried a killing intent with it. Zuo Mo, having killed now, had a slight aura of killing that he did not have before. The plentiful ling power flooded through the sword, the water-shaped flame was abnormally detailed.

Ling power was the foundation of a xiuzhe. Without ling power even if one had the best talismans, they could not be used. An example were fourth-grade talismans; to use killing moves with flying swords under fourth-grade, it would usually take one jing of ling power. Zuo Mo was able to use it three times now. In zhuji, he could only just manage it once.

Li Water Burning Heavens was a killing move. Zuo Mo had to almost use half of his ling power to use it one. Now that his ling power was more pure the expenditure was also less. He could easily cast it ten times.

To use an intermediate fourth-grade flying sword to cast a killing move, it would use approximately two jing of ling power.

Good talismans were powerful, but the ling power they consumed were also very terrifying. Not everyone could use them. Only the best talismans were powerful and used little ling power, like the soul-tethered talismans. But those talismans were a matter of luck.

The exhilarated Zuo Mo furiously worked himself.

Chun Yu Cheng carefully inspected the butterfly chrysalises in the beast pool. Three butterfly chrysalis silently hung on the wall of the best pool. The patterns on each of the butterfly chrysalis were different. One was multi-colored, another was faint blue, and the last one was grey and nondescript. Of the six infant worms, only three had become chrysalises. This success rate was not very high, but Chun Yu Cheng was not demotivated instead he was full of anticipation.

The transformation process of the three infant larva had been completely different than any he had seen before. From the patterns on the chrysalises, the three ling butterflies would be different types.

This point made him sigh. In his previous experience, he had never encountered this kind of situation. The treatment of the three infant larva had not been different. Theoretically, the mature ling butterflies should have been the same type, and only differed in quality.

The more he studied the beast pool, the more wondrous he found the beast pool.

He still held a grudge about the incident with the Black Wind Bandits. That feeling of helplessness, of only being able to watch, he would never forget in his life. Having been stimulated, he put two hundred percent of his effort into these ling butterflies.

Being abandoned by the sect was not a huge blow to him. He had only been in Wu Kong Sword Sect for a short period of time, and didn't have a strong sense of belonging to the sect. He knew that many of the shixiong were leaving, but he did not go with them.

After these days, his confidence in Zuo Mo far surpassed his confidence in sects.

Compared to the tragic outlook of other people, he felt this situation was pretty good. At least, Zuo Shixiong would not be restrained by the sect, his future prospects may even be better. Gongsun Cha Shidi also did not leave. The three most powerful people in this group were still together.

Those people that left would definitely regret it, he thought.

Quickly, he threw those thoughts far away, his eyes staring at the beast pool.

Sounds of footsteps came over. He didn't turn around. A head appeared over his shoulder.

"How is it?" Gongsun Cha asked in a low voice.

The two of them chose to stay and their relationship had become close. Gongsun Cha was a butcher, but they hadn't hunted any ling beasts recently, so he was very idle. Zuo Mo was in seclusion everyday so he only had Chun Yu Cheng's company.

The duty of taking the tolls landed on Gongsun Cha's body. This guy looked gentle and refined but his face was thick, his heart dark, and extremely brave. Facing ningmai experts, he wasn't timid at all, tearing pieces off. The docile Chun Yu cheng could only gape as he watched.

"Soon," Chun Yu Cheng didn't dare to move his eyes away, nervousness was apparent in his voice.

Gongsun Cha wasn't so nervous. He looked in interest at the three chrysalises in the beast pool.

Boop, a light sound. The multi-colored chrysalis was the first to move. It first swayed and then something broke through and made a little hole. Chun Yu Cheng's gaze became even more nervous.

A dash of multiple colors flashed through the little hole, and a nimble multi-colored butterfly appeared in the beast pool.

Joy came onto Chun Yu Cheng's face.

Boop boop. Another two sounds. Soon, another two ling butterflies appeared in the beast pool, one grey, one blue.

Thee ling butterflies danced in the beast pool nimbly, but no matter how they flew, they could not fly out of the beast pool.

Chun Yu Cheng's expression was excited. At the side, Gongsun Cha laughed, and hurriedly reminded, "Take a look!"

Hearing this, Chun Yu Cheng came back to his senses and his hands

cast a spell. A dash of light flew out of his hands and accurately covered the multi-colored ling butterfly.

His eyes suddenly widened as though he had seen something he could not believe.

Gongsun Cha hurriedly asked, "How is it?"

Chun Yu Cheng's lips trembled. He didn't speak, his hands casting another spell covering another ling butterfly. His eyes that had been wide suddenly bulged, his lips trembling again!

"What is it, tell me!" Gongsun Cha's curiosity had been stirred and he pressed for an answer.

Chun Yu Cheng still didn't speak, his lips trembling without stopping like waves. His hands were not very smooth as they cast a spell, stuttering so much that he failed a few times before he succeeded.

Another dash of light flew out and covered the last ling butterfly.

It was like he was struck with a body paralysis curse, suddenly freezing and looking in a daze at the ling butterfly covered in the light.

"Is there a problem?" Gongsun Cha felt his heart was speeding up. He swore inside, damn it, this docile and reliable really guy knows how to whet someone's appetite!

At this time, he suddenly heard Chun Yu Cheng shriek. He jumped in fright and turned over to face.

Chun Yu Cheng, face bright red, fell backwards like a piece of wood.

This, this what was this situation

Gongsun Cha gaped at he stood in his spot, not understanding what the situation was.

Zuo Mo contentedly came out of the lava cave. Having broken through

into ningmai, the insecurity in his heart had lessened greatly. To say of nothing else, just stepping into ningmai, with the aid of the big formation of the Desolate Wood Reef, he wasn't afraid of ningmai third stratum experts.

If he used some more thought, and forge the five essence sword set, his power would increase a few more fractions.

His howl had alarmed all of the Desolate Wood Reef. The xiuzhe that had been staying on the island instantly understood that Zuo Mo had broken through to ningmai. The xiuzhe that had previously been restless instantly became quiet. No matter how strong the formation was, before people saw it, many did not believe it.

Zuo Mo did not lack for fame, but what was also famous was his zhuji cultivation. In the eyes of the great majority, this point was enough to erase his advantages in other areas.

This was Sky Moon Jie, dominated by sword xiu Sky Moon Jie.

But now, Zuo Mo had managed to fill in the last shortcoming. In the hearts of others, Zuo Mo's danger had risen linearly. A ningmai xiuzhe who could fight ningmai when he was in zhuji, his danger did not have to be stated now that he was in ningmai.

All of that didn't have much to do with Zuo Mo. He was hungering after his five essence sword set, but before that, he had to first absorb Golden Crow Fire.

After the Stalagmite fire turned to Inky Black Lava White Fire, it was a third-grade fire seed. However, for the present Zuo Mo, it wasn't quite enough. After a third-grade fire was used with the Four-Turn fire formation, it could barely process fourth-grade materials. It could barely forge fourth-grade materials like Fox Teeth and Blue Icicle Crystal into sword billets. But if he wanted to forge a flying sword, it was not enough.

For other people, finding a fourth-grade fire seed was as difficult as ascending to the Heavens, but for Zuo Mo, he completely did not have worry about this area.

The amount of Golden Crow Fire on his hands could be counted in double digits.

Golden Crow Fire was a rare fine quality specimen in fourth-grade fire seeds, and was one of the most sought after fire seeds.

But the problem that Zuo Mo faced was a difficult one. Was he to use the pure Golden Crow Fire to replace Inky Black Lava White Fire, or use the Golden Crow Fire as the primary body and merge it with Inky Black Lava White Fire?

Both actions had their advantages and disadvantages.

Pure Golden Crow Fire was undoubtedly strong in its power but its domineering and yang qualities made it so that it could be used to process a smaller range of items. If Inky Black Lava White Fire was added, the power would not be as good as pure Golden Crow Fire, but because it had many qualities it could be used to process a larger range of items. For example, it could process cold and icy items like the Blue Icicle Crystal, but pure Golden Crow Fire could not do that.

It really was a painful problem. Zuo Mo had a headache.

Just at this time, he saw Gongsun Cha pant as he ran over in a panic. Seeing him, the other shouted, “Shixiong, not good! Chun Shidi has fainted!”

*

Translator Ramblings: Yes, his ningmai breakthrough was simple but does it have to be complicated? Most people do not have very noisy and eye-catching breakthroughs. Think about the waste of energy for all that light and noise.

Only Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng remain of the disciples that came with Zuo Mo from Wu Kong Sword Sect. Remember, Zuo Mo deliberately picked disciples that hadn’t entered the sect for long and were production xiu. So leaving is the rational decision for these disciples.

We are introduced to the levels of ningmai and the concept of jing. It’s weird how stages in cultivation are divided sometimes, which provides

interesting ways that authors play with special talents, equipment, and the attacks. Zuo Mo was able to fight people above his ling power level, because his consciousness and physical strength was stronger which increased his overall cultivation. You could say he has hidden attributes. Putting numbers on each level is sometimes risky because then people wonder how a person gathers energy so much more quickly. For an “in-universe” explanation, you could say that each level is to reach a certain understanding of energies, and the amount of ling power in a body is just a construct used to measure others for their “value” and so they don’t end up provoking someone more than two times as powerful as they are even though they are on the same stage.

Chapter 199: Beast Service Card

When Zuo Mo hurried to the beast pool, but when he saw the glowing Chun Yu Cheng, he stopped in his tracks.

“Didn’t you say he fainted?” Zuo Mo turned around and saw Gongsun Cha’s stunned face.

“He clearly”

Chun Yu Cheng became even more exuberant when he saw Zuo Mo and came charging over, “Shixiong Shixiong! Success! We’re successful!”

Zuo Mo didn’t know what was going on. “Success? What success?”

“Ling butterflies!” Chun Yu Cheng spread his hands. There were three jade cards in his hands

Beast Service Cards!

Zuo Mo’s eyes lit up, and unconsciously raised his voice. “Really? Let me see!”

Beast Service Card, a piece of four cun long and one and a half cun jade board. There were lucky clouds at the four corners. At the very center, a butterfly was motionless. Holding it in his hand, Zuo Mo flipped it over several times.

“So this is a beast service card!” Gongsun Cha threw his previous inquiry to the back of his mind and crowded over.

Zuo Mo did not scorn Gongsun Cha’s excitement. It was the first time he had seen a beast service card as well. The earth-plowing earthworm and other ling beasts that he used before were too low in grade, and didn’t have the qualifications to use beast service cards. Only high grade ling beasts would need beast service cards.

To store a ling beast into the card was to process and then make it submit to the owner, so the beast would follow the owner’s orders. The beast service card was also the residence of the ling beast.

“What’s the grade of the three ling butterflies?” Zuo Mo still flipped and

caressed the card.

The patterns on the three beast service cards were similar but all had their own characteristics. One of the cards had multicolored patterns, one was entirely blue, the last grey-white.

Chun Yu Cheng was full of pride. “The multicolored is the peak of third-grade, the rest are high third-grade.”

Facing the expectant eyes of the other two, he took the three beast service cards and introduced, “The ling butterfly that is multicolored has three spells, Rainbow Pupils, Illusion Poison, and Poison Change. I’ve never heard of the three spells before so I do not know what the effects are. Shixiong will need to investigate it yourself. Third-grade ling beasts that can use three spells naturally are the best of third-grade. But these three spells are really weird. The Dong Fu Poisonous Moth is only second-grade, why would this ling butterfly be primarily poisonous... ..”

As he spoke, Chun Yu Cheng slowly wandered off the beaten path of conversation yet again.

Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha helplessly exchanged a look. It wasn’t the first time they had encountered this kind of situation. Chun Yu Cheng was a maniac about raising animals, so at any time, he could digress on a topic.

Zuo Mo lightly coughed.

Chun Yu Cheng seemed to wake from his dream, bashfully scratching his forehead, “Oh, let’s continue. This blue butterfly has two spells, but both are water element spells. It looks like it isn’t any different from Rain Mark Butterfly, but it definitely isn’t a Rain Mark Butterfly. So strange”

Seeing he was going to wander off again, Gongsun Cha hurriedly reminded, “The last one?”

“Oh,” Chun Yu Cheng was pulled back, “This grey butterfly is also very unique. It only has one spell, Ling Eye. This grey butterfly is most suitable for Gongsun Shidi. Ling Eyes can detect the density of ling energy. If it is used to dismember beasts, it is a great aid!”

Gongsun Cha did not hesitate in taking the grey butterfly's beast service card from his hands, "This one is mine."

Zuo Mo naturally chose the multicolored beast service card. For things that he did not understand, he always followed the most basic rationale – choose the most expensive one.

Chun Yu Cheng did not have much interest in the remaining beast service card. "We should sell this one. High third-grade, it can sell for a pretty good price."

Zuo Mo thought, and then shook his head. "Shidi, take it. The situation is not good now, if you have it, Shidi can have a measure of self-protection."

"Exactly!" Gongsun Cha agreed.

"Okay," Chun Yu Cheng nodded, "But my cultivation is low. If I want to process this beast service card, it would take a lot of time."

"It's worth it no matter how long you spend," Zuo Mo said.

"Then the beast pool, we're not using it anymore?" Chun Yu Cheng understood what Zuo Mo meant.

"No," Zuo Mo shook his head. "Let's destroy it so it won't land on other people's hands."

Chun Yu Cheng and Gongsun Cha became silent, the mood instantly becoming heavy.

Seeing the two seem very dejected, especially Chun Yu Cheng, Zuo Mo comforted, "It's fine. When we find a new place to rest, we can build a new one."

Chun Yu Cheng finally looked more expectant.

Gongsun Cha suddenly said, "I just heard a shout before. Did Shixiong break into ningmai?"

"That was me," Zuo Mo nodded.

The two instantly became lighter, the depression on their hearts

sweeping away.

Chun Yu Cheng smiled and said, "That's great! Shixiong is in ningmai, now I can sleep peacefully at night!" He was full of confidence in Zuo Mo.

Gongsun Cha did not speak, but there was a light in his eyes, the smile on his face unspeakably devious, "Our income isn't bad recently. At least fifty or sixty people everyday, at max one hundred people. Each person is charged one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi. Overall, the daily income is ten to twenty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi."

"Ten to twenty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi" Zuo Mo sucked in a breath. All of his discomfort and dejection were instantly swept away. This terrifying number made his little heart beat rapidly.

A short time ago, one piece of fourth-grade jingshi was an enormous sum for him.

As expected, it was easy to get rich in troubled times!

Even bandit leaders like Zhang Hao only carried about ten or so pieces of fourth-grade jingshi on his body. That was Zuo Mo's daily income now!

An enormous feeling of good fortune surrounded Zuo Mo. He felt he had never been so rich before!

Jingshi increase a person's courage. Zuo Mo's confidence shot up. So what if there was yaomo? These days, there were no monsters that could not be smashed to death with jingshi!

"Hee hee, according to my estimates, this is just the beginning. After a while, the migration will reach a peak. A conservative estimate would be five hundred xiuzhe passing through each day." Gongsun Cha's refined and delicate face smiled softly and darkly, making Chun Yun Cheng's body feel cold.

"Five hundred" Zuo Mo felt so many jingshi were flying in front of his eyes, his heart was flying.

One person was one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi, five hundred people, that was one hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi

No matter what the price of commodities had grown to now, one hundred pieces of fourth-grade jingshi was definitely a number with great purchasing power.

“However, this jingshi isn’t that easy to make,” Gongsun Cha slowly said.

Zuo Mo’s heated head instantly cleared, “What? People dare to plot against us?” When he said this, his voice was full of killing intent.

“Groups with many members may not be willing to pay,” Gongsun Cha said shortly.

Zuo Mo recovered from the blow of jingshi. That was right. If a group had many people, they would definitely not be willing to pay the toll. One hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi was fine for ningmai, but it was not an insignificant sum for zhuji xiuzhe.

A single person would be afraid of the formation on the island and the golden armor guards, but if there were many people, the situation would not be easy to control.

For jingshi, Zuo Mo had more enthusiasm than anyone, his brains calculating faster than anyone else.

“That’s easy. We can hire some ningmai sword xiu. One hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi a day. This price, we can hire many ningmai sword xiu.” Zuo Mo smirked, “I’m in ningmai now. I can expand the formation.”

“Who won’t give the jingshi, ge will destroy their souls!” Zuo Mo said hatefully.

Gongsun Cha’s eyes were bright while Chun Yu Cheng’s face was full of shock.

Hong Yang saw the little island coming up and released a breath inside. It wasn’t just him, the ten guards behind him also released a breath. Long flights were exhausting. There was a little island up head. They could

finally rest for a while.

“That should be the Desolate Wood Reef. We can use the area to rest and recover. After two days, we will pass the jie river,” he ordered.

The ten guards protected him as they flew towards the Desolate Wood Reef.

Hong Yang was the storekeeper of a large merchant business who had been sent to Sky Moon Jie. He had recently received an order from the merchant house for him to take all of the store’s jingshi and important talismans to leave Sky Moon Jie and enter Little Mountain Jie.

When he received this order, he had almost assumed that someone was pretending to send a false order. Only when he personally went to confirm it did he know what was happening. So he took the ten strongest guards of the shop, and made a low-key escape to Little Mountain Jie.

As the procession flew near Desolate Wood Reef, they unconsciously slowed their speed.

In the sky above the Desolate Wood Reef, a golden sun hung high, countless golden threads falling down. Many rings of light were strung on the golden strings, occasionally chiming.

Before nearing, Hong Yang felt the domineering and pressuring presence from the formation.

Such a powerful formation!

He was shocked. He wasn’t a country bumpkin. To be able to manage the merchant business of one jie, his eyes were undoubtedly skilled.

“Ah!” One of the guards gasped in shock.

“What is it?” He couldn’t help ask.

“This formation seems a bit like the formation that the Sword Test Conference’s Zuo Mo used,” The guard pondered for a long time before saying, “But above Zuo Mo’s formation was a moon, this formation has a sun.”

“Zuo Mo” Hong Yang chewed on this name. One of the most

accomplished disciples of Wu Kong Sword Sect, he naturally knew about him. But his information channels were wide. He also knew that Wu Kong Sword Sect had already moved to Bright Wave Jie. A core disciple like Zuo Mo definitely wouldn't remain in Sky Moon Jie.

However, it was better to be careful. He was carrying large amounts of jingshi and talismans on his body and naturally had to be careful. Even more, the presence of the formation could not lie. No matter who was it that set up the formation, a person able to set up such a large formation wasn't a simple person.

"This one's group would like to borrow space to rest for a few days," he shouted.

"Welcome, thank you for your patronage, each person one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi," A soft voice passed out of the formation.

One person one hundred piece of third-grade jingshi

This was extortion! This definitely was extortion!

The ten guards instantly became angry. One hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi was enough to buy a pretty good third-grade talisman! The leader of the guards even had his flying sword in his hand.

Hong Yang still kept his calm. This price was very high, but it wasn't as though he could not accept it. The other was not afraid to call a high price, they definitely had something they relied on.

"Alright!" Hong Yang did not hesitate in nodding.

The other did not seem to be afraid that he would go back on his word. The big formation moved, and revealed a passage.

"I'll go first," The leader of the guards did not forget his duty, and walked at the very front. He had the highest cultivation of all the guards. Of the ten guards, three were ningmai, the other seven were the peak of zhuji.

All of them acted as though they were facing a great enemy, their expressions nervous as they carefully proceeded into the passage.

Translation Ramblings:

Zuo Mo is really profiteering from the threat of the yaomo. Wu Kong Sword Sect cannot imagine just how much money they have missed out on.

I always wonder how people get the time to learn about all these items and materials when they spend all of their time cultivating and in seclusion. It's like there is an encyclopedia all these people get that we readers never get to see.

There was this post on reddit about parents in Chinese novels and I have to comment because it is something that is very interesting. Chinese xuanhuan and all kinds of fantasy generally have either absent/dead parents or good parents that support their son unconditionally. The core/inner family remains intact in memory or are all alive. The mother or father may be missing but the son will go on a trip and the parents will reunite. The dead/absent parents usually have been killed for enemies or are hiding to keep their enemies away from their child. Sibling conflict is rare with the main character helping out his siblings who seem to do nothing but take what their elder/younger sibling give them without any thoughts/feelings of their own. There is very rarely any divorce, unfaithfulness, or rape occurring between parents of the main character.

On the other hand, if you read more female-protagonist Chinese stories, there is a huge variety. Parents, usually the father, might be cheating on the wife, abusive, full of hate. The female protagonist can either be the love child or the one from the marriage. Absent parents due to lack of responsibility is common, and in historical novels, there is child-selling, abandoning the child due to their sex, using the child as a pawn to gain power or influence etc etc. With "compound-conflicts," you also get parents switching children at birth, abusive/selfish grandparents, and sibling conflicts being its own messy matter with struggles between the children of the legitimate wife and the concubines and even between sisters and brothers. There is a wider range of personalities, and perfect families are relatively less common.

All the disciples Zuo Mo took along to Desolate Wood Reef were

relatively new ones. I guess there is some confusion with my discussion on the last chapter. Essentially, Zuo Mo, Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng are this little groups that is staying on the reef. The other disciples have left with other sects that passed through, or are planning on leaving. Zuo Mo is switching from being a sect disciple to an independent (roaming xiu) and the other two are following him.

Chapter 200: Peddling

As he entered the passage the shock in Hong Yang's heart increased.

This jie river was the only passageway leading to Little Mountain Jie. He had crossed it so many times before that he had lost count. He remembered clearly this was the territory of Heart Lake Sword Sect and was guarded by a few disciples. He had had several interactions with these Heart Lake Sword Sect disciples. Every time he passed through he would give a few gifts to maintain a close the relationship.

He remembered those Heart Lake disciples had no interest in developing the Desolate Wood Reef so the Desolate Wood Reef was always very bare.

When did the Desolate Wood Reef become like this?

As he landed from the passage of the formation, what he saw along the way was high defenses, heavy jinzhi so much that if they put one foot out of the border, they would instantly be killed by the formation. The appearing and disappearing sounds landed in everyone's eyes like an intangible killing intent. The group walked as though there was a sword at their backs, their bodies cold, hairs standing on end. Even the face of the guard leader went from bright to dimd He clearly was very wary.

Such a big formation could not have been built in one day.

The shock in Hong Yang's heart increased, did Heart Lake Sword Sect do this? In reality, from the perspective of a businessperson Hong Yang felt that constructing a restricted area here was a very profitable business.

He decided to wait and see. One hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi per person was just a small number to him, but from the perspective of others, it was a just a reckless toll; it did not seem like something a big sect like Heart Lake Sword Sect would do.

What he was most afraid off was there would be no limit to the other's demands. Luckily, he had brought almost all the elite of the merchant house with him. Of the ten guards, three were ningmai experts, the others were all peak of zhuji.

As expected, when the world was in disorder anything could occur, Hong Yang sighed.

Welcoming him was a delicate and handsome youth and three golden armor guards.

The youth had a friendly smile on his face. His cultivation was not high, just zhuji.

Hong Yang's gaze landed on the three guards behind him, and he was stunned. Not just him, even the leader of the guards and the two other ningmai guards changed expression.

The three guards were completely covered in golden armor, only revealing their eyes. The three's gazes were cold and indifferent, without a hint of emotion. Their killing intent was tangible, each person was holding an exaggeratedly large broadsword that seemed designed to make people feel even more intimidated.

Where did these three come from?

The heart of the guard leader sunk to the bottom. The brutality revealed by the aura of the three golden armor guards surpassed any bandit he had ever encountered! All three made his heart move and feel a strong sense of danger. He knew what this meant. It meant that the cultivation of all three people were higher than him!

Hong Yang's heart was even more stunned. The gap between his cultivation and the three golden armor guards was even larger, so he felt it even more strongly. Ningmai! These three were actually ningmai! In an instant, he was able to judge the other was of uncommon origins.

In Sky Moon Jie, ningmai was the most powerful xiuzhe that could be hired, and even then it was very difficult to hire them. The three ningmai guards under his command had been sent by the merchant house. He had tried to hire his own but had never succeeded.

His eyes landed on the three.

The flying swords that the three golden armor guards were wearing, the golden ling armor covering their bodies, they were not ordinary!

“Your patronage is one hundred pieces of third-grade jingshi per person,” The youth’s voice was not loud, refreshing and clear as the spring wind.

Hong Yang refreshingly took out the jingshi he prepared and handed over, smiling and said, “What is this little brother called?”

“Uncle can call me Gongsun Cha,” Gongsun Cha smiled as he took the jingshi. Calculating the income today, the smile on his face became greater.

“Oh, so it is Little Gongsun Brother!” Hong Yang bowed with his hands, and pretended to be surprised, “Your sect is? This one has passed the Desolate Wood Reef many times, and has never seen the island so prosperous, your sect really is good at managing!”

Gongsun Cha smiled, “We are roaming xiu, no sect.”

Roaming xiu? Hong Yang almost spat blood. Was he kidding, the roaming xiu of Sky Moon Jie, how could they have such power?

Gongsun Cha pointed at a row of houses. “You can find a place to rest. No one will disturb you. If you need supplies, not far up ahead is a shop. Of course, the items will be a bit more expensive. You can rest, and leave at anytime, However, if you wish to enter again, you will need to pay the fee again.”

Finishing, Gongsun Cha left. He was a very busy person.

Seeing the other did not show signs of making more demands, Hong Yang’s heart finally rested. He was transporting an astonishing number of talismans, and naturally was very nervous, being suspicious along the trip.

They walked in the direction that Gongsun Cha had pointed in towards the houses.

The houses were very simple, each yard made from normal rocks without any decoration, and no comfort to speak of. However, many of the houses were occupied. Hong Yang suddenly stopped, “Is it Long Zhen Sanren?”

A middle-aged xiuzhe drinking in the yard suddenly raised his head, joyful surprise on his face, "Storekeeper Hong!" He hurriedly to stand and greet, "Come in, come in, I didn't think I would encounter Storekeeper Hong here, lucky lucky!"

Hong Yang motioned for the guards to guard the outside and walked in with the leader of the guards. He smiled and said, "Sanren's relaxed attitude, this little brother has never been able to learn it."

"Haha! Brother Hong always talks so well. Come come come, sit sit sit!" Long Zhen Sanren said.

Hong Yang was not courteous and sat down opposite Long Zhen Sanren. Long Zhen Sanren was one of his old acquaintances, and they had known each other before he had become the storekeeper and had kept in contact after that. Long Zhen Sanren was dedicated to cultivation. A decade ago, he had already broken through to ningmai second stratum, his present cultivation was unknown.

"Does Sanren know the history of the island owner?" Hong Yang asked in a low voice.

"Ha ha, Old Brother must have just entered the island," Long Zhen Sanren seemed to have expected that Hong Yang would ask, and said with the smile. "Old Brother definitely would not be unfamiliar with the owner of the island. This island was originally the property of Heart Lake Sword Sect, and then it switched to Wu Kong Sword Sect. Their disciple, Zuo Mo, was sent to guard this place."

"Didn't Wu Kong Sword Sect move to Bright Wave Jie?" Hong Yang could help but ask.

"Ha ha, Zuo Mo does not belong to a sect now, so he is the owner of the island," Long Zhen Sanren.

Hong Yang stilled and then gasped, "Impossible! How can Wu Kong Sword Sect abandon their core disciple? Even more, it is Zuo Mo!" The leader of the guards behind him also had a face full of disbelief. Such a talented disciple as Zuo Mo, no sect would easily abandon him.

"I don't understand what had happened, but right now, the master of the island is undoubtedly Zuo Mo," Long Zhen Sanren suddenly remembered something, "Speaking of it, Old Brother really came at a good time!"

"Oh, how so?" Hong Yang still hadn't recovered from the last shock and asked instinctively.

"This Zuo Mo is really a genius. He astounded everyone by making the Golden Crow Pill before. Now, somehow, he made Golden Crow Fire!" Long Zhen Sanren sighed.

"Golden Crow Fire!" Hong Yang jumped in fright, "Fourth-grade Golden Crow Fire?"

"Yes, that Golden Crow Fire!" Long Zhen Sanren smiled, "So I say that Old Brother really came at a good time. The news has not spread yet. Otherwise, countless people would have headed here already."

"Fourth-grade Golden Crow Fire" Hong Yang muttered.

Long Zhen Sanren took a drink of tea, "I heard the news when I encountered Bo Feng on the road. Pity that I have no power to purchase it. Old Brother, you might not know, but the Black Wind Bandits attacked this place, but they were all killed!"

He shook his head, sighing, "I was dumbstruck when I heard this news. All killed! And it was the Black Wind Bandits! If Wu Kong Sword Sect learned this, they would be so regretful. Zhuji and able to kill the Black Wind Bandits, we have really wasted our lives."

"Just a few days earlier, he broke through to ningmai. Such a genius, I have never heard of one like him!"

Hong Yang seemed to be struck by lightning, his entire head ringing. Long Zhen Sanren had given him too much news, so much he needed time to digest it. They chatted for a little more before he bid farewell. He needed to digest all this.

The next day, he found Gongsun Cha.

“I heard that the island is selling Golden Crow Fire. This one wishes to buy.”

Gongsun Cha brought Hong Yang to Zuo Mo.

When Hong Yang saw Zuo Mo, the stone in his heart landed. Zuo Mo could be considered one of the most talented and famous youths in Sky Moon Jie, and he was skilled in making dan. His business reputation had been very good before.

When he heard about the Golden Crow Fire, he couldn't sit still. Fourth-grade Golden Crow Fire was not something that he could buy when he wanted to. If he had a chance to buy it, his heart moved. If he could buy Golden Crow Fire, it could be counted as a large achievement. When he returned to the merchant house, his status would rise.

Also, the clever Hong Yang had other plans. Other than Golden Crow Fire, Zuo Mo's personal wealth was extremely large. This kind of person was the high-end customer that business people liked the most.

“You want to buy Golden Crow Fire?” Zuo Mo looked at Hong Yang, his mood well. Finally, someone was coming to buy Golden Crow Fire!

“Yes!” Hong Yang said, “Can this one take a look at the true face of Golden Crow Fire?”

The other's carefulness did not make Zuo Mo feel displeasure. This meant that the other truly had interest in buying. He took out a mini box, opened it and pushed it in front of Hong Yang.

A pure gold flame jumped in the box, the yang and domineering presence filled the room.

Hong Yang was slightly excited.

Golden Crow Fire! As expected, it really was Golden Crow Fire! And it was very pure.

Suppressing the excitement in his heart, Hong Yang asked, “How does

Mister Zuo plan on selling this. On the market now, Golden Crow Fire of this quality, the price is usually about two pieces of fourth-grade jingshi.”

Hong Yang’s price was very just. However, Zuo Mo who heard the other meaning in Hong Yang’s words, followed along and said, “Does Storekeeper Hong have a suggestion?”

Hong Yang knew the following was the most crucial time, and would test his skill as a salesperson. He seemed to have returned to those days as an apprentice. He was slightly excited.

He said, “This one does not have much jingshi now, but have some interesting things that Mister Zuo might find interesting.”

“Interesting things?” Zuo Mo reacted very quickly. He hadn’t thought that he would become the target of a sales pitch.

However, he decided to see what the other could take out first.

*

Translator Ramblings:

Zuo Mo meets a fellow businessperson! The island is being managed well. I wonder if Zuo Mo could be accused of war profiteering? On the other hand, this is much better than being a bandit.

Of Zuo Mo’s pets, the most intelligent would be Silly Bird. She was his first steed, and was crucial in his escape for his life during his battle with Chang Heng. It’s better to think of her as a person with a developed personality. Her show-off attitude is actually a great fit for Zuo Mo’s greediness. A weird bird for a weird owner. Lil’ Pagoda is Zuo Mo’s “son” and it is also intelligent and emotional. Lil’ Black usually doesn’t communicate as well as Silly Bird and Lil’ Pagoda can with Zuo Mo. The fault lies in that Lil’ Black started out as a low-level worm so it needs time to climb up the grades.

Chapter 201: Armed To The Teeth

Zuo Mo was dazzled by the talismans in front of him.

Noticing the change in Zuo Mo's eyes, Hong Yang was very proud.

He took out a pair of silver wings the size of his palm.

“Look, this pair of Thunder Flowing Light Wings are intermediate fourth-grade. It is the upgraded version of Thunder Wings. As fast as lightning and famed for its speed. This pair of Thunder Flowing Light Wings was forged by jindan experts. Other than its peerless speed, its consumption of ling power was made to be very low. At full speed, it would use one jing of ling power every two hours, and if it was at eighty percent of its speed, it would only use half a jing every two hours. Such a fine item, it only is sixty piece of fourth-grade jingshi!”

Zuo Mo did not hesitate in nodding. “I'll take it!”

Do you want to taste the extreme speed? Zuo Mo was too familiar with the advertisement for Thunder Wings. Even more this was Thunder Flowing Light Wings, an even better version. It was much faster. Lightning sparked around the palm-sized wings extremely beautifully.

Hong Yang was joyous. Before he could speak, he heard Zuo Mo add, “Four pairs!”

Four pairs! Two hundred and forty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi! Hong Yang felt like a blooming flower, a feeling of happiness spreading through his body. This trip was worth it!

Big customer! Definitely a big customer!

Look, the presence, the spending, this was the biggest whale among whales.

Hong Yang was excited, completely excited. He perceptively discovered just how full Zuo Mo's wallet was.

It was as though he was shot up with chicken's blood, he felt the blood in his body burning as though it was exploding. He suppressed the

impulse to shout. He sounded the horn of battle!

“Ten Thousand Appearances Gloves, referring to everything in the universe. Low fourth-grade, not extremely fine, but very practical. Wearing these gauntlets it means having the power of ten thousand, one sword strike will be able to break open a mountain, unable to be stopped! If it was just this, I would be ashamed to take it out. Its biggest benefit is it uses almost no ling power. Even zhuji can wear it. Twenty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi, a beautiful price!”

“Buy!” Putting it on to try, Zuo Mo did not hesitate in nodding. “Four pairs!” He thought of the three golden armor guards wearing the gloves. Adding on their exaggerated red broadswords, they could just charge through his enemies. Zuo Mo couldn’t help but be excited.

“Seven Star Sword Boots, intermediate fourth-grade, the Seven Star Step Method is wondrous, unable to be predicted. As long as you are wearing it, you can easily avoid all kinds of attacks, your steps traceless, the best item for short-range movement. Other than that, it has a Seven Star Sword Formation, if you step in a Seven Stars pattern, the formation would take form automatically, making your attacks undefendable. Each pair is only seventy four fourth-grade jingshi.”

“Buy!” Zuo Mo’s eyes were bright, as he unhesitatingly nodded. “Four pairs!”

Hong Yang completely got into the rhythm, despite having never been as excited as he was now. “Same Heart Necklace. This is a rare upper fourth-grade talisman. It can be called great craftsmanship. It is able to let your mind connect to six others. The best aid to melee fighting! One hundred and fifty pieces of fourth-grade jingshi!”

Zuo Mo’s eyes could not move away. He instantly nodded. “Buy!”

This was truly a good thing!

He instantly got the three golden armor guards to come over. He put on the Same Heart Necklace, and cast the corresponding spell. He instantly felt three clear intangible connections. His mind moved, and one of the golden armor guards suddenly went forward three steps.

Zuo Mo was overjoyed. With this necklace, his offensive strength was elevated.

“This is Snake Pupil Belt”

The battle was not finished

When Hong Yang went back to his residence, he was still somewhat dazed. What he had experienced today had been like a dream. Zuo Mo had almost cleared out all the talismans in his ring. He had never encountered a customer as rich as this one, it was too scary!

Thinking about the little pile of mini boxes in his ring, the feeling of surrealism became even stronger.

This time, he really made a profit!

Zuo Mo saw the golden armor guards armed to the teeth, and grinned. All fourth-grade talismans that dazzled a person's eyes. The present golden armor guards could be described by one phrase only – – deadly weapons!

Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng were dumbstruck. Was this xiuzhe? It was three display racks for talismans!

Any place that a talisman could be hung on the body of the golden armor guard, Zuo Mo did not leave it empty.

Hands holding the crimson fire broadsword, bodies covered in golden armor, feet encased in Seven Star Sword Boots, hands wearing Ten Thousand Appearances Gloves, waist tied with the Snake Pupil Belt, and Thunder Flowing Light Wings on the back!

Red, green, gold, silver, with Zuo Mo's terrible sense of beauty, there naturally was no beauty here. Everyone's first thought when they would see this was only be — — nouveau riche! So rich!

It was like those rich country bumpkins plating their teeth in gold, wanting everyone to know.

Even Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng felt disdain. But other than that, it evoked deep fright. The thick killing intent spilling from the three golden armor guards made one have to directly look and judge the terrifying power contained under this ugly grandeur!

Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng also received many talismans, mostly for life-saving and escaping. The two of them did not have any fighting power at all. If they had offensive talismans, they wouldn't even be able to use a fraction of its power. However, the husbandry and butchery jade scrolls and life-saving talismans made the two smile. Especially Gongsun Cha. After he received the white medal, it was hard to progress as jade scrolls were hard to find.

Other than talismans, Zuo Mo had bought large amounts of materials from Hong Yang, especially some fourth-grade materials.

However, this furious shopping spree had emptied him of Golden Crow Fire.

But Zuo Mo did not care. He could gather Golden Crow Fire at any time. It wasn't difficult for him. With this batch of talismans, to say of nothing else, their offensive power had multiplied. He had the confidence to face anyone under jindan.

However, what he felt demotivated by was the golden armor guards seemed born to fight. Compared to himself, they did not seem to need to practice to easily use the talismans to reach their full potentials. Zuo Mo gaped.

Deeply struck, Zuo Mo could only slowly adjust. Like the Seven Star Sword Boots, if he needed to activate the sword formation, he needed to do seven steps after the other in the correct locations.

When the fully armored golden armor guards appeared on the Desolate Wood Reef the next day, they caused a small disturbance. Any xiuzhe that saw them couldn't help but have a stunned expression.

Hong Yang didn't dare to stay long, leaving the next day.

Pu Yao coldly looked at the gradually shrinking black water lake. The black water lake was only a quarter of the size it had been originally. Those human-like monsters were continuously transporting black water from the lake to the altar.

The old-fashioned and crude altar was now completely black without any glow.

"Almost there," Pu Yao muttered. He blew out black air. Those human-like monsters once again landed in the lake water.

After that, he waved his sleeve. Large amounts of materials were added to the lake water, many of them ones that Zuo Mo had bought from Hong Yang. The black lake water started to bubble, like a boiling pot of porridge.

Pu Yao's right palm opened slightly, a red-black flame appeared at the center of his palm,

Hiss!

His hand did not move, but the red-black flame suddenly turned into a fire dragon and charged at the altar.

The red-black fire flamed as it surrounded the altar, the flames flickering and enchanting.

Pu Yao inhaled deeply, his hands reaching out.

His hands changed movements. His slightly closed bloody eye suddenly widened, commanding lightly, "Rise!"

The altar that was shrouded in fire rose at command and started to fly

towards the black lake, only slowly landing as it reached the center of the lake. As it carried the flames that were so red they were almost black, it floated at the center of the lake.

Pu Yao's expression was solemn, his eyes focused, not daring to slip, as his hands changed shape again.

It was like the fire was poured on oil, spreading across the surface of the black water. In a blink, the entire black water lake was shrouded in flame.

Pu Yao finally released a breath. He reached out his hand, the black water lake dramatically shrinking until it became palm sized. Then the mini lake flew into his hand, the surrounding flame silently burning.

After being forged for many more months, the Nether Pool could form!

A deep exhaustion came from his body. Pu Yao felt unspeakably tired and sighed lightly inside. The present him was so weak.

Zuo Mo's excitement had not faded. He had never bought so many talismans before, and so many fourth-grade talismans!

The feeling of being so rich was so good!

"Not bad, you are at ningmai." Pu Yao suddenly appeared, He seemed slightly exhausted. "Then let's continue with the earth energy."

Zuo Mo felt as though a bucket of cold water was poured on his head.

Drawing out earth energy! He finally understood what was extreme grief born of extreme joy

It was alright though; this had benefits for him, so Zuo Mo comforted himself in this way.

Pu Yao's actions were unusually fast. In a blink, the earth energy inside Zuo Mo's body was cleanly swept away. Zuo Mo dropped to the ground, paralyzed, his body occasionally convulsing. Pu Yao glanced at Zuo Mo on

the ground. His face showed pleased, before he disappeared.

Zuo Mo's mind was blank.

It was four hours later when his numb mind finally recovered.

Why, why was the feeling this time was stronger than before?

Was it a side effect of breaking through to ningmai?

Before, he had assumed that he had gradually adjusted to the pain of earth energy being forcibly drawn out, he hadn't thought the pain would suddenly increase. Without any preparation, Zuo Mo instantly became a tragedy.

A female stared at the large river in front of her. Behind her was a silent and solemn, well-organized troop.

"Have you found out?"

"Yes!" A middle-aged man said respectfully, "The location of Stars in Daytime is Sky Moon Jie. It was not long ago, about a year ago."

"One year ago" The female sighed lightly. "I'm very curious which daren it is."

The middle-aged man's eyes were filled with a fanatical heat. "A daren that could escape from the Yao Forging Tower, it definitely is a daren that managed to survive the Thousand Year Great War!"

"Thousand Year Great War a long time ago."

"Miss!"

"Nothing, I'm just reflecting." The female smiled. "Our generation is very lucky."

"Yes!" The middle-aged man couldn't help but be excited.

"Have there been any suspicious targets?" The female asked.

“Not yet.” The middle-aged male gave a realistic plan. “We have already found the jie rivers to Sky Moon Jie. We only need to lock the jie rivers, and we will have plentiful time to slowly investigate.”

“Alright, it is a stupid method.”

“Yes! Our previous infiltrators were impeded by others, so”

“Nothing, stupid methods are more effective sometimes.” The female waved her hand.

“Yes.”

Glancing at the jie river, the female said, “Depart.”

“Yes!”

*

Translator Ramblings:

Daren is the general term used to refer to officials and people of status and power. I’m going to use it a lot because “Honorable Personage,” or “Sir” are not enough to cover the meanings. Going “Greetings to panjandrum/VIP” is also quite awkward.

Zuo Mo throws around his money and has terrible sense about appearances.

Time-travel and dimensional-travel are very common plot devices. It erases a character’s mistakes, give them foresight and knowledge, and usually sets them up to win when they lost in their previous life if the character is born back in time. There is also being reborn in another person’s body. In dimensional travel, knowledge from one’s modern life becomes an aid if they are reborn in historical times, and they have a small edge if they are born in a different world. Sometimes the rebirth element is almost unnecessary except for the author to easily relate something in the modern world to the setting of the novel without having to explain or show how something works or happens.

In novels where the character ends back at a certain point in their life, it is to change a major event that may be their fault. The struggles that

character encounters are almost always solved through advance knowledge and the author seems to be unable to think of a plausible solution. If a character ends up in another person's body, it becomes an opportunity for the author to compare how their characters contrast in dealing with situations. The great majority of the time, the new owner of the body does much better.

Chapter 202: Territory Intrusion

Zuo Mo played with the beast service card in his hand, as a multi-colored butterfly flew around him. Chun Yu Cheng named this multi-colored butterfly Rainbow Mark Butterfly, it was the most outstanding ling beast he had ever raised up until now.

Zuo Mo could feel an extremely weak presence come from the Rainbow Mark Butterfly. The thoughts were very weak, and there were many images that were indistinct. This was a characteristic unique to low level ling beasts. The higher the grade of the ling beast, the more intelligent it would be. High level ling beasts were not much different than xiuzhe.

This Rainbow Mark Butterfly was only third-grade, and its intelligence just forming. Naturally, there would be many messages that Zuo Mo could not understand.

However, it could accurately understand Zuo Mo's orders and was very obedient. The beast pool had been constructed to make jingshi. He had never thought that he wouldn't lack for jingshi now. So the batch of ling butterflies had been turned from a business product into for their own use.

The Rainbow Mark Butterfly was the most outstanding of the three ling butterflies. It had three spells: Rainbow Pupils, Illusion Poison, Poison Change.

He ordered the Rainbow Mark Butterfly to cast the Rainbow Pupils. The Rainbow Mark Butterfly lightly fluttered its wings, a rainbow light landed on Zuo Mo's body. His eyes were suddenly covered in a layer of faint five-colored light. Zuo Mo felt the world in front of him change.

Everything he saw was grey-white.

The silently masticating Rainbow Mark Butterfly communicated before Zuo Mo understood. The so-called Rainbow Pupil was to detect poison. It could detect the danger of poisonous items.

Zuo Mo did not cultivate poison so the spell was not very useful for him.

The only place he could use it was in dan-making.

Compared to Rainbow Pupil, Illusion Poison was much more interesting. Illusion Poison was to use poison to create illusion. Zuo Mo was very interested. He instantly thought of the uses for this spell. If he secretly fortified a few places of his formation with illusion poison, then no one would detect it.

However, the spell most important to Zuo Mo was the third spell – poison change! Rather than calling it a spell, poison change was more like a talent. According to Chun Yu Cheng's explanation, if he kept on feeding the Rainbow Mark Butterfly poison, especially high-grade poison, when it reached a certain level, it could cause the Rainbow Mark Butterfly to transform and enter a higher grade.

As the grade increased, the intelligence of a ling beast would increase, and there was a possibility of the addition of a spell. It was a pity that Zuo Mo did not have any interest in poison, much less high-grade poison.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo smacked his forehead. How did he forget that? Didn't his Inky Black Lava White Fire have a deadly poison? That was the poison obtained by processing a fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus Seed.

The grade of the Inky Black Lotus Fire was too low. Zuo Mo had decided to use the Golden Crow Fire as the primary one. It was perfect for him to split the fire apart. The poison for the Rainbow Mark Butterfly, the fire for Lil' Pagoda. Even though the grade of the Inky Black Lava White Fire was not high, but it was still a fire seed, and quite pure.

But before that, Zuo Mo still needed to do one thing: forge the Blue Ice sword. The Blue Icicle Crystal could only be forged with a cold fire. The grade of the Golden Crow Fire was higher, but the attribute was not correct.

The Blue Icicle Crystal sword billet was about half a chi long, its body shaped like a prism. When the light reflected on the facets of the prism, it was very beautiful.

Three days later, the Blue Ice Sword took form!

The entire body was like a blue icicle, the tip of the sword extremely sharp. The body of the sword was made out of countless facets. As it floated in the air, a mist naturally formed around the sword.

Zuo Mo's mind moved. Pew, the Blue Ice Sword entered the ground, only leaving behind a sword shaped hole. There was a circle of clear ice cracks around the hole. It could be seen just how cold it was.

Zuo Mo's forging skill was not high and the Blue Ice Crystal was just lower fourth-grade. The grade of the Inky Black Lava White Fire was also too low. He had barely managed to forge a fourth-grade flying sword.

He didn't care that much. The five essence sword set emphasized the cooperation between the different qualities of the flying swords.

Taking apart the Inky Black Lava White Fire, however, had taken Zuo Mo quite a bit of effort. The poison from the Inky Black Lotus had long ago merged into the flame. Zuo Mo did not have the strength at his cultivation level to take it apart. However, he thought of a clever solution, let Lil' Pagoda deconstruct it.

The present Lil' Pagoda only needed a bit to break through to fourth-grade, its control greatly increased. It could control how to decompose what was put into it.

The Inky Black Lava White Fire was quickly taken apart. The Inky Black Lotus poison was separated out. What surprised Zuo Mo was that this ball of Inky Black Lotus poison was an invisible substance. When he used ling power to carefully surround this deadly poison, he was instantly alarmed. His ling power was quickly consumed.

As expected from a fourth-grade Inky Black Lotus' poison!

This discovery made him hesitate. Could the Rainbow Mark Butterfly tolerate such a strong poison? But quickly, he could feel the Rainbow

Mark Butterfly's anticipation and joy. The Rainbow Mark Butterfly lightly flapped its multi-colored wings, and a circle of light surrounded the poison.

The ring of light continuously shrunk until it disappeared.

Zuo Mo was slightly disappointed. A line of black had appeared on the wings of the Rainbow Mark Butterfly, but there was no other change. Lil' Pagoda absorbed the fire seed, but there were no signs of another breakthrough.

Alright, he could not be too greedy, Zuo Mo mumbled.

He started to absorb the Golden Crow Fire.

The atmosphere of the Desolate Wood Reef was nervous and fretful. Everyone's face was slightly heavy. A few days ago, several xiuzhe had escaped from the jie river.

They had encountered a group of very strong xiuzhe. That group killed everyone they saw. Many xiuzhe didn't even have the time to flee before they were killed.

Instantly, the Desolate Wood Reef became tense. These injured xiuzhe had no strength to fly over the Endless Ocean, and could only stay on the Desolate Wood Reef. Those xiuzhe that had originally planned to travel to Little Mountain Jie through the jie river didn't dare to move recklessly, and waited to see what would happen.

The number of xiuzhe on the Desolate Wood Reef increased, but no one dared to cause a disturbance. Other than the intimidation of the three golden armor guards, they also understood, if there really was a powerful enemy, the formation on the island was their strongest defense.

Without the beast pool, Chun Yu Cheng was idle. His face was full of worry. "There's more than six hundred xiuzhe on the island, and more

than twenty ningmai. If something happens, that wouldn't be good. Shixiong is also in seclusion"

"What are you afraid of?" Gongsun Cha was unconcerned and said heartlessly, "Worst case, we can just flee."

"What do you think the people in the jie river are? Killing everyone they see! They really have no regard for the law!" Chun Yu Cheng was righteously indignant.

Gongsun Cha teased the grey butterfly and said lazily, "Who knows, probably a group of people who couldn't think things through."

Suddenly, the crowd on the island shifted. The two instantly stopped what they were doing and stood up.

Far away in the sky, there were many black dots.

Chun Yu Cheng inhaled sharply, his face pale, voice trembling as he pointed at the black dots in the sky. "What... .. what is that?"

Gongsun Cha also was motionless at his spot with a shocked expression.

The dense crowd of black dots flew at the Desolate Wood Reef at astonishing speed like a black cloud rolling over the sky. With a suffocating presence, they silently moved to a distance twenty li from the Desolate Wood Reef.

"Yao yaomo"

Someone trembled out those two words. It was as though a spark had been thrown into a pot of oil. The deathly silent Desolate Wood Reef suddenly exploded.

"Yaomo" Chun Yu Cheng felt his legs sore and weak, dropping to the ground.

There were hints of terror in Gongsun Cha's eyes, but the terror was quickly changed to curiosity.

Was this yaomo?

It wasn't just him that had this thought. In reality, this thought

uncontrollably flashed across many people's minds on the Desolate Wood Reef.

Other than the somewhat strange dark green skin, the yaomo in the sky didn't seem much different than xiuzhe. On their foreheads, they all had a piece of crystal, the color and shape varied. Their bodies were mostly slender and were very handsome regardless of sex.

"This is yaomo? Wow!" Gongsun Cha tsked. He rubbed his chin, "Oh, almost as handsome as me, that's not very good."

However, he quickly became speechless.

The yaomo in the sky quickly moved forward three li.

Everyone was intimidated.

People now found that the dark-green skinned yaomo in the sky were in well-organized ranks that seemed to have been measured with a ruler. During the flying process, the entire troop did not have any hint of disorder, they were so synchronized that it was frightening.

When several dozen people were so, everyone would find it to be nothing, but when thousands of people were so organized, an invisible pressure formed. It was as if there was a thousand-catty rock on everyone's chest. All the noise stopped, like someone had cut their throats.

"Really the elite!" Gongsun Cha's eyes glowed as he muttered. He then looked in sympathy at the panicking xiuzhe on the island, and couldn't help but sigh, "And there go the rabble!"

The contrast between the two sides was too strong. Of the thousands of people on the other side, no one was speaking, it was deathly silent. The xiuzhe on the island was panicking like a crowd of headless chickens.

"Prepare to run for your life," Gongsun Cha said to Chun Yu Cheng.

"What about Shixiong?" Chun Yu Cheng asked, his expression blank.

"Find him." Gongsun Cha said.

"I'm here," At some unknown time, Zuo Mo appeared behind the two of them.

“Escape,” Gongsun Cha spread his hands at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo grimaced. He hadn't thought that he would encounter this just after he came out of seclusion. He knew that Gongsun Cha was right. Even though the island had six hundred xiuzhe, it was just a grab-bag of random cultivators.

Looking at the military troop that was so terrifyingly organized, a hint of helplessness rose in Zuo Mo's heart. The difference in power was not something a formation could bridge.

“Is it really yaomo?” Chun Yu Cheng was still somewhat lost. Gongsun Cha looked in curiosity at Zuo Mo.

“En, yao, not mo,” Zuo Mo nodded, “Mostly Ghost Attendant Yao and some Night Stock Yao.”

“Ghost Attendant Yao? Night Stock Yao?” Gongsun Cha had an interested expression. To them, yaomo was a very distant monster.

“The most basic yao are called little yao, about our lianqi. The next level is Ghost Attendant yao, like our zhuji. The Night Stock yao are equivalent to our ningmai,” Zuo Mo explained simply.

“That scared me. Then can't we hold this place?” Chun Yu Cheng said excitedly.

Gongsun Cha shook his head but didn't speak. Zuo Mo grimaced, “Probably not. Yaomo emphasize killing and have endured fighting since they were born. They live more harshly than we do. Also, you can also see their organization. Our side only has scattered soldiers and heroes, we are not a match.”

“Then what do we do?” Chun Yu Cheng's little face became pale again.

“Flee!” Zuo Mo gritted his teeth and said hatefully.

His heart was filled with sorrow.

The good days of sitting and taking in money had reached an end

Translator Ramblings:

We have civilians who can't fight, people who can fight, and then the military. Numbers is its own kind of battle strategy. The yao finally show up after so much foreshadowing.

Chapter 203: Date Seed Ship

“Miss, the position of this island is extremely good, it is perfect for guarding the jie river” The middle-aged man said respectfully.

“Is that the formation of a xiuzhe?” The female did not reply. She was staring at the hoop of light that was like a sun above the island.

“Yes, Miss.” He opened his mouth, but perceptively swallowed his words.

“Oh.” The female said faintly, “Check first if there is any suspicious targets among them. If not, push them out.”

“Yes!” The middle-aged man instantly complied.

“You really are kind.” A male beside the female said in a sarcastic tone. He was like a crane among the chickens, his entire person like a burning flame, a flame red crystal on his forehead.

Sweeping a glance at the rebellious male, the female was calm. “Yan Feng, shut your mouth.”

Yan Feng smirked. “The xiuzhe on this island are just rabble. Give me five hundred troops, and I can sweep them clean! If you let them go, isn’t it letting them off easy?”

The female was not moved. “Our job is to find someone.”

Yan Feng suddenly became excited, “Mu Xi, you forget that they are xiuzhe! Our enemy! The more we kill, the less enemies we have”

Mu Xi’s tone became cold, “Sir Yan Feng, please watch your tone. You are speaking to your direct commander. If you overstep again, you will be treated according to military law!”

Yan Feng was so angry fire came out of his eyes. The last bit of intelligence allowed him to keep his control. He knew the woman in front of him would do as she said.

The composition of yao was extremely complex. There were many species. Different than the reproduction of humans, yao were born from nature, formed from the ling energy of the world. Like Mu Xi, she came

from the largest clan of yao, the Wood Clan. They were all formed from flora. Yan Feng, came out of Desolate Western Mountain Sky Fire branch. The reproduction of the Fire Clan was not as prosperous of the Wood Clan. They did not have many yao but they were natural fighters, their personality explosive and brave.

The Wood, Fire, Gold, Water, and Earth Clans were the five largest clans of the yao, but there were other little clans as many as sand. Due to the abundance of yao, every decade, some small clans would be born. Due to this, yao society was very accepting and very transparent.

This type of transparent and complete government was like an enormous squid that reached its tentacles into every corner. It was also this governance that had borne from countless great minds and strong elders that allowed the yao to quickly recover.

For example, Mu Xi was the most accomplished of the youths of the Wood Clan. Even though her cultivation was not outstanding, but she had started her duties very early. Yan Feng rarely found an opponent that could match his offensive power and was even stronger than Mu Xi, but due to his infighting within the ranks, he was punished and placed under Mu Xi's command.

In reality, the two once had been classmates, but they had always been at odds.

Zuo Mo found he actually wasn't nervous. He was slightly surprised. It seemed that fighting and killing really hardened people.

However, Pu Yao's words instantly made him nervous. "They have come to find you."

"Find me?" Zuo Mo gaped.

"Stars in Daytime, you alerted them." Pu Yao was very calm. This made

the nervousness in Zuo Mo's heart decrease.

"Stars in Daytime, what does it do?" Zuo Mo asked a question that had been hidden in his heart for a long time.

"Not much. Some strong yaomo would try to borrow the power of the stars to recover from serious wounds, and this forms the Stars in Daytime." Pu Yao said.

"It was you?"

Pu Yao smiled coldly, "None of my business!" He then frowned. "But these things are slightly irritating."

"Aren't you a yao? Should you be of the same kind as them?" Zuo Mo couldn't really grasp Pu Yao's attitude. However, if it wasn't Pu Yao, who was it? Was it the gravestone?

Pu Yao did not like xiuzhe, Zuo Mo could understand this, but he could not understand that Pu Yao didn't even like the yao.

"They don't have any connection to me." Pu Yao's face was cold.

Zuo Mo saw that Pu Yao didn't seem to want to mention this matter, and perceptively changed the topic. "Do you have any good suggestions?"

"Your luck seems pretty good. The arrivals are the Wood Clan." Pu Yao glanced at the organized ranks of yao troops in the sky. "They don't like fighting."

"Wood clan?" Zuo Mo was very curious. Zuo Mo might have openly spoke about the little yao before, but that was buying and selling at the same time. Zuo Mo was very unfamiliar with yaomo. Seeing that he could not avoid a conflict with the yaomo, it was beneficial for him to know a bit more.

"A large clan, but it has many cadet branches. Formed from flora." Pu Yao introduced shortly.

"Oh" Zuo Mo nodded, not understanding. What was formed from flora? But he knew that Pu Yao definitely did not have the patience to explain.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo detected a strong consciousness ripple.

“Hm!” He couldn’t help but jump. Such a strong consciousness!

The consciousness ripple came from the other side and swept the sky above the entire Desolate Wood Reef. Before this, Zuo Mo had been very confident in his consciousness. He had almost never encountered a xiuzhe who had a stronger consciousness than he did.

But the strength of this consciousness was far above his.

“They are searching for you. Such a pity, just Night Stock yao, they believe they have the skill!” Pu Yao smirked. He seemed to understand what Zuo Mo was thinking. “It’s very normal. They only cultivate the consciousness, it isn’t something a half-ass like you can compare to.”

Pu Yao’s interest was unknowingly stirred. “Yao cultivate the consciousness so the division for spiritual power is much finer than the xiuzhe. Star fire, manifestation, spirit seed, yin spirit, yao mansion, six revolutions, and sky channels. You are just at manifestation. Among them, the most powerful have finished spirit seed. Even though their spirit is weak, but it can easy to kill you.”

“Manifestation?”

“When the starfire is full, it manifests, seed born in the heart to become planted in the spirit, the spirit births the yin spirit, the yin spirit opens the yao mansion spiritual manifestation, oh, your leaf hand is a manifestation.”

“The consciousness can become tangible?” Zuo Mo asked.

“Of course, it’s so simple, do you really need to think about it?” Pu Yao’s face was full of disdain. “However, you just entered manifestation, you’re very far off from spirit seed.”

“What is called seed born in the heart?” Zuo Mo couldn’t help but ask, his head bloated.

“You’ll know when it is time.” Pu Yao had used up his patience.

“Then now?”

“Solve it yourself.” Pu Yao said impatiently before disappearing.

“They are going to attack.” Gongsun Cha pulled Zuo Mo back.

The attacking posture of the other side was so obvious even an idiot could see. Zuo Mo couldn't help but become nervous. Pulling Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng, he pushed his voice low, “Prepare to escape.”

“Where?” Chun Yu Cheng's face was puzzled.

Gongsun Cha suddenly opened his mouth, “Towards the jie river!”

“The jie river? Little Mountain Jie?” Zuo Mo was very surprised, “Isn't that heading for the net?”

“The Endless Ocean is vast and borderless. We need to fly multiple months to see land, there is no place to hide.” Gongsun Cha was very calm, a hint of heat in his eyes. “When it's time, these people will all scatter. We'll go the opposite way and break through. They definitely wouldn't have thought of it.”

“They just came from Little Mountain Jie, Little Mountain Jie definitely has fallen. If we go to Little Mountain Jie, we have no escape.” Chun Yu Cheng was frightened by Gongsun Cha's suggestion, so frightened he woke up.

“This is not certain.” Gongsun Cha shook his head. “If Little Mountain Jie has fallen, what would come definitely wouldn't just be this little amount of yao.”

“This is a little?” Chun Yu Cheng pointed at the organized and solemn yao army in the sky, and shouted.

“To us, it seems like a lot. But if they want to attack Sky Moon Jie, it is far too few,” Gongsun Cha said quickly.

Zuo Mo instantly reacted. “You mean they are a little troop that snuck in?”

“Possible.” Gongsun Cha said.

“What did they sneak in for?”

“I don’t know, they probably have a target?”

Zuo Mo suddenly thought of what Pu Yao had said. Did these people really come to find him? No, to find the yaomo of the Stars in Daytime?

He continued to weigh the choices in his heart. Truthfully, Gongsun Cha’s suggestion was very dangerous, no, it was extremely dangerous. But Zuo Mo felt that the success of that suggestion was very likely. From this, it could be seen that he was in support of Gongsun Cha’s suggestion.

Chose which one?

He was just a little xiuzhe that had just broken through to ningmai and hadn’t seen much. Facing a choice that would determine life and death, he couldn’t help but hesitate.

Yet the other didn’t give the time to hesitate.

The sky above the other side’s troop was suddenly dark. Strong ling power ripples were like a harsh wind that swept past.

Damn it!

Zuo Mo jumped in fright. The other side was going to attack. The ling power ripples passing through the air were the same as [Yang Fiend Hard Lightning] but the terrifying presence it gave off was hundreds of times stronger. He didn’t doubt that their attack would flatten all of Desolate Wood Reef.

If he didn’t run now, when could he run?

He grabbed Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng, not caring for anything else, and suddenly jumped into the water.

A gold light flashed, and the Buddha Sound Hoop landed in Zuo Mo’s bosom, the presence of the formation on the Desolate Wood Reef weakening.

The Desolate Wood Reef instantly exploded!

“He ran! Zuo Mo ran!”

“Run!”

“Everyone, run!”

... ..

At this time, with a large sound, a bolt of lightning twisted and struck the Desolate Wood Reef.

Dong!

A muffled sound hit everyone’s heart. Those xiuzhe with weak cultivations bled from their mouths and nose.

Everyone couldn’t help but turn their head.

The Desolate Wood Reef with its layers of formations was like paper in front of the lightning, cleanly wiped out. More than ten of the xiuzhe that moved too slowly were swept by the after-ripples and torn to countless pieces, not even having the time shout before their souls were destroyed.

In the ocean, Zuo Mo didn’t have it good either. The blood inside his body was roiling, his ling power almost spiraled out of control. Gongsun Cha and Chun Yu Cheng’s faces were pale, the power of the one attack was so powerful that it even passed into the ocean!

At the border of life and death, Zuo Mo became calm. A date seed appeared on his hand, a talisman-ship was carved on it. This date seed ship had been taken from Nan Ming Zi’s body. However, it required too much ling power, so he hadn’t found out how to use it.

In seclusion this time, after finishing forging the five essence sword set, Zuo Mo had spent a lot of effort on the talismans that he did not understand. He hadn’t expected that he found some methods, and including this date seed boat.

At this time, he didn’t dare to hold anything back, the ling power in his body furiously flooding towards the date seed boat.

A little date red wooden boat with an old aura appeared in front of everyone.

Zuo Mo’s hand moved.

They felt the scene in front of them blur and then they were inside the

ship. The ship was dry and clean. The water outside the ship seemed to be stopped by an invisible power, unable to enter.

Zuo Mo hurriedly directed the date seed ship to sink to the bottom. The thick water could stop the search from the other's consciousness.

If they could flee to a place that the other could not detect them, they would be temporarily safe.

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Translator Ramblings:

Little more stuff on yao society and military.

Don't speculate too much since this is just the tip of the iceberg.

Zuo Mo knows nothing. He's just the mouthpieces for Pu Yao.

This is a yao military unit that has attacked what is essentially a civilian outpost. But the status of these two sides are not equal. It is hard to say that the xiuzhe all fail because of this one encounter. This is the military, so there is training and organization on one side. What they are facing is country bumpkins that are civilians. The yao military win due to numbers and organization, but they can't be the only side with armies.

The story will be a whole less realistic. Mu Xi has clearly trained for her position through school, and she is an officer. The rest are trained soldiers sent on this special mission so they probably are not regular foot soldiers. Remember that the xiuzhe are fleeing Sky Moon Jie and the ones that are passing through Zuo Mo's island aren't the big sects but the lower classes. They have no organization that they belong to so not one of them would stay to fight. That is what causes this instant defeat in this chapter.

Chapter 204: Improvement

The date seed ship submerged at a fast rate. In a blink, it had reached ten li under the surface. Through the windows on the ship, the outside was pitch black. The surroundings were silent, the noise from the outside was completely blocked.

Everyone finally relaxed. The yao army used one attack to destroy any of the hopes they had left.

Silly Bird shook the water off. She looked like a chicken in soup broth, with all of the drooping features. Even the proud Silly Bird was scared half to death by the hard lightning that had come from the sky and became much more docile. When Zuo Mo had come out of seclusion, he had taken Silly Bird and the others with him.

Chun Yu Cheng collapsed on the ground, heaving. By comparison, Gongsun Cha was much more composed but there was still a hint of fear lingering in his eyes.

Of everyone, the only ones that could truly maintain their calm were the three Golden Armour Guards. As usual, they held their swords and stood like statues.

Zuo Mo had recovered from the nervousness. Seeing everyone was complete and whole, his mood became much better. Just having escaped death, no one in the ship had any interest in talking, all of them catching their breaths and calming their minds.

After a while, Zuo Mo found his mind had relaxed greatly and stood up, and began inspecting the date seed ship.

During his seclusion, even though he had figured out how to activate the date seed ship, but he hadn't studied it. Right now, the date seed ship was their life-saving talisman, he didn't dare to leave it up to chance.

He walked around the cabin of the ship, closely inspecting it. Chun Yu Cheng and Gongsun Cha saw his actions and perceptively chose not to speak.

This was

Zuo Mo carefully inspected the formations carved on the date seed ship and was very shocked!

A jingshi talisman!

The date seed ship was a fourth-grade talisman, and it was even a rare jingshi talisman!

Jingshi talismans were talismans that could use jingshi as a source of power. Those were usually large-sized talismans. The Thousand Wing Boat that Zuo Mo had seen in Dong Fu was a classical example of a jingshi talisman. Historically, only large sect would forge jingshi talismans. The materials that were needed were not something a normal xiuzhe could afford.

There were some jingshi talismans for single-person use but not many. Compared to the ling power inside jingshi, the ling power inside xiuzhe was much purer and easier to control.

This date seed ship was a jingshi talisman. It could carry one hundred xiuzhe, able to fly either in air or in the water.

Zuo Mo's interest was stirred up.

This was the first time he had seen a jingshi talisman. He instantly started to study the formations on the ship. Jingshi talismans were talismans where formations were used most purely. Xiuzhe only had to make some simple commands, and it could work on its own.

In a short period of time, he found the locations to put in jingshi. The cabin was empty, and did not even have tables or chairs. The place to insert the jingshi was on the ceiling.

The ceiling of the cabin had a depiction of the Big Dipper, the seven stars connected. Each star was the place to put in jingshi.

Zuo Mo took out seven third-grade jingshi from his ring to insert in the positions of the Big Dipper. When he shoved the last piece of jingshi in, everyone felt the cabin light up, a date coloured red light emanated from the ship.

“Wow, jingshi talisman?” Gongsun Cha was surprised.

“En, a jingshi talisman that I got from Nan Ming Zi.” Zuo Mo stared at the formations on the ship, calculating inside without turning his head to answer.

Through the consciousness leaf hand, he could clearly see the seals running through the ship. The more he saw, the more admiration he had. Before this, he had never seen a jingshi talisman before, so he never had seen jingshi talisman formations before.

The formations were like a gigantic mesh going through the entire date seed ship like they were the channels of the ship. Ling power flowed out from the seven jingshi into the channels and activated the formation.

He quickly found the differences between the date seed ship and the talismans he had studied before. The ling power that came out of the jingshi was very steady. Normal talismans consumed the ling power of xiuzhe, the ling power would have a variety of changes and would not be so steady.

There were advantages and disadvantages to both methods.

Jingshi talismans did not consume the ling power of the xiuzhe. As long as there was jingshi, it could keep working. The disadvantage was that its uses were set, and it was less flexible to adjusting to sudden changes.

Normal talismans were the exact opposite. Due to consuming the ling power of the xiuzhe, it could not compare in how long jingshi talismans could be used. However, they could do many things and were very good at adjusting to sudden changes.

Zuo Mo's heart suddenly moved. If the two advantages could be put together, that would be great!

Once the idea popped up into his head, it could not be erased.

After studying for a while, he started to actually ponder if the flash of inspiration he had was realistic or not.

The space inside the date seed ship was enough for him to set up large amounts of formations. The smaller the space was, the harder it was to set up formations. Forging experts could set down multiple formations in a flying sword the size of a finger.

Zuo Mo was far from reaching that level. Space was very important for him. The bigger the ship was, the easier it was for him to make modifications.

There were a total of three formations on the date seed ship. One was a space formation, one was a ling shield formation, the last was a water movement formation.

Zuo Mo paid more attention to the ling shield formation. It's defensive ability was average. He decided to change the [Micro Light Formation] to a [Seven Bright Micro Light Formation]. Zuo Mo only needed to put seven [Bright Light Formation] into the [Micro Light Formation] and the defensive power of the shield would increase by at least fifty percent.

This technique of interlocking child formations was something he had comprehended from the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation]

The structure of the [Bright Light Formation] was simple and easy to carve, so Zuo Mo quickly finished the [Seven Bright Micro Light Formation]. The ling shield over the ship gradually changed, the light becoming more intense and the shield thicker than it had been before.

Zuo Mo nodded in satisfaction. It seems his skill in making formations had improved once again. Before, this wouldn't have been so simple.

Strengthening the ling shield mean that the consumption of ling power would increase correspondingly. However, Zuo Mo did not worry about this. Right now, he lacked for everything except jingshi.

Ge has lots of jingshi!

He suddenly hit his head. Right, how did he forget his greatest advantage!

Chun Yu Cheng and Gongsun Cha were frightened by Zuo Mo's action. The two exchanged looks of puzzlement.

Jingshi! Right now, he had piles of jingshi!

Before, he had been thinking of carving an offensive formation on the ship that could be controlled by a person. That way, they didn't need to leave the ship, but they could fight against their enemies.

When Zuo Mo realized his advantage, he suddenly reacted; he had made a mistake.

Since it was hard to control jingshi talismans precisely, rather than think of ways to increase the control over it, it was better to give the talisman a formation that did not need to be controlled, like a [Cloud Lightning Net]. He only needed it to protect the ship. As to increasing the maneuverability of the jingshi talisman, he could slowly study it.

The high consumption of the [Cloud Electrical Lightning Net] was nothing for Zuo Mo who wanted to keep his life.

The more he thought, the cleverer he found the idea. Even though there were still big gaps, but it was the most realistic plan at present.

No matter what, his little life came first.

He took out a large pile of materials and started to carve formations inside the cabin.

"What is Shixiong doing?" Chun Yu Cheng asked.

Gongsun Cha looked over, "I don't understand, but he seems to be setting up formations."

"We should run, not setting up formations now!" Chun Yu Cheng said hurriedly.

"I don't know," Gongsun Cha was also puzzled. He could see what Shixiong was generally doing. Even though he didn't know why Shixiong was putting up formations now, but he believed in Shixiong's judgement. Currently, the only thing he was so shocked by was the fact that Shixiong seemed to be playing with the Jingshi Talisman. Could Shixiong could

modify jingshi talismans?

He knew was much harder to modify talismans than to remake them.

After a talisman was successfully forged, it was one complete entity and had reached an equilibrium. Modifying was equivalent to first breaking the equilibrium and then setting a new equilibrium.

Had Shxiong's skills with formations reached such a level?

The Golden Armour Guards stood silently. Silly Bird had recovered from the fright, raising her bird head and stepping her unique bird walk.

Zuo Mo was very careful. [Bright Light Formation] was only an enhancing formation, and did not have much effect on the equilibrium of the talisman. However [Cloud Lightning Net] was a third-grade formation. It was very strong and needed large amounts of ling power. Zuo Mo needed to add a few more channels to conduct ling power to satisfy the [Cloud Lightning Net]

The [Cloud Lightning Net] was not difficult for Zuo Mo. The difficulty laid in setting the seals to channel the ling power.

The formations on the date seed boat before had been very complete. In order to add more seals to increase ling power pathways, he needed to change the entire structure.

This was the most difficult part. If he wasn't careful, he could most likely cause the ling power pathways to intersect and then collapse.

Zuo Mo was very clear about this, so he continuously modelled it in his head before proceeding.

Four hours later, he finally thought it through and started to move.

What he did first was increase the number of jingshi. The ling power expenditure of [Cloud Lightning Net] was very large. Seven pieces of

jingshi was not enough to satisfy its needs. Zuo Mo added another twenty one pieces of jingshi.

On the ceiling of the ship cabin, twenty eight stars shone.

To save his life, Zuo Mo did not care how much jingshi he had to spend.

Right after, he started to set up the [Cloud Lightning Net] and added more ling power channelling seals.

This modification took twelve hours. When he finished, he was exhausted.

However, he finally finished!

Hiss hiss!

Sounds came from the date red ling shield. Immediately after, countless fine lines of miniature lightning appeared on the surface of the ling shield, swimming like little snakes.

Fine lightning appeared at astounding speed and gathered. In the blink of an eye, a net appeared on the ling shield.

A net constructed of arm-thick lightning!

It was like a silver net had covered all of the date seed ship.

The lightning net slightly trembled, the sound slowly weakening until the hisses had disappeared.

What was wondrous was that, even though they were in the water, the lightning net on the ling shield showed no signs of dissipating, but was as dense as any other object, silently covering the ling shield.

The presence of the date seed ship instantly changed.

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Translator Ramblings:

A jingshi talisman for a jingshi grubbing zombie. I think the foreshadowing for Zuo Mo needing an escape off an island was pretty obvious compared to what Fang Xiang has done to lay foundations for previous fights and incidents. Nan Ming Zi came right after Zuo Mo

landed on the island, and gave Zuo Mo his ship. Zuo Mo is surrounded by the ocean, and how to travel on the ocean a ship.

You guys actually asked [in comments] about the golden armor guards but not Silly Bird! The pets should not be forgotten.

Chapter 205: War Chess

“Where are we heading?” Chun Yu Cheng asked uncertainly.

“Jie river.”

Gongsun Cha’s face was relaxed, half-lying on the bottom of the cabin, relaxed and idle.

“How do you know?” Chun Yu Cheng looked worriedly at Zuo Mo Shixiong who was still working on the date seed ship. Shixiong had been working for several hours and showed no signs of stopping.

“Ha. Shixiong might look careful and conservative, but if he’s pressured, he’s vicious and decisive.” Gongsun Cha said unconcernedly.

“What happens if Little Mountain Jie has been taken by the yaomo?” Chun Yu Cheng’s face was slightly pale. The strong offensive power of the yao army had almost destroyed his soul.

“No way about it. It’s all up to luck.” Gongsun Cha stretched out his waist, and laid down completely.

With a hiss, a silver light suddenly flashed outside the ship.

Just having laid down, Gongsun Cha instantly sat up, eyes looking outside. When he saw the lightning outside the ling shield, he first stilled, and then had joy on his face. Chun Yu Cheng who was in a fragile state of mind was half-scared to death by the noise.

“How’s the power of that thing?” Gongsun Cha pointed outside the ship, and asked Zuo Mo who had finally stopped and walked over.

“Better than nothing.” Zuo Mo sat down in exhaustion. “My skill in formations isn’t enough. This lightning net doesn’t have any dead ends but it is way too loose. Don’t have high hopes about the power.”

Gongsun Cha nodded, and then asked, “How far have we travelled?”

“This boat goes one hundred li every two hours, how long has it been?”

“Twelve hours.”

“Then it’s six hundred li,” Zuo Mo said. “Seems no one has chased after us.”

“I wonder what this yao army is looking for. This is an unexpected calamity.” Chun Yu Cheng sighed.

Zuo Mo naturally could not say the yao army was searching for him, but seeing Chun Yu Cheng’s worried expression, he knew this docile person had been frightened too deeply today, and hurried to comfort him.

The two shidi had two completely different personalities. Chun Yu Cheng was docile, and somewhat lacking in courage, only interested in animals. Gongsun Cha was the exact opposite. He was cunning and daring, calm when there was trouble, and had a devious and dark character. He didn’t have much interest in butchering.

“Follow the flow.” Gongsun Cha inserted and then raised his delicate face, his eyes shining, “Shixiong, there’s nothing to do now. Why don’t you get them to practice their cooperation?”

Zuo Mo understood that Gongsun Cha meant the three golden armor guards.

“Cooperation?”

Gongsun Cha’s words reminded him. The blow that the yao army had given them was too strong. The troops that were so organized they were almost insane, so neat that it seemed almost impossible, and that lightning attack that they couldn’t even hold their heads up against. Zuo Mo felt that he wouldn’t forget it in his life. The shock and panic of the xiuzhe was the perfect definition of the word “rabble.”

Every time he thought of it, he felt coldness seep uncontrollably from his heart.

The yao army gave all the xiuzhe on the Desolate Wood Reef a lesson.

Even the stupidest person could see the difference between the two, and could feel the difference in power. Zuo Mo suddenly had a feeling, that the era of individual power was nearing its end.

However, he quickly threw the problem to the back of his mind. A big problem like an era ending, it wasn't something a little ningmai like him could relate to. But he agreed greatly with Gongsun Cha's suggestion.

However, while he agreed, how to accomplish it was the true problem, "I don't know how."

"We can slowly try," Gongsun Cha's decisive tone made Zuo Mo look at him. He grinned. "It's better than losing our lives."

For some reason, Zuo Mo felt Gongsun Shidi's delicate face was like the raised head of a snake, vicious and cold.

But when he turned his eyes towards Gongsun, Shidi's smile was so sunny and timid that Zuo Mo felt he was mistaken.

"Okay!" He nodded.

Before having seen the yao army, Zuo Mo might have found it extraneous, but right now he didn't hesitate.

This was useful! Very useful!

For him, starting from a blank slate wasn't a new experience. Before, as long as he could make jingshi, he would work with all his effort! Now, Zuo Mo discovered that his little life was more important. His belief suddenly turned, anything that could save his little life, he would definitely put everything in!

The two crowded together and started to discuss.

Both were greenhorns, the mood was vibrant, but quickly, the discussion reached a standoff. Words had no proof, especially when the two had divergent views, no one could persuade the other. At this time, Gongsun Cha did not care Zuo Mo was his shixiong. His face was flushed as he argued, his expression ferocious, he no longer looked like a weak and bashful young master.

"If we each have a troop and can really fight, that would be nice." Zuo Mo sighed, "Then who is right, it naturally can be seen."

"Yes!" Gongsun Cha's face was also bitter, holding his head and sighing.

“Talking soldiers on paper, it is useless.”

A voice suddenly came inside Zuo Mo’s mind. “Want to try? I’ve got a way.”

Pu Yao suddenly came out.

“What way?” Zuo Mo’s mind became alert. Pu Yao might like to boast, but he occasionally had some real skill.

Pu Yao looked at him. “Actually, this kind of thing has been played since a long time ago, like Seal Soldier Battle Board, like Puppet Chess.”

“What is that?” Hearing those two new terms, Zuo Mo couldn’t help but be curious.

“It is a kind of War Chess.”

“War Chess?”

“There’s many ways to play, like one on one, or many against many.” Pu Yao seemed to suddenly sink into his memories, refocusing after a while. “I remember it was quite fashionable back then.”

“You have those?” Zuo Mo looked suspiciously at Pu Yao.

“No.” Pu Yao shook his head. “The most important part is the rules. It is very easy to make them.” He threw a ball of light at Zuo Mo. “Here, these are the rules for all kinds of War Chess games that I played before, and how to make them.”

“Hm, when did you become this kind?” Zuo Mo’s gaze became even more suspicious, but his hands were not slow at all, rapidly catching the ball of light.

“I don’t want you to die this quickly.” Pu Yao looked scornfully at Zuo Mo before disappearing.

The date seed ship silently slid along the bottom in the pitch black water. For everyone, this was a very long period of boredom. Chun Yu Cheng seemed to be accustomed to this kind of boredom. He continued to busy himself in his experiments.

Zuo Mo occasionally took out the Golden Crow Fire. He seemed to be forging something.

“So boring!” Gongsun Cha yawned. He seemed to be the only person that didn’t have anything to do. He had thought about teasing Silly Bird to relieve his boredom but Silly Bird ignored him, proudly strutting her bird walk in the cabin. Lil’ Black climbed around the cabin without exhaustion. Lil’ Pagoda floated in the air, spinning in its spot. The three golden armor guards were like three statues, not having moved a finger in days.

Originally, Gongsun Cha had been worried they might meet some water element ling beasts. In the legends, there were many terrifying ling beasts in the Endless Ocean. However, their luck seemed to be exceptional and they travelled smoothly.

But these days were really so bland.

“Done,” Zuo Mo suddenly stated, making Gongsun Cha jump in fright..

He crowded over. “What’s done? Hm, what is this? Chess?”

“En, something called a War Chess,” Zuo Mo said uncertainly. “I don’t know if I made it correctly. Come, let’s try.”

Gongsun Cha, so bored he had almost fallen asleep, instantly jumped up. “Okay!”

Zuo Mo took out a jade scroll, recording down some of the rules that Pu Yao gave him and threw it to Gongsun Cha.

“Hm, interesting!” Gongsun Cha took the jade scroll. After a look, he became alert.

Zuo Mo also started to read the rules. Reading it in detail, he was instantly frightened!

F***! This was that complicated?

The dense paragraphs of rules made his head feel numb.

He heard Gongsun Cha’s voice full of enthusiasm, “Hm, this bit is interesting, yes, yes oh, I understand”

Zuo Mo could only force himself to keep reading.

An hour later, when Zuo Mo's eyes were unfocused and his brain faint, he suddenly heard Gongsun Cha say, "So interesting, so interesting! It's really too interesting!"

Zuo Mo raised his head in shock. He saw Gongsun Cha look excitedly at him, and say, "Let's begin! If I know there was something as fun as this, I wouldn't have learned how to butcher!"

What Zuo Mo forged was Puppet Chess. It was simpler. The size of the Seal Soldier Battle Board was bigger, requiring better skill at forging, and had more complex rules.

Basically, Puppet Chess was made from a set of little illusions. In a circle one zhang wide, miniature mountains and rivers were perfectly depicted. There were even clouds in the sky that slowly changed. Suddenly, these white clouds started to rain. Under the rain, the water in the river suddenly grew. A xiuzhe wearing Taoist robes suddenly charged into the sky from the river, slowly scanned the surroundings. Seeing there was not anything, the person went back into the river.

"Exquisite! Truly too exquisite!" Gongsun Cha gaped, his eyes changing from excited to scorching.

Zuo Mo was also shocked by such exquisiteness. Even though he had made it from beginning to end, but he had never thought of the result of the end product.

This wasn't some chess board, it was like a complete little world. Everything inside would naturally cycle on their own.

So wondrous!

Zuo Mo's mind became blank.

"Quick quick, how to play?" Gongsun Cha urged.

Zuo Mo refocused and handed him a piece of third-grade Black Daze crystal. "Put your mind into it." He also took up a piece of black daze crystal and flooded it with his consciousness.

He felt the scenery in front of his eyes change, and he seemed to be looking from the sky.

Hm, his eyes unconsciously looked down.

Yao!

Nine yao were arranged in an organized square. He could clearly feel the connection between him and the nine yao. He was even able to use the eyes of any of the yao to see everything in the surroundings.

At the same time, the information of the nine yao flowed through his mind.

His mind moved, and a yao suddenly stepped three paces forward, leaving the troop. He instantly controlled it to do many strange and awkward poses.

So interesting! Very interesting!

Zuo Mo was in shock.

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Translator Ramblings:

What to do when you are bored? Play games. This is a road trip to a place they don't know.

Pu Yao is very good at hiding since he found a spot inside Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness. He managed to evade Xin Yan and the others, then the people at the Sword Test Conference, and now the yao. At this point, it's pretty obvious that he doesn't like the yao that much.

At the same time, as a commentator pointed out, he doesn't respect Zuo Mo as an equal considering how he just takes Zuo Mo's resources and uses them without permission. From our perspective as readers, we frequently side with Zuo Mo since we have the most knowledge about his state of mind, and there is a tendency to desire the main character to improve and win all the time.

However, in a world where power is might, Zuo Mo is not at a strength that Pu Yao can respect even if he is greatly weakened now. From Pu Yao's

perspective, Zuo Mo's primary skills in the consciousness and body cultivation is due to him giving/selling the knowledge to Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo is akin to a leech that Pu Yao needs at this point to survive but Zuo Mo is still so weak that Pu Yao dismisses him.

His mindset has not completely adjusted to his present situation, and he is refusing to admit some truths. The change in Pu Yao's mindset will be an interesting one.

Chapter 206: What Was That?

Zuo Mo was very depressed.

In the first two matches, he had won. The third round was tied. They also tied for the fourth and fifth. After the fifth round, he never won again.

In total, they had battled for ten matches. Five losses, three ties, and two wins, that wasn't a good result. The more they played, the greater the gap between them became. He was very surprised. Gongsun Shidi who looked shy and weak was very aggressive. In the last few matches, not soon after the match had started, Zuo Mo was killed off.

Zuo Mo lost so badly that even Pu Yao couldn't keep looking.

"I'll go!"

Pu Yao jumped out, took over control, and started to fight against Gongsun Cha.

Gongsun Cha was instantly obliterated. The strong ability to command that Pu Yao displayed made Zuo Mo intoxicated. Pu Yao, who seemed quite feminine, was extremely aggressive when he was in command.

You guys can slowly torture yourselves! Ge will play on ge's own.

Zuo Mo muttered inside. This person and this yao were natural born militants. In other words, they were born for the role! Especially when he saw the expressions of the person and the yao, he shuddered. The light flashed in Pu Yao's bloody pupil, a cruel smirk on the corner of his mouth, his actions light lightning. Gongsun Shidi, after being depressively killed for twenty something matches, his expression wasn't the least bit dejected. His face was like a plum blossom, slightly flushed, the light in his eyes continuously flickering, he was more excited the more he fought!

These two perverts!

Zuo Mo had long known of Pu Yao's perverseness. He hadn't thought Gongsun Shidi would also be so perverse when he played War Chess!

Did everyone's heart have a perverse chord?

Shaking his head, Zuo Mo smacked his lips. All the War Chess games that Pu Yao gave were for commanders, and were all yaomo. Xiuzhe, if they were not the enemy, they were cannon fodder. That made him very unaccustomed to it.

Okay, who made it so that they were War Chess games for yaomo.

Zuo Mo completely threw the last thought behind his head. He decided to continue his own cultivation.

Speaking of cultivation, he was studying formations.

He had seen many kinds of formations already. The soul-tethered talisman that was so rare, jingshi talismans, he had all that. Adding on the aid of his consciousness, his comprehension of formations was much deeper than normal xiuzhe.

He had many skills, he cultivated ling power, spiritual power, and also body cultivation on the side. He also knew many spells. Such variety was not a good quality. In reality, all of these were not his true cultivation path.

His primary cultivation was formations. The direction of this originated in Pu Yao's statement, "The core of all spells is formations." From the uncertainty in the beginning, to the gradual understanding, to the rock-hard determination of present, Zuo Mo had never stopped studying.

Even though he was far from the level Pu Yao had spoken of, he was full of confidence in himself.

For example, the micro formations in dan-making were the products of his continuous investigations. He didn't know if anyone else studied them, but the micro formations had brought enormous profit for him. Without the micro formations, there was no Golden Crow Fire.

There were many paths to increasing one's strength, but not every path was suited for him.

Since people were skilled at commanding, then this matter will be given to those skilled in that. It was the wisest choice for him to do what he was most skilled in.

He put his attention back on the date seed ship. In his view, there was a lot of room for modifications, especially to Zuo Mo who was skilled in micro formations.

As it was related to his life, he had to think hard.

In the cabin, three people all had different expressions. Chun Yu Cheng propped his head on his hand, his eyes lost. He had maintained this position for a long time, occasionally muttering. Gongsun Cha was extremely energetic, his eyes focused on War Chess, completely ignorant of the piece of black daze crystal that was floating in the air with no one else present.

Zuo Mo climbed up and down, his body covered in wood shavings, all kinds of tools and talismans occasionally on his hands.

Lil' Pagoda skipped behind him, not letting go of one piece go to waste, all sucked into the tower.

Not far away, Silly Bird looked in disdain at Lil' Pagoda. Lil' Black silently waved its antennae as it climbed around.

A long time later, when the formation in front of him had finished, Zuo Mo finally released a breath and stretched.

Without any requirements, without any limitations, as long as he could think of it and he had enough materials, he would try it. This kind of experimentation that he had never had before made him feel unspeakably comfortable. He had done everything he could think of to modify the date seed ship.

Some were forging methods, some were dan-making methods, some were formation setting methods, including the formation disks that he hadn't used for a time, they were all put to use on the date seed ship.

The date seed ship was completely transformed.

The shuttle-shaped date seed ship became even sharper, especially the bow where seven blue spikes were arranged in a row. These seven blue spikes had been obtained from the fourth-grade Blue Spiked Crocodile that Zuo Mo had killed on the Desolate Wood Reef. The blue jade like

spike was covered in cinnabar seals all over.

The body of the ship was thinner and longer than before, like a swordfish. It made the ship look more dangerous and intrusive. The direct result was that its speed in the water suddenly increased. In two hours, it could travel one hundred and fifty li, having increased by fifty percent.

Zuo Mo added a control formation to the ling shield outside. It was almost attached to the body of the ship now, like a skin rather than the round bubble it had been before. The lightning net seemed to be engraved on the ling shield now rather than on its exterior.

It was possible to see a thread of lightning occasionally swim by silently on the ling shield.

Zuo Mo had cut off anything like the masts. Those things were more for decoration than practicality.

But even so, Zuo Mo was still not satisfied. He studied the water movement formation that the date seed ship had now, and found that this water movement formation was the reason the date seed ship was so slow in the water. Compared to flying in the air, the speed of travel in the water made him feel it was as slow as a turtle.

For example, the Thunder Flowing Light Wings that he had bought from Hong Yang could reach one thousand and five hundred li in two hours at full speed. Even the third-grade lucky cloud that did not pursue speed but was famed for its elegance could easily surpass a speed of three hundred li every two hours.

Having never possessed a water movement talisman before, Zuo Mo naturally could not be satisfied with the speed of the date seed ship. A fourth-grade date seed ship that couldn't even catch up to a third-grade lucky cloud, wasn't that a joke?

He completely forgot the resistance in the water was much stronger than flying in the air.

When he realized this problem, it was when he had increased the speed of the date seed ship to two hundred li every two hours, because he

discovered that, no matter how he altered the water movement formation, he could not increase the speed of the date seed ship.

He sudden recalled a move that he had practiced before in the [Li Water Sword Scripture] – [Flowing Water]!

Other than being traceless and hard to discover, [Flowing Water] also was fast! It wasn't an extremely fast, but a comfortable, and smooth, natural flow! He had practiced [Li Water Sword Scripture] in the water before. In the water, [Flowing Water] was much faster! The crux of [Flowing Water] was to change with the water flow, like water flowing from high up down.

If he could turn the date seed ship into the Water Drop sword, that would be good

This daring idea suddenly flashed through his head. This idea made him excited. After thinking for a long time, he finally found a solution.

He had just finished it now!

He used several hundred little formations to successfully model a situation similar to [Flowing Water]. The speed of the date seed ship was increased to four hundred li every two hours!

Zuo Mo did not know the market. If he knew the fourth-grade water movement talismans on the market were all around one hundred li every two hours, that even the upper fourth-grade talismans were about two hundred li every two hours, he certainly wouldn't have been stubborn to increase the speed of the date seed ship.

Such terrifying speed was not without its limits. Due to the high number of formations, it was extremely difficult to control. Zuo Mo found it very hard to control himself, and had to let Lil' Pagoda take control of the formations. These formations mostly were related to water, and Lil' Pagoda was the best hand at controlling the five elements.

The other point was the consumption of jingshi had multiplied, especially when they were travelling at full speed. It would use ten jing of ling power every two hours, which was ten pieces of third-grade jingshi,

ten times that of the Thunder Flowing Light Wings.

But in Zuo Mo's perspective, this was worth it. If he couldn't keep his little life, then no matter how much jingshi he had it was useless.

The present date seed ship finally reached the level of life-saving in his heart.

But before he could rest, suddenly, a feeling of danger came into Zuo Mo's mind.

Zuo Mo's heart beat heavily.

He couldn't help but look outside. In the black water, a dot of light suddenly lit up far away.

This dot of light was extremely small like a hair, but in a blink, it was the size of a sesame seed.

Such fast speed!

Zuo Mo inhaled sharply.

He suddenly remembered the Endless ocean that countless people talked about, which had no border was the playground of strong ling beasts!

"Run!"

Connected to his mind, Lil' Pagoda instantly light up, the jingshi of the twenty eight stars in the ceiling of the cabin lit up, the cabin so bright it seemed like day.

Vroom vroom vroom! The ship slightly trembled. Under its maximum speed, the pressure that the ship was under was very terrifying.

The sudden change alarmed the other two.

Chun Yu Cheng raised his head in confusion, the excited lush on Gongsun Cha's face had not retreated. Gongsun Cha reacted first, the lightning speed of the date seed ship frightening him.

"So fast! When did the ship become this fast?" He wasn't nervous, his face curious as he walked next to Zuo Mo.

"It isn't the time to discuss this," Zuo Mo said in a deep voice.

“Something has locked onto us.”

“What?” Gongsun Cha’s face was curious. However, when his gaze turned to the outside, his face suddenly changed.

Not far away from the ship, a pair of vicious eyes about the size of a lantern stared at the date seed ship.

When the two people looked at its body, the two couldn’t help but inhale.

An enormous shadow appeared in their vision. Black water that flowed relentlessly was like a mountain that was clearly separate from the surrounding river. The pair of indifferent and vicious eyes were as bright as moons in the black water.

The three felt as though they had fell into a glacier, their entire body cold!

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Translator Ramblings:

Zuo Mo goes overboard and the sea monsters show up. Gongsun Cha is a little bit obsessed.

Chapter 207: Moon Eye Blackwater Beast

“What is that?” Gongsun Cha asked woodenly

“Don’t know,” Zuo Mo’s answer was similarly wooden.

The pitiable Chun Yu Cheng just fainted.

“This is a Moon Eye Black Water Beast,” Pu Yao drawled. Having just sadistically killed Gongsun Cha for more than twenty rounds, he was in a pleasurable state, his attitude exceptionally harmonious.

“Moon Eye Blackwater Beast?”

“They mostly live in the bottom of the Endless Ocean. They have large bodies, but they are all looks and no substance. They don’t have anything good on their bodies. The only things are the moon beads and the Blackwater.” Pu Yao only glanced once, before becoming scornful.

“Moon bead! Blackwater!” Zuo Mo’s heart leaped. He had never heard of the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast before, but he wasn’t unfamiliar with the Moon Bead and Blackwater. The uses of Blackwater were very broad, it was not cheap, and moon beads were not just expensive, there were very few of them on the market, and were some of the best materials for forging.

However, he didn’t dare to have any greed now. The presence that this Moon Eye Blackwater Beast had was too intimidating.

“What grade is this guy? Any weaknesses?” He asked.

“Fourth-grade. As to weaknesses, I don’t know.” Pu Yao added, “I’m not familiar.”

The speed of the date seed ship was at maximum, yet that Moon Eye Blackwater Beast was easily keeping up.

As expected of a natural water element beast. His date seed ship was not a match for this kind of water movement speed. He stopped the ship. In any case, he couldn’t escape from the beast

What reassured his heart was this Moon Eye Black Water Beast was a

fourth-grade ling beast. What gave him a headache was that they were in the water.

Zuo Mo might have defeated a Blue Spiked Crocodile, but that was on land and not in the water. If they had been in the water, Zuo Mo wouldn't have even been able to escape. Water element ling beasts could use all of their offensive power in the water.

One ship and one beast faced off.

Zuo Mo and the others didn't dare to move rashly. The Moon Eye Blackwater Beast seemed curious about this object that it had never seen before.

Inside the ship, Zuo Mo cast a spell on Gongsun Cha. "You're in command of them." After playing War Chess, Zuo Mo realized Gongsun Shidi's talent in this area. Since he really couldn't make anything of them, it was better to give them to Shidi.

Gongsun Cha stilled, but he instantly took over the command of the three Golden Armor Guards. In his consciousness, when the three Golden Armor Guards appeared, a shocked expression uncontrollably floated onto his face.

He had always assumed that the Golden Armor Guards were living people. Now he discovered that these three mysterious experts were puppets!

He quickly managed to calm down. Gradually, his breathing started to speed up.

He felt his body was uncontrollably shaking. It was not fear nor terror, but excitement!

This was his first fight where he was in command. Even though his subordinates were three golems, when he thought of the upcoming battle,

he felt his body temperature rising, even his blood was burning.

He suddenly closed his eyes, his rushed breathing slowly calming.

When he opened his eyes again, he looked much calmer, but the light in the deepest part of his eyes was like a blade's edge.

Zuo Mo also threw away all other thoughts. Other than engaging in a fight, there didn't seem to be other options. The other side was a fourth-grade ling beast in the water, but on his side were four ningmai. Zuo Mo felt there was a chance!

What he was worried about was they would create too much noise, and attract other ling beasts. That would not be good.

Just as Zuo Mo pondered when to attack, Gongsun Cha suddenly ran to Chun Yu Cheng who had fainted, and furiously shook him awake. "Shixiong, Shixiong, where's your ling butterfly?"

"Ling butterfly ling butterfly" Chun Yu Cheng's face was confused. After a while, he managed to react, and hurriedly took out the beast service card. "Ling butterfly! Ling butterfly!"

Gongsun Cha looked helplessly at the confusion and panic on Chun Yu Cheng's face and could only softly comfort him, "Shixiong, don't panic, just summon your ling butterfly."

"Oh." It might have been that Gongsun Cha's comfort was effective, Chun Yu Cheng calmed down slightly and summoned the ling butterfly.

The blue ling butterfly appeared in front of him, nimbly fluttering its wings. Zuo Mo was slightly surprised. Every time the blue butterfly flapped its wings, he could feel a rich stream of water element power. It seemed that the deep of the Endless Ocean was the place the water element blue butterfly could be most effective.

But Zuo Mo did not understand. Why did Gongsun Cha get Chun Yu

Cheng to summon a blue butterfly? The blue butterfly was only a third-grade ling butterfly, definitely not a match for the big guy outside. Also, while the deep of the Endless Ocean had rich water element power, it really was not a habitat for butterflies.

“Shixiong, I remember your ling butterfly has two water element spells. Which two?” Gongsun Cha asked rapidly.

“[Water Movement] and [Water Power].” Chun Yu Cheng reflexively responded.

Zuo Mo’s eyes suddenly lit up. He understood what Gongsun Shidi wanted to do.

Gongsun Cha did not waste time, pointing at the three Golden Armor Guards and saying, “Shixiong, get the ling butterfly to use the spells on these three.”

“Oh.” Chun Yu Cheng hurriedly commanded the blue butterfly. The blue butterfly lightly moved its wings, and two water-blue spells hit one of the Golden Armor Guards. After continuously casting eight spells on the three Golden Armor Guards plus Zuo Mo, the blue butterfly appeared tired. The wings were moving slower than they had been before.

When the two spells hit Zuo Mo, he felt his ling power become lively. The changes in the water flow outside side the ship became much more clear, even though he didn’t know what the effect would be!

It was the correct decision to give Gongsun Shidi control of the Golden Armor Guards. If it was him, he wouldn’t have thought of Chun Shidi’s ling butterfly.

With these two spells, the gap between the two sides had become a little bit smaller.

Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha looked at each other, and instantly understood what they wanted. Attack first!

Three blue lights suddenly charged at the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast!

Once they attacked, Zuo Mo had no thoughts about luck. The three blue spikes moved first.

Fourth-grade blue spikes, after being forged in Golden Crow Fire, the body of the spikes were filled with characters. It was the strongest killing move of the date seed ship, but compared to the enormous body of the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast, the three blue spikes were not even toothpicks.

The Moon Eye Blackwater Beast did not show any signs of dodging. The three blue spikes disappeared into the black and roiling black water.

Boom!

The Blackwater which had been slowly flowing suddenly rippled ferociously like boiling water

The lantern-sized eyes brightened. Hiss, the three people on the ship felt an ear-piercing sound.

Zuo Mo's attack had wounded it.

The Moon Eye Blackwater beast was enraged. Everyone felt the landscape darken. A wave of Blackwater gathered towards the date seed ship from all directions, tying it up tightly. The strength of the black water was extremely high. The ship started to creak as the Blackwater pressed against it!

The Blackwater tightly covered the ling shield like a wall.

Three golden figures with a long red tail heavily struck the water wall outside.

Ding ding ding!

Three muffled sounds that were like lightning. The three Golden Armor Guards were forcibly bounced back. The seemingly soft-looking black water was as hard as steel. The full power blows of the three Golden Armor Guards were not able to move the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast.

Zuo Mo was shocked.

He was very clear about how powerful the three Golden Armor Guards were. Each Golden Armored Guard's strength was above his. The attack of the three of them at full power was not able to harm the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast one bit!

If it was said the three blue spikes made Zuo Mo joyful, then his heart stilled with this attack. So the restless Blackwater around the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast was its strongest weapon!

Blackwater was one of the most famous heavywaters in the world. With such a large amount of Blackwater it didn't need any other spells. It only needed to control them, and the power would be terrifying.

Controlling Blackwater! This was the area that the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast was truly strong in.

Gongsun Cha also had a shocked expression. The three Golden Armor Guards suddenly stopped and suddenly leapt outside again.

Zuo Mo also managed to react. Throwing all thoughts to the back of his head, the five essence sword set he had already prepared was waiting to attack. Suddenly seeing the actions of the three Golden Armor Guards, his own movements slowed.

The three Golden Armor Guards rushed outside. In the middle, the gloves on their hands lit up.

Ten Thousand Appearance Gloves!

The three golden figures were like three meteors, striking three times!

Bam bam bam!

The three blows were all at the same spot!

Boom!

Zuo Mo's consciousness clearly watched the water wall that the three Golden Armor Guards attacked only slightly rippled, but behind the water shield, the Blackwater body of Moon Eye Blackwater Beast suddenly shook, a portion of the Blackwater almost flowing out of its body.

Gongsun Cha's attack was too beautiful!

Zuo Mo suppressed the impulse to roar, and took the opportunity to attack. He didn't use the five essence sword set on his hands, but went with the flow and activated the lightning net outside the ling shield of the date seed ship.

If this was earlier, lightning of this degree was nothing to the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast.

But the clever attacks of the three Golden Armor Guards caused the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast to lose control of the Blackwater for a very short instant. The relatively weak lightning moved in at this time.

Hiss hiss hiss!

Countless little bits of lightning flooded the Blackwater.

The Moon Eye Blackwater Beast was in a slight panic. The Blackwater that had been wrapped around the date seed ship furiously pressed inwards. Under the heavy pressure, half of the fine lightning was quickly destroyed.

However, the state of the two sides switched!

The devious Zuo Mo attacked it again, and three blue spikes soundlessly entered the Blackwater.

Argh!

The Moon Eye Blackwater Beast gave a strange howl!

Zuo Mo's eyes blurred, everything shaking! Turning his head over, blood flowed out of Gongsun Cha's nose and mouth, his face ferocious. The killing intent was so intense in his eyes that Zuo Mo's heart shook

A red sword energy passed through the black water, aiming straight at the two lantern-sized eyes of the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast.

At the same time, another Golden Armor Guard paced several steps and moved up.

Bam!

The Blackwater wall shrunk back, blocking the red sword energy.

Pew!

The Blackwater that hurried back was slightly weaker than usual, unable to block such a sharp sword energy.

Another water wall!

The sword energy which had not expended its power hit the surface, causing ripples and was blocked!

Before the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast could release a breath, the Golden Armored Guard that had moved up smashed heavily into the wall.

An expression of scorn appeared in the vicious eyes of the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast. Smash? They couldn't smash through the water wall!

Just as the Golden Armored Guard was going to hit the wall, suddenly, seven silver sword energies lit up by his side, the silver light flowing. Seven silver sword energies forcefully crashed on the water wall!

The Seven Star Sword Formation of the Seven Star Sword Boots!

The rippling water wall instantly collapsed, the seven silver sword energies pointing straight at the eyes of the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast.

For the first time, the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast had an expression of fear. At this time, it could do nothing except push all the Blackwater in front of it.

It needed to stop the seven silver sword energies!

It was so panicked that it did not notice that, at some unknown time, a golden figure had sneaked behind it.

Face covered in blood, Gongsun Cha seemed insane, the corners of his mouth coldly rising, his eyes black as they were reflected in the Blackwater, a dash of red flashing past!

Translator Ramblings: Gongsun Cha's first time in command. There isn't a very concrete description of this animal so I always end up picturing it as a whale.

Zuo Mo easily gave up command and this chapter really shows how Zuo Mo is someone who can easily admit that he isn't good at everything and people are more talented than he is. He is very practical and he has good judgement about other people.

Pu Yao is perverse because he enjoys inflicting pain on Zuo Mo and behaves contrary to what Zuo Mo expects. Gongsun Cha is perverse because normal people rarely are happy after being dealt devastating losses twenty times in a row, and would not be excited for more. Zuo Mo's desire for jingshi is not perverse because he values things like his life over jingshi. Also, he has not done anything malicious or wrong to make jingshi.

Chapter 208: Blood Void Movement

Zuo Mo looked at the soft and shy Gongsun Shidi who was half-collapsed on the deck, face pale, and found it hard to think of him as the battle crazed guy just now.

As he took out medicine for Gongsun Cha, he thought, "This guy is really an extreme militant!" Even now, he felt it was slightly unreal. The entire battle was clean and crisp, without any big tribulations, it was done.

Zuo Mo didn't even get to use his five essence sword set and the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast was killed!

He had felt the effectiveness of the Golden Armor Guards would not be as great with him as they were on Gongsun Shidi's hands.

But the difference was a bit too big

On land, one Golden Armor Guard was enough to deal with a Moon Eye Blackwater Beast, but in the water, for three Golden Armor Guards to kill a Moon Eye Blackwater Beast, that needed luck. He hadn't thought that Gongsun Shidi was so strong!

Pity about the pair of Moon beads!

Zuo Mo's heart hurt. The last ambush by the Golden Armor Guard had sliced the eyes of the Moon Eye Blackwater Beasts in half. What landed in his hands were four half-sphere moon beads. Their value had greatly decreased. He had taken a lot of Blackwater. The Blackwater was not as valuable as moon beads, but it was still a rarity.

Even more, it was worth it just to discover Gongsun Shidi's terrifying talent at battle!

In troubled times, what was most important was strength. As Gongsun Shidi's talents were continuously uncovered, their strength was increasing. Zuo Mo was already considering if it was possible for Pu Yao to make a few more Golden Armor Guards.

However, Gongsun Shidi's strength was a bit lacking. The shout from the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast had almost taken his little life. In Zuo Mo's

view, the direction that Gongsun Shidi should develop in was as a battle general, being skilled at commanding in battle, and not pursuing individual power.

But his individual power was too weak, even weaker than Chun Yu Cheng. If he was the least bit careless, he could lose his life. Having seen the yao army, Zuo Mo naturally realized that people like Gongsun Shidi were actually very strong. These days, hiring a sword xiu of some strength wasn't hard, that just needed jingshi. But hiring a xiuzhe who would command, that was not simple. Even more, Gongsun Shidi was the closest of all, they had gone through tribulations together and was very reliable.

How could he get Gongsun Shidi to command in battle but not lose his little life?

Talisman? Even the best talisman would be scrap metal in Gongsun Shidi's hands. He basically could not use them to their full potential.

Practice some life-saving spell? At this time, would it be too late? Gongsun Shidi might have talent at commanding, but his talent at cultivation seemed very average.

Zuo Mo ran into trouble.

Suddenly he hit his head. How could he forget Pu Yao? This thousand year old antique should know at least something.

"You want to turn him into a battle general?" Pu Yao's eyes as he looked at Zuo Mo were slightly shocked. Such a perceptive matter, was it something that this greedy zombie face could think of? Didn't this guy only ever pursue money?

"I feel he has great talent in the area." Zuo Mo asked in response, "Don't you think so?"

"His talent is barely acceptable." Pu Yao did not refute it. "But what do you want a battle general for? Do you want to start conquering land?"

Zuo Mo looked at Pu Yao like he was looking at an idiot. Did he get his head knocked? Just these few people, they couldn't even get protection money, let alone conquering land! However, thinking that he had

something to ask of the other, Zuo Mo decided it was better not to say such hurtful words. He said, "One good man, three person sect. Gang fighting has more technique involved than fighting by oneself. Anyways, I feel that this road has a brighter future for him than a butcher."

For some unknown reason, Pu Yao released a breath. See, he said so. This brat couldn't have such far-seeing eyes.

"This is so good, why does it have to be hidden?" Zuo Mo was not very happy.

"You bumpkin!" Pu Yao scornfully twisted his mouth. Each time he scolded like this, he felt great. Also, he found that as long as Zuo Mo had something to request of him, Zuo Mo wouldn't be angry if he swore at him.

He saw the displeasure in Zuo Mo's eyes become even heavier, but the other forcefully suppressed it. Pu Yao was very smug.

Oh, this feeling isn't bad.

"Let me first teach you a lesson. With xiuzhe, those that are purely commanders are battle generals. Yaomo do not have pure things." Pu yao's voice was full of scorn. "For yaomo, they have to fight as soon as they are born. Commanding in battle is a technique any high level yaomo must learn. Of course, not every yaomo can become a strong commander, but the rate of their occurrence is much higher than your battle generals."

"Do you know what is most important for a commander? Pu Yao asked.

"I don't know," Zuo Mo shook his head in confusion. He had never heard before what Pu Yao was saying now.

"Giving commands!" Pu Yao gave a very normal answer.

"Oh," Zuo Mo seemed to have understood slightly.

“On the battlefield, the situation would change constantly, and is very complex. How can the people in command let their orders reach their subordinates?” As he kept on going, Pu Yao became serious. “Xiuzhe use seals, they first forge seals beforehand to give them to the xiuzhe they command, and pass orders through the seals. Mo use the mo matrix. They can mutually feel each other through the mo matrix. As to yao, I shouldn’t have to say anything.”

“Consciousness?”

“Yes.” Pu Yao nodded. “What yao primarily cultivate is the consciousness, and are born naturally powerful in this area. You should first consider this problem.”

“As to protecting his life,” Pu Yao tilted his head to think, “battle generals usually would have the protection of experts, and they would hide in the troops so they cannot easily be discovered.”

Zuo Mo had an impulse to spit blood.

After speaking for so long, it was basically equivalent to saying nothing. Having the protection of experts, where could he get experts to protect? There was only these few people, where would he hide?

“We are on one ship now.” Zuo Mo’s eyes were not friendly as he smirked, “Hm, I wonder if Sky Yao are nutritious and suited to a ling beast’s appetite.”

Pu Yao naturally would not be scared by this degree of threat, and laughed loudly in response.

Seeing that Zuo Mo showed signs of rage, Pu Yao finally stopped his carefree laugh.

“If you are talking about saving his life, it’s not that there are not ways.” Pu Yao snickered, “Like the mo matrix. Look at how convenient it is. Carving it on once, benefits for a lifetime. He doesn’t need to cultivate at all. The mo matrix would automatically temper his body. In the future, he would be a juggernaut, a juggernaut that cannot be killed!”

Zuo Mo smirked. “Boast! Continue boasting! Ge got tricked by you last

time, got this mo matrix carved, how come ge didn't become a juggernaut!"

"It's not possible to become a juggernaut in one day." Pu Yao smiled. "Or a yao seed. Cultivating the consciousness, that's the best pairing for a battle general."

"The consciousness isn't bad, but it isn't useful in protecting his life. Also, if he starts practicing, it would take a long time." Zuo Mo shook his head. "Also, in the future, he might not be in command of a yao army. Didn't you also say that xiuzhe used seals?"

"You see, you refused the two areas I'm most skilled in." Pu Yao waved his hand, his expression similar to saying "see, it's not that I'm not helping you."

"Ye just knew that you weren't reliable!" Zuo Mo hatefully said. "Humph, fine! He can't become a battle general, no one can play War Chess with you!"

Pu Yao froze.

Zuo Mo was secretly overjoyed. As expected, he hadn't guessed wrong! Seeing Pu Yao sadistically kill Gongsun Cha for twenty something rounds, Zuo Mo was very shocked. He had never seen Pu Yao be interested in a matter like he was in this. Pu Yao had taken out a huge variety of War Chess games. Zuo Mo had knew then that this guy had definitely been obsessed with this path. Especially when he saw Pu Yao's smug expression after he had sadistically killed Gongsun Cha twenty something rounds. He knew that this guy had found a new amusement, so he tried this approach.

Pu Yao was depressed. It wasn't that he was unclear as to Zuo Mo's little calculations, but just as Zuo Mo expected, it had been long and difficult before he had found someone who could play with him. If he lost a person to play with due to this, it was a loss.

To a Sky Yao that had no goal or ambition, amusement was very important.

He said slightly helplessly, "Oh, I remember, there is a very obscure life-

saving method.”

“What?” Zuo Mo hurriedly asked.

“[Blood Void Movement]!”

“What spell is that?”

“It’s not a spell, it’s a talisman!”

“Oh”

Multiple hours later, Zuo Mo looked at the three necklaces in front of him with a satisfied expression. There were two jade tablets on each necklace, each tablet carved with complex and old characters. Zuo Mo’s craftsmanship was much better now, and the characters he carved were more smooth and fine.

Deviously laughing, he ran next to Gongsun Cha whose face was pale.

“Shixiong, what is it?” Gongsun Cha became wary. Shixiong’s expression was troubling.

“Nothing big.” Zuo Mo nickered. He pulled Gongsun Cha’s hand, rubbed it a few times. “Okay!”

Gongsun Cha stilled. He suddenly saw that his little hand was dripping blood. Below his fingers, there was a jade bottle that was already half filled with blood.

Gongsun Cha’s pale face suddenly became white as paper, his eyes rolling as he fainted.

Chun Yu Cheng propped up his chin, looking in the distance, his gaze wandering as he muttered to himself. “This formation should belong to the wind element power. Does wind element power affect the reproduction rate of ling butterflies”

He was completely ignorant that someone was beside him, and did not detect that the other hand which he had on his leg was dripping blood.

After half a bottle, he still had not detected it.

An hour later.

“Hm, when did my hand get wounded? Oh, where did I think up to”

Zuo Mo took out three bottles of blood, one of them his own. He had split the blood of the two bottles in half, each portion put into one of the jade tablets.

On the warm jade tablet, the bright red characters were exceptionally grand. No one would think of blood. It did not look any different than normal cinnabar.

The three necklaces with the jade tablets were the weapon to save lives – Blood Void Movement!

Three people, one person a piece.

When any one of them experienced a life-saving threat, they would automatically move beside their fellow, as long as their fellow was also wearing the Blood Void Movement necklace as well.

He had originally planned on finding a life-saving method for Gongsun Cha who had the lowest cultivation, but hadn't thought that he would get such a big benefit out of it. Zuo Mo mixed the three people's Blood Void Movement together. This way, no matter which one of the three of them encountered danger, they would move to one of the other two.

Having put handled a large worry, Zuo Mo's mood was great and he woke Gongsun Cha up.

“Come, let's play the War Chess!”

The confused Gongsun Cha did not know that he had been sold by Shixiong to a Pu Yao who was sharpening his blades.

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Translator Ramblings:

More knowledge about large-scale warfare. No one in the ship is normal.

Lil' Black might be the most normal entity on there.

Zuo Mo finally found some of Pu Yao's weaknesses. He is bored and lonely.

Chapter 209: Ma Fan

“Where are we?” Chun Yu Cheng curiously poked his head out of the ship. After travelling for more than three months underwater, the three felt very suffocated.

“Little Mountain Jie,” Zuo Mo said uncertainly. None of them had ever been to Little Mountain Jie and had never paid any attention to information about Little Mountain Jie.

The fresh air made the trio’s chests instantly become refreshed and expand. They all poked their heads out of the cabin to greedily suck in the air.

On both sides of the river were endless series of mountain peaks.

But quickly, the three completely shut up. They looked dazedly at the mountain peaks at the two sides.

Smashed rocks and broken trees laid everywhere. Occasionally, there were corpses and pieces of clothing. The mountains which had originally been green were now barren.

“It can’t be this bad” Chun Yu Cheng’s voice drifted out as if it was sleep-talking.

Gongsun Cha was the first to respond. His face was not very good, lowering his head and saying to himself, “War has begun.”

Zuo Mo only looked, not knowing what to say. This area must have experienced fierce fighting. Thinking about the yao troops above the Desolate Wood Reef, Zuo Mo didn’t need to guess to know who had accomplished such destruction. His heart couldn’t help but feel fear. If he hadn’t escaped in time, this would have also been his outcome.

“Let’s be careful. The road probably won’t be safe.”

Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha exchanged a look, and saw the worry in each other’s eyes.

The date seed ship flew into the sky and floated in mid-air.

“Where should we go?” Gongsun Cha asked a very realistic question.

“We can only take one step and look one step.” Zuo Mo’s face was expressionless, but his voice was full of helplessness, “We aren’t familiar with Little Mountain Jie, so let’s first find someone to ask where the other jie rivers of Little Mountain Jie are.

“Are there even still people in Little Mountain Jie?”

Gongsun Cha’s words made Zuo Mo’s breathing uncontrollably stop. He turned around, and saw a matter-of-fact expression on Gongsun Cha’s soft face. For some reason, a cold chill seeped into his heart.

His first response was, he definitely could not bully Gongsun Shidi in the future.

This guy was definitely vicious and devious.

But Zuo Mo clearly wasn’t a nice person either. “Then our days are at an end. Just wait for others to come back to clean us up.”

Gongsun Cha giggled, and didn’t speak. Holding up his chin, he was thinking of something.

Luckily, Gongsun Cha’s words were not proven right. On the third day, they encountered living xiuzhe. But when they saw the messy battlefield, Zuo Mo could only say, “Let’s wait.” The date seed ship shrunk back into the clouds, and secretly gazed at the fighting below.

The two groups of xiuzhe were fighting, talismans and flying swords all over the air.

Most of the people had a cultivation of ningmai, only a rare few in zhuji. Chun Yu Cheng only looked for a little while before turning to think about his husbandry. He wasn’t interested in fighting and killing. Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha were so bored they were yawning.

“Why don’t we do another round of War Chess.” Gongsun Cha asked.

Zuo Mo swept him with a look and shook his head. “No, business first.”

Gongsun Cha had become their strongest offensive force now.

In the three months, this militant had improved with astounding speed, becoming more vicious and experienced in the art of commanding. The number of ling beasts that had been ruined could not be counted. In his hands, the three Golden Armored Guards could be called specters of war. Of course, Zuo Mo's wallet had also become fuller.

Having seen the strong yao army, having seen the strong ling beasts under the water like the Moon Eye Blackwater Beast, especially after seeing the grand performances of the three golden armor guards under Gongsun Shidi's command, the fight in front of them could not stir their interest.

Thinking it over Zuo Mo still decided to not wait, "Go get them to stop."

"Alright," Gongsun Cha clearly didn't have any interest in opponents of this level. The two seemed to have completely forgot one of them was ningmai and the other zhuji while the two groups down there were mostly ningmai.

The three golden armor guards that had been holding their swords moved, and disappeared from Gongsun Cha's side.

Ma Fan carefully maintained his distance from the others. Fifty zhang to one hundred zhang was his best attack range. In this range of distance, his sword scripture could reach its maximum power.

Compared to the great majority, his luck was pretty good, and he had found the remains of a sword scripture. This sword scripture did not have a name, and the contents were nearly all lost; but the remains were enough for him to survive until now.

It really was troublesome!

He carefully controlled his rhythm, occasionally glancing out of the corner of his eye at his fellows. Luckily, this group's situation wasn't bad.

His heart relaxed slightly. Before this, he had always been alone. When he had encountered the yao army passing by, seeing that battle that had no meaning, he understood that it was not possible for one person to survive in these troubled times.

He had joined this little group. but how many times had he fought after joining this group? He didn't quite remember. After the yao army left, Little Mountain Jie's society had collapsed, and turned to chaos.

Out of nowhere, he saw three golden lights out of the corner of his eye!

There was an ambush! His heart shocked, he didn't hesitate in turning and running. His feet moved continuously, and his entire person was covered in a pile of fake and real illusions.

The illusory movement method that he relied on to save his life!

The opponent sixty zhang away from him had suddenly lost his opponent, his face full of shock, not understanding the situation.

The three golden lights were like three sharp arrows that pierced straight into the people fighting.

Pia pia pia!

The rapid blows sounded out like rain hitting a banana leaf. The sounds rang in Ma Fan's ears as he ran furiously, his scalp prickled.

It was troublesome now!

He was still quite confident in his speed. The sword scripture that he cultivated might have been incomplete, but the strongest parts were the illusory movement method and the three sword moves. The illusory sword method had saved his life a few times already. He rejoiced inside that he had luckily saved some energy before. Otherwise, he would meet his death today.

Just as he was thinking, the thundering crashes suddenly stopped.

A strong feeling of danger appeared. Uh-oh!

Hiss-crack!

A golden figure appeared in front of him out of thin air, the speed so quick that he didn't even manage to see the person's features.

Troublesome!

His feet changed direction and ran in another direction!

Hiss-crack!

Another golden figure appeared in front of him.

Trouble

At the same time, a hiss-crack sounded behind him!

"I surrender!" He raised both of his hands.

However, the other clearly did not pay attention to him. His neck hurt, his vision darkened, and then he was unconscious.

When he opened his eyes again, he released a breath. He hadn't died. However, when he completely opened his eyes, his heart went back up again – a gold fighter!

He suddenly remembered what had happened before he was unconscious.

This was really troublesome now!

He finally managed to see what the golden people looked like. Their entire body was covered in golden scale armor. Under the sun, the dense golden scales rippled with golden light. The eyes under the golden scale armor were cold and murderous. Ma Fen did not doubt that if he dared to make a wrong move, the golden scale warriors would use that exaggeratedly large flame red broadsword to slice off his head.

Wait, Heavens!

His eyes blanked for an extremely short moment.

Flames surrounded the exaggerated red broadsword. The golden scaled warriors had thrust the sword into the ground. The soil around the tip of the sword slowly became black. Fourth-grade! This was a fourth-grade broadsword!

Ma Fan had worked alone for so long. From this experience, he had developed a great understanding of the market for these kinds of things. Naturally had his own methods for judging talismans.

This broadsword was not ordinary. This was not what shocked him . Even if there was the addition of the golden scaled armor that looked to have high defense power, he wouldn't feel shocked.

What shocked him was what was on the three

No wonder they could catch up to him. The Thunder Flowing Light Wings, one of the most famous fourth-grade flying talismans that could be brought on the market. It had appeared countless times in his dreams. If he had the Thunder Flowing Light Wings, if they were added to his illusory movement method. Oh, he had the confidence he could escape from any xiuzhe under jindan!

His eyes flashed across the hands resting on the hilt of the sword. A light blue pair of gloves embroidered with a little elephant. Ten Thousand Appearances Gloves! The best love of body xiu. If you had those, you could tear animals apart with your bare hands. His thoughts wandered. A moment later, he remembered the crashes that had come behind him before he had become unconscious.

To have been smashed by a guy wearing Ten Thousand Appearances Gloves

He shook and woke up.

But when his eyes flashed across the snake pupil that was so cold and emotionless on the belt that the golden scaled warriors were wearing, his body uncontrollably tensed again!

Snake Pupil Belt!

... ..

His eyes unconsciously landed on the pair of feet closest to him. The slightly delicate boots were slightly strange being paired with the glittering golden armor. But, when Ma Fan's gaze landed on the little sword on the shoes and the Big Dipper surrounding it, he only had one thought in his head

--It really was troublesome now!

"Don't just look. Just sit up."

A very young voice came from behind him. He hurriedly rolled up.

He saw an expressionless face. It really was expressionless. The entire face seemed to be paralyzed. He had never seen such a strange face before. The thin body, with this wooden face, it looked like a zombie. However, this "zombie" was covered in valuable talismans. Ma Fan instantly woke up. He had heard before that many elders would have all kinds of strange habits and preferences.

But the young xiuzhe next to the "zombie" was quite delicate, a slight smile on his face. He looked very friendly.

"What are you called?" The zombie opened.

"Ma Fan."

"As in troublesome?"

Having expected the other's response, Ma Fan hurriedly explained, "Ma as in sesame, fan for ordinary."

"Oh," The zombie slightly paused. "Why are you guys fighting?"

Zuo Mo pretended to be profound.

"Elder, they want to steal our ling grains." Ma Fan didn't dare to conceal.

"Ling grains?" Zuo Mo was very surprised. He had made his living from farming ling grains for several years but had never heard people fighting over ling grains.

"Yes." Ma Fan perceptively detected the disbelief in Zuo Mo's voice and explained, "Elder may not know. After the yao army passed through, for

some reason, the ling energy in the jie has gradually decreased. Not only has cultivation has become difficult to progress, but after a period of time, our stages may actually go down.”

Zuo Mo hurriedly channeled his ling power and found that it was as Ma Fan had said. The surrounding ling energy was very thin. He had the mo matrix which would automatically take in ling energy from the surroundings which was why did he had not detected it. Also, Gongsun Cha was obsessed with War Chess and Chun Yu Cheng with his animals, the Golden Armor Guards did not need to cultivate, so their procession had not discovered the change in the ling energy.

Zuo Mo suddenly shuddered in shock.

*

Translator Ramblings:

Ma Fan (麻凡) is very similar to the Chinese term for trouble. Fang Xiang seemed really fond of this pun in this chapter.

Little Mountain Jie is a small jie and so is Sky Moon. There are intermediate sized jie and large ones like Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. Zuo Mo is on a whole new map but he is still in the beginner stage. Some also call this part of the story one of the best parts ... not my personal favorite ...

I really marvel at how short World of Cultivation really is compared to a lot of the stories going on at the moment. Some stories might take 1-5 years depending on how fast a person writes. In terms of sheer productivity, Chinese web-novel writers are pretty crazy, especially those who do it part-time. There are hundreds of people churning out novels more than hundreds of thousands of characters every year, but part of it are writing differences. Chinese authors narrate and describe using more adjectives and idioms than English writers. Something that means shocked can be a four-character term and all of this adds up. In this story, I'm going to get sick of translating how soft, feminine, shy and bashful Gongsun Cha's face is.

Chapter 210: Collapse of Order

For the longest time, ling grains had always been used to improve the body and as an aid to increase cultivation speed. Other than that, only those xiuzhe who were heading to Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie would use them.

Due to this, the price of ling grains was low and very steady in the long term. Otherwise, Zuo Mo would have already become rich.

But right now, the ling energy density at Little Mountain Jie had become low, and the importance of ling grains had instantly become evident. Jingshi, lingdan and ling grains were the only items able to supply ling energy. The ling power contained in jingshi was rich, but the impurities it contained needed to be purified and could not be used in the long term. Lingdan was made with all kinds of ling herbs and ling materials, so the cost was too high.

The ling energy in the ling foods were not just easy to absorb but did not harm the body. If used for a long time, it could even slowly change the body. Ling grains were the most widely used and basic ingredient in ling foods. Even normal xiuzhe that did not know how to make ling food could easily consume it.

Many thoughts appeared in Zuo Mo's head.

Little Mountain Jie's ling energy had become thin after the yao army had passed through. Without a doubt, it was the fault of the yao army. However, even though he knew this desolation was caused by the yao army, Zuo Mo had to sigh with amazement at the strength of the yao army. Little Mountain Jie might be a small jie, but to be able to change the ling energy of a jie, this power was enough to make him look up with reverence..

Other than admiration, he started to think of the related problems this matter would cause.

Long ago when he had been farming ling grains, due to listening to the sound tablet frequently, he gradually learned how to follow the threads

through the complex and numerous news reports to find the useful information . He knew he was only a little character. If he was going to survive in this troubled world, he needed to learn how to avoid dangers.

If the situation worsened, Little Mountain Jie would become a place like Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. A place with no ling energy was a terrible place for xiuzhe, and Little Mountain Jie would quickly become the playground of the yaomo.

Zuo Mo didn't know what the yaomo had done, nor did he know if the change of ling energy could be reversed. If this change could be reversed that would be good, but if it could not be then the situation of the xiuzhe would be terrible! Under an environment without any ling energy, the offensive power of the xiuzhe would dramatically lessen, and the yaomo would become fish in the water. If this became the case, the disadvantages of the xiuzhe would continuously increase. The yaomo would only need to corrode one jie at a time, and the xiuzhe had to retreat.

Damn it!

Zuo Mo felt his heartbeat was increasing.

Alright, he was worrying for nothing. Those large sects wouldn't stand aside. Thousands of years ago, the xiuzhe had won over the yaomo. They could do it again this time!

Zuo Mo comforted himself so.

His thoughts turned back to himself. The great affairs of the world were nothing to him. It was more practical to focus more his efforts on his little life.

The price of ling plant farmers was going to grow. At least, he didn't have to worry about starving ... this thought flashed through his head.

The order of Little Mountain Jie would completely collapse. He had to quickly leave this place.

He had deeply experienced the ineffectiveness of individual strength on the front lines of battle. He couldn't affect the battle, he couldn't even decide his own life.

In troubled times, lives were nothing.

Ma Fan's heart was fearful. The zombie elder had become silent. He felt the air in front of him had solidified, an invisible pressure making him tremble. He could clearly hear the increasing rate of his heartbeat. His mouth was drying.

"Why don't you all leave Little Mountain Jie?" The zombie elder suddenly asked.

Zuo Mo finally spoke, and Ma Fan no longer felt he was suffocating.

"Elder, it's not that we do not want to leave Little Mountain Jie, but the jie river towards Sky Water Jie has been under someone's control. If we want to pass, we needed to pay enough jingshi and ling grains."

Zuo Mo instantly realized. He couldn't help but think that these people were much more vicious than he was. Little Mountain Jie only had two jie rivers, one to Sky Moon Jie, one towards Sky Water Jie.

Blockading the jie river towards Sky Water Jie, Little Mountain Jie instantly became a dead end. No one would dare to go to Sky Moon Jie.

"No one has tried to kill their way out?"

Ma Fan grimaced. "Controlling the Sky Water jie river is the strongest sect in the jie, Clear Sky Sect."

Hearing this, Zuo Mo shook his head. This wasn't the way to do business.

To do business, there was a relationship of mutual gain. What was traded was jingshi, but what this Clear Sky Sect wanted was lives. Half of the responsibility for the collapse of order in Little Mountain Jie could be blamed on Clear Sky Sect and what they were pushing from the shadows. The xiuzhe that could not escape Little Mountain Jie and could only continuously fight and steal both jingshi and ling grains from other

people. Everyone would think that when they had stolen enough, they could escape this place.

As for the people remaining, there was only one outcome.

Zuo Mo didn't feel anything guilt about profiteering from war, but what Clear Sky Sect had done was enough for him to feel cold.

Clear Sky Sect's actions of pushing people to the edge of death was like playing with fire. If they were not careful, they could also fall in. However, from the outside, it was also possible to see their absolute confidence.

Of course, Zuo Mo was not so carefree as to worry about the life and death of other people. Clear Sky Sect was blockading the jie river, and so was stopping their road to leave Little Mountain Jie.

Would Clear Sky Sect allow him to leave? Not possible. Clear Sky Sect had no relationship with him, would they let go of the chance to get rich?

As to making it through by force? That was even more unlikely.

Gongsun Cha might have been very relaxed in directing the golden armor guards to sort out the ten or so xiuzhe, but the power that large sects like Clear Sky Sect had was not something so few people that they had could face.

Give jingshi?

Zuo Mo did have jingshi, but he felt that in other people's eyes, he was definitely a fat sheep. If it was him who saw such a fat sheep, there was no reason not to squeeze everything he could. How could they be content with just jingshi?

Zuo Mo quickly vetoed that plan.

Then, there was only one remaining way, kill his way through them! If he was going to kill, it wasn't possible with just the three of them. Then, he needed to expand the strength he had. He needed a power that the other could not dismiss. Clear Sky Sect definitely would not get in a conflict with him to the point both sides were wounded and suffered significant losses. It was very simple. Zuo Mo had nothing, but Clear Sky Sect was waiting

and raking in jingshi.

Ma Fan would never think that his few words had caused so many thoughts to flashed through Zuo Mo's mind.

Zuo Mo asked for some of the general information regarding Sky Water jie river. As expected, the Sky Water jie river was unable to be penetrated under Clear Sky Sect's management. It also killed off his last hope. Originally, he had thought about passing under the water of the jie river by the date seed ship.

Zuo Mo was going to ask Gongsun Shidi's opinion, but when he saw Gongsun Shidi's excitement and fanaticism, he already knew the answer.

This extreme militant!

Muttering inside he found Pu Yao, "Is there a way to make them listen to me?"

Pu Yao's bloody pupil flashed and he snickered, "There's very many. What you xiuzhe use the most is jinzhi."

"Jinzhi?" Zuo Mo asked curiously.

"This isn't strange." Pu Yao said. "This is mostly used on xiu slaves, but some strict sects would use them on their disciples to stop the disciples from betraying them."

"So scary!" Zuo Mo shook. He could not imagine that he needed to be implanted with jinzhi when he entered a sect.

"Do you want that method?"

"Yes."

Zuo Mo only hesitated for a beat before deciding to take it. If it wasn't their death, it was his, there was nothing to say. First, get past the jie river. Jinzhi were not moral, but it was the most effective method right now. There was no time for him to waste.

Zuo Mo didn't want to be still in Little Mountain Jie when the yao army returned.

Pu Yao was strangely brisk this time, teaching Zuo Mo several kinds of jinzhi.

It was not that easy to use jinzhi, especially to Zuo Mo who was only first stratum ningmai. He spent some effort before he barely managed to learn it. This was due to his exceptional consciousness. Otherwise, jinzhi were not something he could use.

The pitiful Ma Fan became the first experiment.

Just as Zuo Mo was trying his best to put down jinzhi on the unconscious xiuzhe, Pu Yao revealed an amused expression in the sea of consciousness.

“You must also have great anticipation!” His chin was propped up in his hand, his eerie bloody eye deep as a bloody sea, as he lightly said to the gravestone. “So practical! Really makes one admire him more and more! He is destined not to walk your path you stupid self-destructive f***er!”

The gravestone was silent and motionless.

When the last jinzhi was put in, Zuo Mo was exhausted. He put jinzhi in all the ningmai. In total, there were sixteen people.

“The remainder is all down to you.” Finishing, Zuo Mo, whose consciousness and ling power had all been used up, instantly took a piece of jingshi and entered meditation.

“No problem!” Gongsun Cha raised his handsome and feminine face, smiling and revealing his teeth. An excited light was in his eyes.

At the side, Ma Fan felt a burst of coldness start at his tailbone and climb up his spine.

Sky Moon Jie, Desolate Wood Reef.

“Miss, Yan Yue of the Thirteenth Corps has already reached the jie river towards Bright Wave. The Jin Bao Zheng of the Sixth Corps has reached the jie river to South Beauty Jie. On the road, the two troops have not found any suspicious targets.” The middle aged man respectfully reported.

“They’ve moved pretty quickly.” Mu Xi said faintly. “The net has already been cast. The remainder is to slowly search. Be more attentive.”

“Yes!” The middle aged person sternly responded. He hesitated, and then said, “Miss, we’ve found signs of mo activity.”

“Mo?” At the side, Yan Feng’s expression changed slightly, and he shouted.

Mu Xi’s gaze slightly narrowed. She raised her head to ask, “Have they determined who it is?”

“To be able to go through the Blood Jie cracks , it can only be mo under brigadier.” The shock on Yan Feng’s face did not disappear. “Which Moon Mo colonel? Why did he come? Does he have the same goal as us?”

“Why is it not possible?” Mu Xi glanced at Yan Feng. “You’ve missed a possibility. For example, a true mo brigadier that has sealed their own power.”

The face of the middle-aged person changed.

“Instantly make an investigation.” Mu Xi said decisively. “Even if he is a true mo brigadier, do not worry. It would be best to establish communication with him. Maybe he could help us.”

“Yes,” The middle-aged man accepted his orders.

Seeing the worry on her subordinate's face, Mu Xi smiled. "Don't worry too much, no matter if it is a moon mo colonel, or a true mo brigadier, they have the same enemy as us."

Mu Xi's features could only be called clean, but this smile seemed to have a special power to make others calm down.

"Miss is right," The middle-aged man said with a smile.

Translator Ramblings:

It's karma, that's what it is. Sky Moon Jie is now completely closed off.

Chapter 211: Trash and Poor Ghosts

Zuo Mo looked at the dozen or so unfamiliar faces in front of him. Some of the people were terrified, but more of them were rebellious.

He was thinking about ways that he could control this group. Presently, Little Mountain Jie was like a cage, a gladiator stadium, the surviving xiuzhe were not average.

“From today onwards I am your Boss, the Big Boss!”

Zuo Mo’s opening did not stir any reaction. Scorn was in most people’s eyes. Zuo Mo had just a one stratum ningmai cultivation. In front of these people, he didn’t have any qualities that he could be proud about.

Zuo Mo didn’t pay any mind to this, and kept on speaking.

“I believe you have all had a taste of the jinzhi. I don’t want to spend more time talking. My goal is very simple, to go through the jie river. As for you trash and poor ghosts, you have nothing to be squeezed out so I don’t have much interest in you.”

The words were nasty to hear, but many people’s wariness lowered.

The expressionless person in front of them did have the qualification to say this. That date seed ship was clearly a rare jingshi talismans, a row of seven cinnabar-pattern blue spikes as sharp as teeth, clearly from an crocodile maw. They could smell faint traces of blood from the teeth. The long and elegant body of the ship was surrounded by a ling shield that occasionally flashed with lightning as it wrapped tightly around the ship.

Each person couldn’t help but drool when they saw the grand talismans and flying swords the three Golden Armor Guards were wearing. If it wasn’t that they had jinzhi in their bodies, these people who have leapt at the opportunity regardless of the risk.

Even the richest person in the group was too embarrassed to open his hundred treasures pouch when facing such a grand scene.

“I hope everyone can have happy interactions. Of course, with your present skill level is hard to make me happy.” Zuo Mo was full of scorn

and disdain. “Look at all of you fighting so messily, even worse than wandering bandits, no finesse at all. From today onwards you all have to remember one thing. Gang fighting requires high finesse and is skilled work!”

“You are all very lucky,” Zuo Mo pointed at Gongsun Cha beside him. “Mister Gongsun here, is the best and most famous battle general of Sky Moon Jie. He will personally teach you this profound skill.”

Gongsun Cha smiled shyly, but his face didn’t blush at all. Chun Yu Cheng gaped. This boast was somewhat

When the other people’s eyes landed on Gongsun Cha, all the scorn and disdain completely flew away, only leaving behind terror.

Very good, Zuo Mo was extremely content. It seemed that Gongsun Shidi had already established enough authority with these people.

Just like when one did business, after pushing for the lowest price, he needed to give the other an incentive to motivate the other person.

“You will be completely transformed, and you will begin a completely different life here. You do not need to worry about ambushes in the middle of the night, you do not need to think about where to escape for safety.” Zuo Mo waved his arms, “You don’t need to worry about anything!”

“The only worry you need to have is whether or not you can satisfy Mister Gongsun.”

Zuo Mo made the last conclusion in an unconcerned tone.

“The jie river will fall under our feet.”

Zuo Mo, feeling very good about himself, moved the group to the side as he and Gongsun Cha started to discuss.

“How long would it take to train these people to have offensive power?” Zuo Mo asked Gongsun Cha.

“Don’t know,” Gongsun Cha spread his hands, “We are all novices.”

Zuo Mo had a headache. Gongsun Shidi was right. Everyone here were

novices, no one had any experience.

Gongsun Cha added, "According to the rules of the wargame, a new troop needs to be trained for over a year to form the most basic offensive maneuvers. Also, the wargames you made were all yaomo style, not xiuzhe, so I have to slowly experiment."

"We don't have that much time," Zuo Mo shook his head. He didn't believe the yaomo would give them a year.

Gongsun Cha thought for a moment, "Then we can only increase the intensity of the training, or there are ways that we can use numbers to make up for lack of power."

"Numbers ... it seems that we need a temporary base," Zuo Mo said solemnly.

Zuo Mo chose a mountain valley. Before, there was a little sect here, but the people had left, so the valley did not belong to anyone. The reason he chose this place was because there were ling veins here before.

The reason that the ling energy of Little Mountain Jie had become thin was definitely due to a problem with the ling veins. Zuo Mo wanted to personally see what the ling veins had become.

They had encountered several groups along the way, which they completely taken down. At the beginning, it was the Golden Armor Guards. Later, Gongsun Cha commanded the xiuzhe they had just imprisoned. Compared to the high efficiency of the three Golden Armor Guards, these ningmai xiuzhe of average strength were extremely inefficient.

The novice Gongsun Cha also made many mistakes, but he was not discouraged.

Zuo Mo knew that it couldn't be rushed, so he slowed down. In any case,

there was still the Golden Armor Guards and the date seed ship in reserve. He didn't need to worry about the problem of safety. It was hard to find the chance for battle. If he didn't use it, it was really a waste.

Gongsun Cha quickly displayed his talent as a commander. Going from the complete chaos at the beginning to a full-fledged organization, took only a span of ten days.

Over the span of more than ten days, the troop had quickly expanded to forty people. Twenty eight ningmai, twelve zhuji.

Zuo Mo quickly discovered that setting down jinzhi was not harmless. Each jinzhi required him to put a bit of his consciousness inside the body of the other. Each jinzhi Zuo Mo set would weaken his consciousness.

This was not something that could be avoided. There were no free meals in this world. It was only a weirdo like him that could even set jinzhi before he reached jindan.

Luckily, they did not meet large groups of xiuzhe on the road.

According to Ma Fan, there were countless little groups in Little Mountain Jie, and several that were several hundred strong. Zuo Mo found it strange why the larger groups did not attack the jie river. Later, he found out the Clear Sky Sect that guarded the jie river was supported by a jindan!

Zuo Mo was frightened. No wonder the Clear Sky Sect had the confidence to monopolize the jie river. They had a jindan at their back.

This information instantly made Zuo Mo's reconsider the difficulty of breaking through the jie river.

Ningmai had three strata. The most important difference was the difference in the amount of ling power inside the body. The peak of the first stratum, ling power was about ten jing. The peak of the second stratum was approximately thirty jing, and the peak of the third stratum would shoot up to ninety jing.

Of the twenty eight ningmai subordinates that Zuo Mo had, only three had reached the second stratum. The remainder were all first stratum ningmai.

Usually, a ningmai third stratum could individually deal with ten first stratum ningmai, or three second stratum ningmai. Of course, this was in theory. Real life was more complex, when taking into account spells, flying swords, talismans, and offensive tactics.

But if a ningmai faced a jindan, they could only escape. What counter-attack? Winning by pitting the weak against the strong, it definitely could not appear.

The difference between jindan and ningmai was not just the difference in ling power, but also the difference in understanding ling power. During the process of entering jindan, xiuzhe would experience a deeper comprehension of the world and ling power.

The same spell before and after jindan would be drastically different in power.

The only way that ningmai could face jindan was to overwhelm them with numbers. As to how many people were needed for victory, both Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha didn't know.

Zuo Mo could only ask Pu Yao.

"Gang fighting? That isn't easy to say." Pu Yao rubbed his chin. "It depends on the skill of the other side, their talisman, and the cooperation of your side."

"If it was those yao soldiers?" Zuo Mo asked.

"If it's a normal jindan, then a troop of one hundred night stock yao. If the quality of the commander is not too bad, there shouldn't be a problem," Pu Yao mused.

Zuo Mo released a breath. Good, at least it wasn't completely hopeless.

He naturally knew that the group of people he had could not reach the skill level of the yao army, but he could expand in numbers. If one hundred people did not work, then two hundred, three hundred. What he was most worried about was that even numbers would not be enough to make up for the difference.

‘Why is the ling energy of Little Mountain Jie becoming thin?’ Zuo Mo asked Pu Yao.

“There are many possibilities, like yao worms that eat ling or Black Line mushrooms. Eating ling is a characteristic of yaomo.”

“Is there a way to reverse it?”

“You can request someone that is at least yuanying to act, and wait ten years for recovery.”

“Yuanying... ..” Zuo Mo was speechless. The strongest xiuzhe that he had encountered up until now was in jindan. To renew the ling veins, it actually needed yuanying. That was a death sentence.

Something only someone in yuanying could accomplish, Zuo Mo didn’t feel he had any chance of success.

However, he still decided to establish his base in this mountain valley. The environment around it was good.

Zuo Mo received a large number of yaomo military training methods from Pu Yao and dumped them on Gongsun Cha. Pu Yao was actually kind enough to remind Zuo Mo those were old antiques from thousands of years ago, and they should only be used as a reference.

Zuo Mo was unused to Pu Yao’s sudden change in attitude.

But when Pu Yao drew out the earth energy, Zuo Mo, who had become unfamiliar after a period of time, instantly experienced what was life worse than death!

Even though he knew it was beneficial for his body, he still wanted to cry!

Drawing out the earth energy, when would it end

Ma Fan nervously stood in front of Gongsun Cha. In his eyes, the delicate and shy young master's deviousness was enough for any yaomo to die of humiliation. No one dared to disobey his commands. Even the most vicious and rebellious of them all, Lei Peng, was as docile as a kitten in front of him.

"Perform every skill you know once. Do not leave anything out." Gongsun Cha's order was not complicated.

"Yes," Ma Fan slowly learned how to live under Gongsun Cha's command.

It was very simple. What Gongsun Cha said, then he would do it. If he managed to complete the demand, then everything was wonderful.

Ma Fan started to perform his spells one by one. Luckily, he had no sect or family. He only knew so many spells and quickly finished performing. Gongsun Cha was very interested in his illusory movement method and the three sword moves, and had made him repeat them several times.

Ma Fan had been very worried. What if Big Boss wanted his sword scripture, and wanted him to give it up?

However, he quickly found his worry was unwarranted. After Gongsun Cha recorded it down, he was sent back to training.

On the second day, Ma Fan trembled as he took a jade scroll the smiling Gongsun Cha handed him. After just one look, his little face was the color of dirt!

*

Translator Ramblings: Jinzhi (禁制) in this story is an energy construct. Jin (禁) is a ban, zhi (制) is a system if it is used as a noun, or restriction when used as a verb along with other definitions. I think ward actually could work as its term except that it is used against people in this story by being implanted in their souls which isn't something that shows up when

I do a google search. It acts here more like a curse or an oath where if Zuo Mo dies, they die too.

Desolate Wood Reef is tiny. In scale, think North America as Sky Moon Jie, and Desolate Wood Reef as Hawaii in the middle of the ocean. Now imagine Zuo Mo and the others turning there and crossing the Pacific Ocean to land in Australia. That would be Little Mountain Jie. I'm being generous with the distances over the water because it took Zuo Mo several months to get to Desolate Wood Reef through flight, and he reached Little Mountain Jie by water also in a few months. Remember, Wu Kong Sword Sect alone had four jindan, and there was also Tian Song Zi. Dong Fu is not the biggest town in Sky Moon Jie, so other towns may have even more jindan. Little Mountain Jie only has one jindan now, and there were not many before the yao came, so Little Mountain Jie is either poor, small, or both.

Chapter 212: Ge Is Pragmatic

Pu Yao felt this was extremely amusing.

Truthfully, he had been in Zuo Mo's sea of consciousness for this long, and there hadn't been one thing that was amusing as what was happening right now. In the thousands of years he lived, he had not encountered something more amusing than this.

A zhuji xiuzhe who had never studied anything in the area, oh, he was also a butcher, had started to study how to become a battle general. He had never heard of something like this, even during the great war from thousands of years ago.

He was very familiar with battle generals. In the camp of xiuzhe, without almost any exception, there were two ways that battle generals were trained. The first was a battle general that was specifically nurtured by large sects; and the other were battle generals that underwent countless battles and had gradually comprehended the skills.

The majority were from the first method. In that thousand year war, almost seventy percent of the famous battle generals in the xiuzhe camp had been from the large sects. They learned all kinds of knowledge from when they were young. Even the spells they learned were specialized to command in battle.

The second kind was the other thirty percent. In reality, if one considered all battle generals and not only the famous generals, the difference would be larger. Not having been taught from birth and having to climb up step by step from the lowest level, battle generals formed by the second method were all geniuses. The price they paid were much higher than the first kind.

It looked as though that Gongsun Cha had great hope to become one of those. Yet reality was always cruel. Being of low status and wanting to become a battle general, these individuals had to meet one condition: having great individual power. Disregarding the talent to command, the battle generals that were the second kind had talent in cultivation that

was comparable to any other xiuzhe.

The reason was very simple. If they had no strength, they would not survive through battle. If they couldn't survive, how could they climb up? Wanting to become a battle general but being of low status, they had to repeatedly climb over mountains of corpses, in order to accumulate fame and experience. Then there would be compliance to his orders.

No one in little groups of seven or eight would be willing to put their lives in the hands of an individual that could die anytime, much less larger troops.

This was also why Pu Yao thought that Gongsun Cha hadn't had a chance. Gongsun Cha was only a butcher, a zhuji butcher. Pu Yao could easily see that Gongsun Cha's talent in cultivation was very average. Even if he had many lingdan and talismans, he wouldn't accomplish too much in cultivation.

But Pu Yao did not immediately dismiss his ability to become a battle general, even if he had to learn on his own. The most important reason was Zuo Mo's support.

His talent wasn't in question. If Gongsun Cha had been in a large sect from birth, and he ultimately became a battle general, Pu Yao would not find it strange. After playing war chess for so many days, Gongsun Cha had improved quickly.

What really surprised him was that Zuo Mo trusted Gongsun Cha so much!

Even Pu Yao had to admit that Zuo Mo's eyes were wondrously accurate. In his mind, Zuo Mo's talent wasn't bad, but it definitely wasn't the best. However, over these two years, even with the stumbling and tripping, Pu Yao found to his shock that Zuo Mo's progress was far outside of his predictions.

Part of it was that he had been involved, but the speed of improvement of core disciples from large sects would rarely reach Zuo Mo's level, and they would receive more aid than Zuo Mo.

But Zuo Mo's physical talent really could not be called great. This was what Pu Yao marveled at.

As he kept on thinking about it, Pu Yao felt that it was all caused by Zuo Mo's viewpoint.

Zuo Mo's viewpoint and mentality were very strange, and very different from normal people. No matter if it was cultivation, battle, or interpersonal relationships. It was easy for others to see him as the classical utilitarian. Clever, greedy, and money-grubbing, but he would sometimes do something that Pu Yao would find stupid and irrational. Yet these idiotic actions would usually produce good results.

Originally, Pu Yao did not have a good opinion of Gongsun Cha's prospects, but considering Zuo Mo, he was suddenly filled with interest and anticipation.

It was so amusing!

Compared to Pu Yao's attitude of idling and watching from the sidelines, Zuo Mo was so busy his feet never touched the ground. He had been nagged by Chun Yu Cheng to the point that he had to build a beast pool. They wouldn't stay for very long in Little Mountain Jie, but it wouldn't be too short. If they used the time well, they could produce a few batches of ling beasts. Chun Yu Cheng had been studying for a long time on the date seed ship, and he had many ideas. However, without the beast pool, all ideas were nothing.

"Shixiong, build a beast pool!" Chun Yu Cheng's words were like a ghost haunting Zuo Mo's ears constantly.

After repeated requests, Zuo Mo complied.

His wealth was large. A beast pool was expensive, but not too expensive. However, the work was not easy. No one could help him, especially when

Chun Shidi had a pile of ideas he wanted to suggest. To realize these ideas, he needed to modify the beast pool.

The modifications meant that the work he had to do increased dramatically, it meant that he needed to reconstruct it. Even more, Chun Yu Cheng Shidi's ideas would occasionally change. Each time Zuo Mo wanted to slack off, Chun Yu Cheng's haunting voice would float to him again.

"Shixiong, just change a bit, just change a bit"

When the beast pool was finished, it was like there was a pin in Zuo Mo's behind, he ran away as far as possible.

When a obedient person started to torture other people, it would make them feel hopeless.

Chun Yu Cheng Shidi began to work on the beast pool, Gongsun Shidi was working on the group of xiuzhe, and Zuo Mo started to work on himself.

His studies into formations needed a large amount of time. He also added another job for himself. He found the ling vein, and gathered some of the Black Line mushrooms that ate ling. He was very interested in them.

Other than that, cultivation was something that could not be missed. His consciousness had shrunk dramatically after setting down the jinzhi. Thinking about the tactic of battle by relying on numbers, he deeply felt that increasing his consciousness was his most important priority at the moment.

[Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] became something he needed to do everyday.

After his consciousness manifested, his sea of consciousness transformed. The enchanting flames in the sea of consciousness had disappeared. The number of stars in the sky had increased to ten. The sword river still was the same. He had not increased his sword essence.

Looking at the stars in the sea of consciousness, Zuo Mo suddenly recalled the time that he forged Lil' Pagoda, and the stardust that the stars

had produced which continuously permeated his consciousness.

In the void above his consciousness, the ten stars hung. Other than the one star that was somewhat bright, the rest were dim. Thinking about the speed that the stars sprayed out stardust, Zuo Mo felt it would take years for the stardust to permeate all of his consciousness.

“That is Star Source.” Pu Yao sat on the gravestone and raised his head to look at the ten stars above his head.

“What is Star Source?” This question had always been buried in Zuo Mo’s mind. Seeing that Pu Yao seemed to have intentions of explaining today, he played along and asked.

“Star Source is the origin of the spiritual power,” Pu Yao slowly said. “You can also think of them as the crystals formed from ling power. Don’t you xiuzhe like to talk about how many jing of ling power?”

“Ten star spiritual power?” Zuo Mo asked in response.

“Or you can see them as the springs that birth spiritual power. Ten stars mean that you have ten springs that can produce spiritual power.”

“One time, I saw that these stars could spray out silver star dust. What is that?” Zuo Mo couldn’t help but ask in curiosity.

“What did you say?” Pu Yao suddenly opened his bloody pupil, his spine straightening, changing from his lazy attitude.

Zuo Mo feel slightly terrified under Pu Yao’s bloody gaze. Inside, he wondered if the other had started to go crazy again.

“Is something wrong?” Zuo Mo weakly asked.

After a beat, he saw Pu Yao say dazedly, “The second consciousness”

He forcefully shook his head as he refocused. He looked deeply at Zuo Mo. “The stardust that you saw is a purer form of spiritual power. We usually call it spirit dust. These ten stars, bright and dull are different. The brightest star can produce the most star spirit dust, the speed that it produces spiritual power is the fastest.”

Zuo Mo didn’t really understand. Pu Yao didn’t attend to him, and kept

on talking.

“What yao cultivate are the laws of the world. All objects in the world all contain the laws of the world, all objects in the world can cultivate their spirit. Stars are just one of them. The path of the stars is profound and cryptic. There are very few yao that walk the path of star spirit cultivation.”

Hearing this, Zuo Mo suddenly had a slightly bad premonition. “What spirit cultivation are you?”

“What I chose is Sky Fire Spirit Cultivation.” Pu Yao smiled, his teeth showing.

Zuo Mo interjected, “Then why am I star spiritual cultivation?”

“Because what you cultivate is [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation],” Pu Yao snickered. “I hadn’t thought that this [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] is actually a star spirit cultivation. I was fooled by the name.” He muttered in a small voice, “I had expected it was trash, hadn’t thought that it was actually high level, such a loss”

An fire suddenly shot up from Zuo Mo’s heart. He was enraged, pointing at Pu Yao’s nose as he swore. “You trash, you gave something you hadn’t tested for ye to cultivate! You actually wanted to use trash to con ye, ye isn’t finished with you”

“Don’t be like this!” Pu Yao wasn’t angry, and said, chuckling, “In any case, you didn’t lose. Look, you even managed to cultivate to ten stars. In two years, you’ve gotten to manifestation. This speed is very fast!”

“You you you” Zuo Mo pointed, hearing Pu Yao’s heartless words became so angry his finger trembled.

“Do you want to know how to cultivate next?” Seeing the situation, Pu Yao crisply turned to temptation.

“Yes,” Zuo Mo did not hesitate in answering, all his anger flying away.

Pu Yao was not shocked in the slightest by Zuo Mo’s one hundred and eighty degree turn in attitude. This guy was very pragmatic.

“That’s right.” Pu Yao smiled. “I can tell you, and I can give you even more help. But I have a small request.”

“Say it!” Zuo Mo was very familiar with Pu Yao’s conduct as well.

“I want the golden core of the jindan of Clear Sky Sect.”

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck. When he managed to respond, he instantly jumped up. “Are you crazy? Jindan! Go get it yourself if you want it! Run to a little ningmai like myself to say you want the golden core of a jindan, humph humph, the other can turn me to dust with one slap.”

Finishing, he turned and left, waving his hand. “If you want to play, play by yourself, ge won’t play with you.”

Pu Yao’s expression was calm, and not angry, “Add a fifth-grade sword scripture.”

Zuo Mo pretended not to hear, and continued to walk forward.

“Add a fifth-grade movement method.”

Zuo Mo was not moved at all, his steps not changing.

“I’ll make seven more golden armor guards for you.”

Zuo Mo decided to ignore him.

“And another move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands].”

Zuo Mo instantly stopped his body, and turned to walk towards Pu Yao.

“What to do?”

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Translator Ramblings:

Pu Yao reflects on Gongsun Cha and Zuo Mo. Chun Yu Cheng is not included since he hasn’t shown much yet and that isn’t Pu’s area of specialty. But Pu Yao is also selectively blind about his own role in Gongsun Cha’s development even as he acknowledges influencing Zuo Mo’s development. “Wild” battle generals had to accumulate knowledge and experience through fighting which eliminates all but the most talented so they can out-compete those that were trained by sects and did

not have to fight so hard.

Gongsun Cha is getting abused daily by a wise and experienced yao battle general. That is a lot of experience that most people won't get on a very high level. It's akin to getting a chess grandmaster to play with all his power daily against a child. Zuo Mo's support using jinzhi is enough at this point to force compliance from the ranks which means that Gongsun Cha's learning environment right now is better than any sect since he has motivation through his desire to survive this place.

Pu Yao and Zuo Mo also know each other very well now. Zuo Mo is getting better at negotiating with Pu.

Chapter 213: Ma Fan Reaching Target

Ma Fan felt very troubled.

No matter if it was his ningmai second stratum cultivation or the nameless scripture he cultivated, they made him one of the top practitioners in this group. But to someone as afraid of trouble as he was, this prestige wasn't a good thing.

He became one of the important prospects to be “nurtured”.

The requirements for his training far surpassed everyone else's. Everyone looked at him with gazes full of sympathy.

That's right, it really was sympathy.

The training for everyone was extremely strict, so the training regime of an important prospect, Ma Fan's, could only be imagined. However, other than sympathy, they did not feel any joy at his misfortunes. They didn't even have the power to save themselves. Everyone in the camp put all their strength into furiously training. If they did not complete their training, their outcome would be extremely tragic.

On the first day several people did not obey. But now when everyone saw the somewhat feminine, delicate, and shy youth, they could not control the deep terror that came out of their heart. The terrified screams that meant a fate worse than death haunted their ears. The inhuman state of the people who didn't listen frequently haunted their thoughts. Whenever they thought of it, these people that were used to seeing storms of blood couldn't help but tremble.

Devious, vicious, and cold-blooded, he thought of a life like grass

These words were not enough to describe this seemingly harmless and beautiful youth in front of them. Even the most rebellious person was docile and obedient in front of him.

This handsome youth might be strict, but if you could successfully finish your training nothing would happen. He would never try to punish you for unsubstantiated reasons. He didn't take your talismans or scriptures. After

discovering this point, everyone competed to be first, afraid of being slow, and having to taste that terrible torture that was worse than death.

Ma Fan felt his life was hopeless. Each day was endless training.

Heavens!

How can this be completed?

It hadn't been long since he had broken through to the second stratum of ningmai. The ling power in his body was around fifteen jing. The content of his training focused on only one thing, one of his sword moves. That's right, just the one move. Of the three sword moves that he knew, the strongest was the [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction]. The power of this move was very high. Most important was that it did not cause ling power ripples when it was cast. Without a sound or wind, it never attracted the eye, but it was surprisingly powerful.

In reality, after learning it, he had only used it in combat two or three times before now.

He usually was afraid of trouble, and rarely engaged in combat. If he saw the situation was not right, he would quickly use the illusory movement method to escape.

His training content was just this move. However, it wasn't so simple. Gongsun Cha had two demands. The first was that he could use this killing move when he was using the illusory movement method. The second was that he had to be able to cast this move three times or more in the span of fifteen minutes. And in one hour, he had to be able to use this move seven or more times.

When he first received the training regime, it was normal for his face to be ugly.

With his present cultivation, if he cast [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction], he couldn't do it when he was in motion, and could only cast it four times. After casting it, he needed to rest for a while before casting again. This clearly short of Gongsun Cha's demands.

Ma Fan didn't know how Gongsun Cha had thought of such a fatal

demand. Wasn't it just asking for his life?

He had once gathered his courage to request Gongsun Cha to change it. What he received was Gongsun Cha's light words, "Cultivate well, for putting your life on the line is better than losing it."

When Ma Fan heard this, and his heart instantly became cold. With no other solution, he could only train with his life on the line. From the time he had started his cultivation, he had never cultivated so hard before.

Using the illusory movement method at the same time as the [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction], this was something that he had never thought of before. With no sect, to be able to become a ningmai second stratum, Ma Fan's talent in cultivation was not low, and his intelligence was not bad. Of course even he could see that if he could use his movement method and sword move at the same time, the power of the move would increase greatly.

But with his personality of avoiding trouble, if he thought of this in the past, he would have gave up after trying a few times.

But now, the blade hung above his neck. If he retreated slightly, his little life would be gone. There was no room to change his current trajectory. He could only push forward.

His ling power was so expended that he almost spat blood, his body was sore and soft that it felt like his skeleton was coming apart. For the sake of his little life, he must cultivate! Cultivate! Cultivate! He had cultivated to the point that he wanted to throw up when he saw a flying sword

He actually succeeded!

A flickering figure fluttered uncertainly in the air, and without warning, several explosions suddenly occurred in the air!

Boom!

The ground fifty zhang away from him seemed to have been struck by something invisible, suddenly exploding open, sending dirt flying. The people who had been training near by were alarmed, and put out their ling shields. Pia pia pia, the flying dirt hit the ling shields like rain. Those with

weaker cultivation even felt their ling shields shake.

Everyone was shocked!

When they looked at the ground, they saw seven deep holes in a row, each hole that was two zhang deep!

Crashing down through the air, yet still so powerful, if this was someone's body

Their eyes as they looked at Ma Fan instantly changed. This guy definitely had been holding back before! However, some with nimbler minds had happy expressions. Right now, everyone was on the same rope, Ma Fan getting stronger was good for all of them. At least, the probability of keeping their lives was now higher.

Gongsun Cha also had a surprised expression .He hadn't thought that Ma fan would be the first to achieve his demands. In his plan, Ma Fan was the primary attacker, or rather, it was better to say he was the ambusher. With the unpredictable illusory movement method, and the undetectable but powerful [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction] that could kill with one blow, wasn't he born for ambushing?

It was a pity that while the illusory body movement method was hard to follow, but it was easy for people to guard against, lowering the abruptness of an ambush. If there was a movement method that could completely conceal him, then Ma Fan's power would be even greater.

Gongsun Cha felt he needed to think thoroughly about how to use Ma Fan to his greatest potential. He may look confident and calm in front of these xiuzhe, but in reality, his mind had been tense from the beginning.

He was a beginner, and had not been trained. Zuo Shixiong trusted him, so Shixiong certainly wouldn't blame him for making mistakes in the beginning. However, though Gongsun Cha might look soft, he was

actually very proud. Would he permit himself to make mistakes at such an important time?

All of his days were spent on these xiuzhe. He had long stopped his own cultivation.

He disliked failure!

Ma Fan looked in disbelief at the seven deep holes in front of him on the ground, his mind blank.

He did it ... he really did it ...

Was this really something he had done?

Dazedly landing on the ground, his mind was wandering. He had never thought that he could really do it!

He gritted his teeth and persisted in training because he was forced to; but when he really met the goals which he never could have possibly conceived of before, a different emotion filled his heart.

Looking at the flying sword in his hand, a seed called confidence gradually sprouted in his heart.

“Right now, do not create new stars. You cannot bite off more than you can chew. You should spend more time to temper these ten stars, so they will be as bright as your brightest star. The stars are the source of your spiritual power, and the brighter they are, the more spiritual power they produce, especially stardust. The brighter the star, the more pure the star dust they spray out. This alone will be more beneficial to you.”

In meditation, Zuo Mo's mind had retreated to his sea of consciousness.

He sat cross legged facing the stars, a ethereal strand of star light dropping from one of the stars and entering Zuo Mo's forehead.

As Zuo Mo breathed, the star light brightened and dimmed pleasantly.

Bathing in the star light, Zuo Mo channeled the spell and communicated with the star. Communicating with the star was the first step in tempering it. After this, Zuo Mo needed to find a star home, take in star power, and then use it to nurture the stars in his consciousness to increase the Star Source.

This time, Pu Yao's teachings were extremely detailed, answering all his questions patiently. He also didn't drag his heels on what he had promised Zuo Mo, and paid upfront.

After communicating with the star in his sea of consciousness, Zuo Mo stopped his cultivation. Absorbing star power had to be done at night. He spent some time on reading through the good things he had gotten from Pu Yao before he started to think.

The stage of jindan was a stage that every xiuzhe dreamed about that time. At that time, the ling power of the xiuzhe would form into a golden core, hence the name. The golden core was the best parts of the ling power of a xiuzhe. Even the source of their life was inside it. A xiuzhe that lost their golden core would die. In other words, to obtain the golden core of a jindan, one had to kill them.

Kill a jindan!

That really was a crazy idea!

But behind this crazy idea, Zuo Mo had his own considerations. He would definitely have a battle with Clear Sky Sect. This jindan was an enemy he would have to meet. Zuo Mo didn't have any thought of being so lucky as to avoid it.

To pass through the jie river, they had to defeat this jindan. That was the lowest goal. Right now, it was just increasing from defeating a jindan to killing a jindan. It sounded shocking, but in reality, there wasn't much of an increase.

After a jindan was defeated, they would definitely flee. It was better to kill them. If the other escaped, they would never face him directly again. It wouldn't be difficult for the jindan to wait in the shadows to kill him. If the other went to invite a few of his jindan friends, then this little Zuo Mo would definitely die.

Taking a few hundred people to scheme against a jindan, Zuo Mo felt that he had a slightly probability of victory. But if it was two jindan, Zuo Mo guessed he wouldn't even be able to escape.

Thinking about it now, no matter if he agreed to Pu Yao's demands or not, he definitely could not let Clear Sky Sect's jindan live.

Zuo Mo's heart was scared. It was lucky that he had agreed to Pu Yao's request. Otherwise, if he had let the other go after the battle, he would have caused himself many problems.

After thinking it through, the rock in Zuo Mo's heart instantly landed. People were like this. If they heard the great reputation of the other, it was easy to be intimidated and scared. However, once they understood that there was no other path, even against a god, they would take off a few pieces of flesh.

The effect that Zuo Mo's personal power could have in this battle was pitifully small. It wasn't even as high as the three golden armor guards.

Luckily, he was never a person that relied on brute power to eat.

He had a daring idea.

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Translator Ramblings: Ma Fan's sword technique is so long, four long words plus a preposition. Might be the longest name so far in the story.

Zuo Mo is starting to plan. This is great motivation for him. Also, the girl that sent the paper cranes is not showing up anytime soon. Think long long into the future but she will come back.

I've also discovered that I misspelled twelve in the previous chapter I guess you guys don't read chapter titles?

Chapter 214: A Mountain Of Problems

The art of multiple people fighting less, that was gang fighting. Gang fighting, that was fighting in groups.

In Zuo Mo's understanding, it was ridiculous to depend on a person that had been only studying ling grains two years ago to study battle tactics. However, if it was about gang fighting, he still had some real experience. There were many disciples in the outer sect; of course, there were those that were bullies. Adding on that the little factions were like trees in a forest, while fights didn't happen everyday, there would be an occasional one.

Having seen many gang fights, the winning side always had certain qualities.

First, more people was better. This was the most basic tenet of gang fighting. Gang fighting, if there weren't enough people, it would be embarrassing to call it a "gang". More people won over fewer people, that was the most common outcome.

The second was "bravery and viciousness." Bravery was not being afraid. The other side had more people, but their side dared to put their life on the line. The people who were not afraid of putting everything into a fight dominated everything around them. Other people didn't dare to get close. Even experts wanted to stay alive! As to viciousness, it meant being unconditional in attacking. Once an attack started, one could not attend to their own back and be timid; the blow coming from the vicious had to reach rock-bottom. After flipping over several people, the other side would be discouraged.

Next was cooperation. The essence of group fighting was using more people fighting fewer people. Then how could the smaller group win? That required cooperation. A group of cooperative people defeating disordered rabble three times their number, was very normal occurrence.

The last was that the weapons were appropriate, look at Ling Ying Sect, they were the epitome of this. However, even the best talismans and flying

swords depended on the people using it. Idiots with talismans were still idiots.

After concluding all this, Zuo Mo's thoughts became nimble.

It took time to increase numbers, and it was a task that could not be hurried. Regarding "bravery was vicious," Zuo Mo felt that it was pretty hard to attain. This group of people would be very unwilling, and were only forced to follow due to his jinzhi.

Cooperation could be considered, but this was Gongsun Cha's problem. If he interfered, he might not have any positive benefit to the situation.

What he could only work on weapons.

He may have some talismans, but it wouldn't be better than what these people had searched for and schemed for themselves. He could only think about other objects. He actually did find something.

Yin fire bead!

The power of the yin fire bead did not have to be said. He had never tried it on a jindan, but there definitely was not a problem with people under jindan. If one wasn't enough against jindan, then two. If that was still not enough, then everyone could throw them together. Each person throwing eight or ten... surely even jindan couldn't bear it!

He thought uncertainly. However, he did feel that it was possible.

In the past, he had always been worried that the matter of him knowing how to make yin beads would be revealed. Now that it was a matter of life or death, he threw those concerns to the back of his mind. If it spread, then there was a possibility of people targeting him, but that was a matter for the future. If he couldn't leave Little Mountain Jie, then there was no future.

This idea made his mind jump. He inventoried the yin fire beads that he had, there were ten or so.

He shook his head, discontent with this number. For ningmai, Zuo Mo felt ten was enough, but the other was jindan!

That was a jindan!

Just thinking about it, Zuo Mo felt respect rise; and his desire for battle decreased. Other people may not know the strength of jindan, but how could Zuo Mo not know? He had suffered greatly under Xin Yan Shishu's hands and had a clear understanding of jindan. If it was just him alone, Zuo Mo definitely would not be able to wound Xin Yan Shishu even with things ten times more powerful than yin fire beads.

This was because he basically could not throw them and have them touch Xin Yan Shishu's body.

But if it was gang fighting, Zuo Mo thought there was a small chance. In a battle, there would be many talismans and flying swords flying. Before the yin fire bead was activated, it was not eye-catching. If the other was not on their guard, it was easy to get tricked.

Zuo Mo brought this problem up with Pu Yao. Of all these people, only this guy had fought jindan experts before.

"Your idea is somewhat interesting," Pu Yao had an interested expression.

Seeing Pu Yao's expression, Zuo Mo knew that it had potential, "But this requires yin fire beads. Where can I get more yin fire beads?"

"You need to find a place with yin fiends," Pu Yao didn't have a solution, "Find someone familiar with the area and ask."

Hearing Pu Yao say so, Zuo Mo knew that there was no place with yin fiends nearby. Otherwise, with Pu Yao's abilities, he could have immediately pointed to the location. He could only go ask the xiuzhe of Little Mountain Jie and see if anyone of them knew if there were places with yin fiends.

When he walked into the camp, he was shocked by the heated

atmosphere. Twenty something ningmai cultivating together, the presence was shocking, his little heart beating rapidly. After a long while, he recovered. Seeing Gongsun Cha talking with Ma Fan in the corner, he hurriedly ran over.

When he neared, he heard Gongsun Cha lecturing Ma Fan.

“Your pathing just now was not correct. You have to remember your role. You have no set location, so you cannot stop. You need to be more nimble. Understand? More nimble! Swimming between them, search for chances”

“You also need to notice to retract your presence; you need the enemy to not notice your existence”

“Notice the opportunities. Do not deliberately search to kill with one move. You are the main attacker, yes, but you have fellows. They are not just decorations. At this time, your best chance is to attack. Yes, you cannot kill him, but he will reveal openings and will give your fellows opportunities. Other than killing enemies, you need to learn how to make opportunities for your fellows”

“If you decide to attack, don’t do those unnecessary flourishes. You have to be more straightforward, use more force! One move, you only have the chance for one move”

Zuo Mo had never seen Gongsun Cha so fierce. That’s right, full of fierceness. This guy who usually looked shy and weak was bellowing a whole bunch of stuff out.

Seeing Ma Fan’s nervousness, not daring to miss a word, Zuo Mo’s heart was suddenly full of sympathy.

After the lecture, Gongsun Cha waved and indicated for Ma Fan to continue cultivating.

“Everyone is working hard!” Zuo Mo said with feeling.

Gongsun Cha nodded, “En, when they can sell their lives, that will be almost enough.” Ma Fan, who had been preparing to leave, staggered and almost fell.

Zuo Mo mumbled in response, and asked uncertainly, “Do you need help?” He had completely thrown everything on Gongsun Cha’s shoulders. Even he was slightly ashamed. Seeing Gongsun Cha so busy his feet didn’t really touch the ground, who would not feel a bit of shame.

Gongsun Cha tilted his head to think and asked, “Can you make a kind of talisman?”

“What talisman do you want?” Speaking of talismans, Zuo Mo felt his bravery rise. These spectacular and eye-dazzling things in the camp, he could understand if they were by themselves, but he didn’t understand when they were put together. But if it was about talismans, he was good at that!

Zuo Mo completely forgot that he was also self-taught in forging talismans. In total, Xin Yan Shishu hadn’t thought him that many times. Having just felt some shame, Zuo Mo instantly found a place he could express his value and make up for his deficiencies, his mind becoming alert.

“Oh, talismans like the necklace” Gongsun Cha took off the Same Heart necklace on his neck.

Zuo Mo scratched his head. He understood what Gongsun Cha meant, to pass orders.

Pu Yao had spoken about this problem with him. The yao armies used the consciousness to pass on commands, the mo armies used the mo matrix to pass on commands, and xiuzhe used seals.

The Same Heart necklace could connect the user to six of the fellows, which meant commanding six other people. Clearly, six people could not satisfy Gongsun Cha’s demands. Zuo Mo agreed with that. Facing jindan, it probably needed several hundred. How to direct all of them then?

The battlefield changed every second. If they could not respond immediately, then there was only death.

Zuo Mo hadn’t expected that he couldn’t solve the problem of the yin fiends, and instead found another problem out of his trip to the camp.

However, he understood the importance of the matter could not be delayed. He immediately passed on the matter of the yin fiend grounds to Gongsun Cha and rushed away with the Same Heart necklace. However, before he left, a batch of jingshi and ling grains was scraped off him.

He had to rejoice now that Master had gotten large amounts of supplies for him when Wu Kong Sword sect had sent him to the Desolate Wood Reef. They were used to great effect now. High intensity training like this consumed enormous amounts of jingshi and ling grains.

Zuo Mo was doubtful if he could manage it if there were one hundred or more people. However, this was not the time to think of it. The most pressing problem was what Gongsun Cha had thrown over.

Large-scale group fighting, xiuzhe used seals to pass commands. If it was forging, Zuo Mo dared to try, but if it was making seals, he could do nothing.

However, Zuo Mo was not a conservative person. This world would always have ways. Even more, he had a model on his hands. The effect of this Same Heart necklace was not any different than seals, but it was a talisman.

Zuo Mo started to think of how to replicate the Same Heart necklace. The number of people the Same Heart necklace could command was much lower, and could not reach Gongsun Cha's demands. However, he thought of a method. Seven people to a troop, the leader of the troop in command. The troop leader would wear two necklaces, one to direct the troop members, the other receiving orders from the rank above. That way, wouldn't everything be connected?

Of course, the usability of this method had to wait for the objects to be made before it could be tested.

The Same Heart necklace was an upper fourth-grade talisman. Theoretically, it was beyond of Zuo Mo's ability. But thinking that he had patted his chest just now, there was actually no one except him that could solve the problem.

To be able to qualify as upper fourth-grade, the forging skill of the Same

Heart necklace was very high. There were more than one hundred formations in the little necklace. These formations were either by themselves, or they were connected with others.

That was the focus of Zuo Mo's study.

Only by familiarizing himself with these formations and chewing through all of them, he could understand how the Same Heart necklace could connect minds. Only by understanding the theory could he then copy it.

This wasn't a small task. However, as it related to his wealth and little life, Zuo Mo definitely wouldn't slack in the least. He would even eat this necklace if needed, much less just study it!

All in!

*

Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo projects his own fighting experience into large-scale warfare and discovers there is not a lot he can do at the moment. But he has a direction now. How do you kill someone who is faster and more powerful than you are? Drown him in people!

Gongsun Cha, as shown in previous chapters, is going to be an important character. The chapters in the future be partially from his point of view or on what he is doing. Zuo Mo is important and the primary focus but he's just one person who isn't going to be able to level up and kill the jindan by himself. Teamwork and a whole lot of talent, sweat and luck.

Poor Ma Fan. I wonder if his parents thought he was trouble so that's what they named him

Chapter 215: Sustain Battle Through Battle

He had lost again.

Gongsun Cha looked at the devastated landscape, his remaining shreds of troops and grimaced. He didn't remember how many times he had lost.

The skill of the mysterious War Chess opponent was extremely high. He didn't know anything about the mysterious opponent. He couldn't even find any traces of this mysterious person usually. But he knew, this mysterious person that he had never met really existed.

Because the other would play War Chess with him.

Even though the other would use Zuo Shixiong as a cover, the skill of the two individuals were so drastically differed that Gongsun Cha could easily detect it.

Gongsun Cha intelligently did not ask. It wasn't too hard for him to accept that the soul of an elder which had not extinguished was living inside Zuo Shixiong's body. Thinking about Zuo Shixiong's sudden rise in the last two years, it added some support for his speculation.

However, the feeling of defeat was still terrible!

He wasn't content!

Even though he knew this was the normal and most rational outcome, and he was able to learn many things from each loss, but he just wasn't content! He disliked defeat or it was more accurate to call it hate.

This unwillingness flashed through his heart and was buried deep down. Anger was not useful. The War Chess was different than real battles, but this was the only place right now where he could learn how to command. There was no room for him to pick and criticize.

Also, that mysterious elder was clearly an expert at War Chess. The wondrous tactics and the frightening offensive power. Each time the battle was at its fiercest, he would have a feeling that the person opposite him was a large man with a heavy and flaming hammer!

What the other was most skilled in was dictating the battlefield's the offensive zones. It could not be rivaled. He would often see the other begin killing in all directions with an unreasonable and arrogant attitude. The balanced situation, once the two sides started to kill each other, would herald Gongsun Cha's defeat. His territory was like a crisp cookie. First, it was his borders that would crack. The gaps would grow bigger and turn into a situation where his entire defensive line would break.

Brutal, forceful, charging forward!

Many times, Gongsun Cha would be puzzled. In his mind, the commanding ability of the mysterious person was much higher than him, and he would be a better candidate to lead the troops. Zuo Shixiong did not use the powerful one but threw such an important and troublesome matter to a beginner like him.

He pondered it for a while before throwing the question to the back of his mind. Having finally found something that made him feel interest, and having such challenging battles ahead of him, he felt excited just thinking about it!

So amusing, so interesting!

Having sorted out his emotions, Gongsun Cha burrowed back into the camp.

In the War Chess games that Zuo Mo had made, if the forces were not yao, they were mo. Xiuzhe were the rarest. Other than the most classical xiuzhe combinations, there was nothing that he could reference. In comparison, the combinations of yaomo soldier types were much richer and extremely detailed. Sometimes, he would wonder. Was that elder inside Zuo Shixiong's body an old yaomo?

This guess was not unsupported. Other people might not be able to see the true face of the Golden Armor Guards, but having been in command of them for so long, how could Gongsun Cha not know?

These three Golden Armor Guards were the White Scaled Attendants of the yao guards.

White Scaled Attendants were a low-level soldier type frequently seen in the War Chess. He had used them multiple times. The reason that he could use the Golden Armor Guards to their maximum potential was due to the inspiration and help that the War Chess gave him. However, what he did not understand was the power of the three Golden Armor Guards far surpassed normal White Scaled Attendants.

Gongsun Cha completely did not care whether the mysterious person was yaomo or not.

There were enough problems for him to have a headache about already.

No matter if it was xiuzhe or yaomo, there had to be great consideration taken in the combinations of soldier types. Like the classical sword-seal, sword-Dhyana combinations of the xiuzhe. The combinations of the yaomo were more variable and rich.

But Gongsun Cha only had twenty eight ningmai and twenty six of them were sword xiu. Of the last two, one was a sabre xiu, while the other was a Dhyana. Completely all battle xiu, but there were no xiuzhe that could take a support role.

On paper, this kind of battle force was very strong. In reality, for group battle, the structure of this kind of force was extremely terrible. The effect of everyone was the same, that meant that the group lacked depth, diversity, and was therefore unable to complete formation transformations.

Sword xiu had the strongest offensive power, but it did not mean they did not have weaknesses. Compared to other xiuzhe, sword xiu lacked the endurance for long battles. Sword xiu were heavy on offense and light on defense, their other flaw was their defense was too weak.

Large scale battles were different than individual battles. Sword xiu were the kings of individual combat. Their strong and sharp attacks and their fast speed allowed them to be at an advantage in short individual battles, to pressure the enemy to the point of suffocation. In individual battles, sword xiu only needed to consider how to kill off the enemy before the enemy could threaten their weakness. But in group fighting, especially on

large scales, sword xiu usually needed the protection of other xiuzhe at their sides so they could release their strong offensive power.

If a troop only had sword xiu, the enemy only needed to stop their first wave of attacks. Large scale sword xiu fatalities would only follow this as the sword xiu began to tire.

Okay, in reality, he didn't need so many transformations. Gongsun Cha could only tell himself this.

In any case, after leaving Little Mountain Jie, everyone would split up. Zuo Shixiong had told him this multiple times. The reason was very simple. They couldn't support such a large group.

On this matter, Zuo Mo did not lie.

If one wasn't in charge, they did not know the price of food and supplies. Zuo Mo felt the pressure already with forty people. Especially in Little Mountain Jie where the only things that could replenish ling power were ling grains and jingshi. Yet the intensity of training could not be lessened. They were racing for time against the yao army.

The later they left Little Mountain Jie, the higher the danger.

Jingshi had side effects and could not be used in large amounts so the expenditure was not as high as ling grains. Zuo Mo quickly could not support it any longer.

"It's not going to work if we keep going like this," Zuo Mo said decisively. "The ling grains I have are only enough to support us for another half a month."

"Half a month" Gongsun Cha looked at Zuo Mo, "what should we do?"

"Battle to feed battle!" Zuo Mo did not hesitate to say.

“We can only do this.” Gongsun Cha felt helpless. These forty people were still far from what he demanded. However, he had no solutions to the problem that Zuo Mo stated.

However, he instantly thought of the necklace he had mentioned before. “Have the talismans been made?”

“I’ve grasped the method,” Zuo Mo spread his hands, “But there aren’t enough materials.”

With that, Gongsun Cha completely cut off his thoughts about the Same Heart necklace, assembling the forty people and departing instantly.

Zuo Mo actually wanted to go with them, but thinking about Chun Yu Cheng who was still at the beast pool, he decided to stay and protect the base. The three Golden Armor Guards were also kept behind. Of course, he said, since it was a true battle, then it should be treated as real one.

To guarantee safety, Zuo Mo had set up formations around the mountain valley. Most of those were illusory formations. Right now, his skill with formations had grown. Little illusory formations and little killing formations were interlocked. The power wasn’t high, but to distract the enemy, it was more than enough.

Yin fire beads, seal soldiers, Golden Armor Guards, adding on the illusory traps, his safety was quite secure.

Gongsun Cha took his forty subordinates and slowly progressed.

In terms of prosperity, Little Mountain Jie could not compare to Sky Moon Jie. Naturally, there were not as many experts here as Sky Moon Jie. However, if it was in terms of harshness, Sky Moon Jie could not compare with the present Little Mountain Jie. Twenty eight ningmai, in Sky Moon Jie, it was not an insignificant force, but in the present Little Mountain Jie, it wasn’t anything.

The reason was very simple. Those xiuzhe of lesser strength had already died.

Those that could survive until now were all ones with some skill and intelligence. Under such cruel conditions, the peak of zhuji was the bottom line of survival. Ningmai first stratum was normal, ningmai second stratum was enough to become the elite of a small troop, and ningmai third stratum was enough to enter the rank of experts. As for jindan, there was just one.

These individuals similar to the Golden Armor Guards, their cultivation was between first and second stratum of ningmai, but their true power was far beyond normal ningmai second stratum. The yao guards forged from ancient dragon bone, Golden Crow Fire, and the Nether Pool, could normal people compare?

Three sword xiu formed a combat unit. Three combat units, one at the forward position, two at their sides, formed a triangle. They were the frontline guards. Gongsun Cha picked the sword xiu that could fly the fastest.

The other ten combat units maintained a distance between each other. Ma Fan was alone as he weaved through these units.

Three people to an unit was Gongsun Cha's response to his lack of means. The Three Talent Formation was the simplest formation, but these people still had not familiarized themselves with it yet, and this was just the simplest formation.

In large scale battles, what was crucial was the tactics.

But just forty people

If this was on a large scale battlefield, they wouldn't even form the smallest and most basic combat unit. To command such a small group, what was most important was formations and cooperation. Formations was something unique to xiuzhe. From the most basic Three Talent Formation to the super large formations that required tens of thousands of xiuzhe to set up, they could all increase battle strength.

Take for example the Three Talent Formation. In the formation, the three people's energies would be merged, and they could communicate, increasing the connection between them. It was a very practical and useful formation. Some higher level formations would have killing moves unique to them. If they were activated, they were so strong the sky would change color.

However, it was not so easy to make a formation. Everyone inside the formation needed to accurately remember their position and the variations. This group hadn't even grasped the most basic Three Talent Formation, the difficulty of such formations could be imagined.

Formations might be able to increase battle power, but they were not for all purposes. In battle, the situation could change in an instant. What it tested was the perception abilities of the commander, their quick response, and the cooperation between their comrades.

Gongsun Cha stood at the very center of the troop. Several of the most powerful were beside him. Ma Fan wandered around nearby.

Glancing at Ma Fan, Gongsun Cha was very satisfied. Out of everyone, Ma Fan was the one most important to him. Other than his strong battle power, he had comprehension that was stronger than other people, and he could always quickly understand Gongsun Cha's intentions.

So Gongsun Cha did not hesitate to make him part of the core, and custom-made a battle tactics centred on him.

Just at this time, the front passed on news. There was a situation!

A flash of faint red rose and left Gongsun Cha's soft and delicate face. His first battle had come!

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Translator Ramblings: Gongsun Cha is the first person to find out that Zuo Mo has someone else helping him. I like how he doesn't even press. Since they are all on the same side, more help is better than nothing.

I hope "sustain battle through battle" is self-explanatory. What Gongsun Cha wants to do is fight, win, and then put resources into expansion so

they can fight and capture more. They do not have enough resources at this point to expand on their own and this is a risky strategy because you have no backup if you lose a few battles because the army will run out of resources and manpower. Essentially, don't do this unless you have nothing to lose.

Chapter 216: Gongsun Cha's First Battle

It had been so hard to think of the yin fire bead, but the result was that he couldn't find yin fiend grounds and form yin beads.

It had been so hard to understand how to forge the Same Heart necklace, but the result was that there weren't enough materials. Luckily, that Same Heart necklace wasn't damaged, and had been given back to Gongsun Cha.

Zuo Mo was depressed but he still did what he had to do. He needed to cultivate his consciousness. There was no way around it. Jinzhi was a good thing, but it consumed consciousness and it was a eternal consumption.

As to practicing sword scriptures, Zuo Mo didn't have that much interest. His five essence sword set had been forged. Even though there was a distance until it was perfect but he was very content with the present progress.

The power of the five essence sword set was very high. At the time, his idea had been very original, but now, he discovered he had made a fatal mistake. The sword formation was formed, but there was no accompanying sword scripture that he could cultivate. Of the five sword essence, other than [Li Water Sword Scripture] and [Ice Dragon Sword Scripture], he only had the appearance but not the substance of the other sword essences

Basically, his five essence sword formation was a paper tiger.

This made him very discontent.

Anyone would not be happy. Spending so many good materials, putting in so much effort, but having made such useless things. However, he temporarily did not have a solution so he could only put it away.

He didn't practice the move of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] that Pu Yao gave him. All of his spiritual power was given to jinzhi in this while. He didn't even need to think about body cultivation either. Any earth energy he gathered would be given in tribute to Pu Yao in the end. It had been a

long time since he had done body cultivation. Even though he knew that drawing out the earth energy was good for him, but at this point in time, it really wasn't worth the cost.

He put the most time on formations. To break through Little Mountain Jie, there were only two paths. One was increasing his own strength. If he could reach jindan, the other jindan would not block him. However, was it possible? Completely impossible!

The other path was what he was doing now, increasing the strength on his hands. Everything to do with commanding the group, he threw to Gongsun Cha. He believed in this battle maniac. He would definitely express the desire for battle which was concealed under those feminine and delicate features.

The remaining question was, what could he do?

Zuo Mo didn't want to wait around when it came to his own little life, and put all his hopes on Gongsun Shidi.

Therefore, an extremely weighty and meaningful question was put in front of him – how could he increase the power of a group quickly?

Talismans, he threw that away. He didn't even have enough materials to make the same heart necklace, much less anything else. He did have a lot of materials but that was only if he considered only himself. If he included everyone, there really wasn't enough. Like the grandiose talismans of the Golden Armor Guards, there wouldn't be enough money even if Zuo Mo sold himself.

Lingdan, Zuo Mo quickly threw away this method. Zuo Mo himself had never encountered lingdan that could increase cultivation. Slightly less effective were those support-type lingdan. He could make a batch, but against a jindan, it wasn't enough.

What was left? Formations.

Zuo Mo's topic of study was the mo matrix. In the beginning, he hadn't thought of the mo matrix at all. It was completely due to being forced by the lack of ling grains that he had an extraordinarily daring idea. He could

carve mo matrixes on all these xiuzhe. The thin ling energy in the air, after automatically gathering under the power of the mo matrix, was very substantial. Even more importantly, they would be able to use the ling power of the jingshi and not have to worry about the impurities of the jingshi harming their bodies.

In comparison, the ling power in the jingshi was much richer than in the ling grains.

Of course, his rational mind suppressed this insane idea.

Right now, they were at war with the yaomo. If he took a group of people with mo matrix carved on them out, there would be only one outcome, being killed for being yaomo.

He had never felt how valuable the mo matrix was before. Now, he had a deep experience of the benefits of the mo matrix. If he couldn't carve the mo matrix, then he could go back a step. Didn't Pu Yao say that the essence of the mo matrix was formations?

As long as he could find the formations that could purify the impurities in the ling power, and the formations that could automatically gather ling, wouldn't the problem be solved?

He had a ready example of the mo matrix. Due to the mo matrix being on his body, and his extremely sensitive consciousness, he could clearly feel every change inside the mo matrix.

The simple-looking mo matrix was far more complex than he had imagined. Zuo Mo's skill in formations was not low now, especially after having studied the micro formations in dan-making. The formations in the mo matrix had some similarities to those.

Other than formations, there were many pictures that seemed decorative, yet were extremely similar to formations. If he wanted to understand which were useful, and which were not, it would take three to five years.

But in Zuo Mo's hands, this became a very simple matter. He only had to use his consciousness to sweep across, and then he could clearly detect it.

However, this was just the first step. Even though he had gotten rid of many of the distractions, but the remainder was still hard to work out. Not every formation would have a visible effect, but once they were removed, the entire mo matrix would lose its effect. Other than that, there were some semi-formation constructs. These semi-formation constructs would form a very special kind of formation with Zuo Mo's flesh and blood.

This was probably these constructs that merged the formations with flesh and blood.

Luckily, this degree of difficulty wasn't enough to scare Zuo Mo. The yao army was like a guillotine hanging over Zuo Mo's head. Thinking of breaking through Little Mountain Jie was enough to motivate him.

The present Zuo Mo seemed more like a production xiuzhe.

Alright, he had always been a production xiuzhe, Zuo Mo smiled in self-disdain.

He probably would have never thought that his actions made Pu Yao jump in fright. Pu Yao naturally had his own aims when he had carved the mo matrix and added the yao seed for Zuo Mo. But he never would have expected Zuo Mo to progress so quickly.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's expression was heavy as he kept a close look.

Does this guy know just how terrifying the things he was studying right now were

Gongsun Cha's luck was not too good. He had encountered a troop of about sixty people. A troop of sixty people could be considered to be quite organized. It wasn't easy to support such a troop. This time, the groups that were still active all were not ordinary. Little Mountain Jie didn't have any low hanging fruit left.

The two sides did not exchange pleasantries.

Gongsun Cha did not feel he needed to say anything. This was a habit he had formed during War Chess. Pu Yao didn't like to chit chat with his enemies before starting to fight. Having encountered an opponent that used everything, it could be imagined what habits Gongsun Cha had.

On the other side, the people felt that they had twice as many people, and the chance of victory was high. Also, a group of forty people definitely had some supplies, and probably wouldn't be that poor.

So the two sides did not speak and the battle instantly heated up.

Gongsun Cha was slightly nervous at the beginning, but when he saw the other side rush forward in messy groups, he smiled. A very warm and sweet smile.

The combat units closest to the front retreated slightly.

The other side clearly had many of the habits from individual fights. Many of the xiuzhe attacked at the same time, sword energies flying high. Since there were many of their fellows in the surroundings, they were even more brave, and naturally did not keep anything back when they attacked.

Several dozen sword energies gathered like a roaring dragon.

Of the three combat units that were ordered to retreat, one of the units were half a beat slower, and instantly were shredded to pieces.

Seeing that three people had died, the group became even more brave, charging forward towards the people who were retreating.

Having lost three people, Gongsun Cha didn't even bat an eyelid.

Just as the forward combat units were retreating, the two combat units on the second row moved forward.

Six sword energies suddenly erupted between the two combat units that were retreating.

Pew pew pew!

The four sword xiu that had been charging at the front, and were struck

at full force. Blood sprayed out!

The sudden change made the xiuzhe at the front panic for a beat, their charge slightly pausing.

At the same time, the two combat units that had been retreating suddenly reversed direction, six sword energies leaving their hands!

Another three unlucky souls were hit.

Before they could respond, the three combat units that had been silently moving forward fifty zhang did not hesitate to start a third wave of attack.

Nine sword energies sent out with full force turned into a net. The other side had charged too fast, their group densely packed together. The results were astounding!

Five xiuzhe were killed!

The head of the other side changed expression. With one attack, the losses were three to twelve, this made him slightly panic. The three waves of attack on the other side clearly had been planned. It was like a tide, one wave after the other, not giving them any chance to think.

Expert!

He smelled danger, but what calmed him down was that the speed on both sides had slowed down. The following battle would be prolonged combat. His side had the advantage of numbers and a higher possibility of victory.

“Charge and scatter them! Then hold on to them! Kill!” He shouted, his voice ringing out. He had confidence in his ningmai second stratum cultivation. Coldly snorting, he took his flying sword, and entered the chaotic fray!

The distance between the two sides narrowed. No one had the space to charge.

Gongsun Cha did not move. There was a combat unit protecting him. Four people were standing outside the battle, yet no one seemed to notice him.

Having seen the good results from the three section wave killing charge, his expression did not move, but the hands hidden in his sleeves were tightly fisted! He had copied this from the mysterious person in War Chess. However, the mysterious person was much more effective when he used it. Gongsun Cha had suffered greatly under this maneuver, always collapsing when he encountered it.

Even though it was a weaker version, it was enough to cause the enemy to suffer losses.

The scene was extremely chaotic, but he was already used to even worse scenes in War Chess. His mind had never been as clear as now. He quickly found the head among the enemies.

His mind slightly moving, Ma Fan who seemed to be aimlessly swimming around started to silently cover the other like a large bird.

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Translator Ramblings:

Zuo Mo finds something he can do. Gongsun Cha finally gets to command living soldiers

Zuo Mo finds his way back to formations. He is essentially reverse-engineering the major ability of the mo which other races do not possess which is the ability to absorb and purify ling energy. This helps them survive in harsh and ling-lacking environments. Yao would not be hampered in Little Mountain Jie at present but the xiuzhe would definitely die if the ling energy keeps on decreasing.

Chapter 217: Killing Moves and Ma Fan

Magg Fan did not fly quickly and was very steady. Seeing the chaotic battle field slowly grow larger in his vision, his mind slightly wandered.

Truthfully, he admired Gongsun Cha very much. This person that look even younger than him was a beginner among beginners. It could be seen from the terrible and disorganized training at the start. Ma Fan had assumed that his little life had been in danger now that he had landed in the hands of a greenhorn and hadn't expected Gongsun Cha to quickly fulfill his role. The messy training had quickly become neat and organized.

These days, everyone had shifted from their rebelliousness and terror induced submission, and gradually showed true respect and compliance. Everyone had climbed over mountains of corpses. They might never had heard of these methods before, but they could tell if it was useful or not.

In a group like this, as long as you could continuously lead everyone to victory, and everyone's lives had some guarantees, no one would rebel.

Ma Fan was the first person to realize that the tactics Gongsun Cha had set up were useful. Before everyone else had understood this, he had started to rigorously train until he could he could meet Gongsun Cha's demands.

In secret, everyone called Gongsun Cha "Lil' Miss Gongsun" because he looked feminine and delicate like a woman. This also included a portion of maliciousness and slander. No way around it. They couldn't defeat him so they could only vent in private.

Of course, no one dared to say the name in front of him. Lil' Miss might be feminine but he was a vicious female.

Staring at the chaotic battle, the words that Gongsun Cha had keep on filling into his ears appeared in Ma Fan's mind.

"You have to notice the distance between the enemy's troop"

"You have to notice the offensive rhythm of the enemy after each strong attack, there would be an extremely short time where their ling

power cannot catch up, this is when the enemy is the weakest”

“You have to notice the important targets of the enemy”

“You need to have battlefield awareness”

... ..

All of this was extremely strange and unfamiliar to him.

“Such a troublesome Lil’ Miss,” Reflexively muttering, he already reached the border of the battle.

Out of the corner of his eyes, he glanced at the leader of the other side. He was extremely eye-attracting, pressuring down a combat unit by himself. Ma Fan did not go immediately to give aid. The three people were on the disadvantage, and seemed very bad off, but the three person formation had not become messy, and they could support themselves for a while.

Just at this time, he noticed there were some people whose ling power was boiling. It was clearly the early signal for strong sword moves being cast.

Usually, the stronger the sword move, the longer it took to prepare.

However, the combat unit they were facing evidently were also preparing a big move. No matter which side, the xiuzhe all instinctively chose to distance themselves. The collision between great moves were very strong, and could affect others.

A light flashed through Ma Fan’s eyes. Rather than retreat, he slowly neared the two sides.

“Taste ye’s [Crimson Rainbow Sword]!” A crimson sword light rose with a howl.

“Ha ha, me too, [Great Ling Sword Axe]!” A blue sword energy that was

half sword and half axe appeared and heavily sliced down!

“[Bat Ghost Crying]!” Seven or eight black sword energies shaped like bats made flapping sounds as they drew out a strange curve and headed to the three people.

The three members of the combat unit did not panic, maintaining the Three Talent formation. At the beginning of the battle, they had been panicked, but as they gradually familiarized themselves with the wondrous energy connection unique to the Three Talent Formation, their cooperation grew, and their confidence also grew.

The great moves of the other side did not make them lose focus.

Even usually, one-on-one, they were not afraid, much less now, when they had the aid of the Three Talent Formation.

The leader of the three was Lei Peng. Before he was tamed by Lil' Miss, this guy had been the most vicious and rebellious of them all. Now that someone had ran in front of him and boasted, he instantly got angry. His copper-bell sized eyes stared angrily, his fan-sized large hands opening. Pointing at the three people in front of him, he hatefully spat out.

“Get them!”

The other two people were also full of murderous intent. Everyone had made their way through rivers of blood. Who didn't have some fire?

Who didn't have killing moves?

One of them had a serious expression, his hands were covered in balls of blue light. The blue lights became darker, and smaller until they were just covering his hands. But this blue light was very concentrated and seemed like water.

The two hands punched out, two bright blue fist energies leaving his hands, growing as they moved. A concentrated energy covered the landscape.

[Sky Wave Fist]!

Zong Ru was the only Dhyana of the group. To be able to establish

himself in this group, he naturally had his unique qualities. As he attacked, it instantly showed his exceptionalism.

At his side, his fellow that was called Nian Lu coldly snorted. He raised his hands up towards the sky, his figure spinning on the spot. His speed increased until his figure became a blur. Above his head, a lotus flower formed with astonishing speed. Flower bud, open, bloom!

The faint sword essence was like the sway of the lotus flower, making people uncontrollably attracted to it. Suddenly, a snowy white lotus flower petal tipped in pink fell off. After that, the flower petals fell off, one after the other, until all of them fell off.

One flower petal was one sword energy. Seven or eight white sword energies with a hint of pink, eighty percent serenity, twenty percent enchantment, formed.

Nian Lu's ultimate move [Lotus Flower Fall]!

Lei Peng naturally did not want to be left behind. He was holding a black sabre in his hands. With both of his hands, he raised the black sabre above his head, and breathed.

A heavy strike!

A black sabre energy shot at the three opposite them. A vicious and brutal energy was like a ferocious tiger opening its jaws.

[Abyss Beast Soul-Eating Sabre]!

Killing move against killing move!

Blue, red, white, black multi colored streams of energy flew everywhere. The faceoff between six ningmai had caused the region between the two sides to become turbulent and distorted with ling power . No one dared to near. If they were sucked in, even their bodies may not remain.

Lei Peng and the two wavered slightly. Of the opposing three, two had began bleeding from their mouths and noses.

Without a doubt, Lei Peng and the others had slightly won.

A sabre xiu, a sword xiu, a Dhyana xiu, this kind of combination was unique among the forty people.

The faces of the enemy three were uncertain, and a desire to retreat began rising.

This kind of full force collision did not have any technique. The difference in strength could be easily seen.

The xiuzhe with the [Crimson Rainbow Sword] moved his eyes. Since their side had more people, why should the three of them take the risk? He was just going to call for his fellow to come over when he had a feeling in his heart!

He couldn't help but turn his head.

A person, carried by countless flickering images, silently appeared beside him.

Ambush!

His expression changed. Just as he was going to speak, the voice that reached his mouth was shoved back by the afterimages that filled his vision.

A flying sword hit his ling armor without a sound.

Destructive ling power furiously flooded his body.

[Illusory Shadowless Sword Of Destruction]!

The fourth-grade ling armor on his body was like paper, instantly breaking into pieces. It was as if he was hit directly with a large hammer, his body flying like a sandbag towards the other xiuzhe!

This xiuzhe changed expression and wanted to catch his fellow.

“Careful!”

Before he finished, under the body of his fellow that was flying over, a silent light flashed. When he could respond, a flying sword that gave off no light was three zhang away from him.

Damn it!

He hurriedly put up his flying sword.

The swords impacted, ding, a small sound of collision.

His body shook, the blood in his face suddenly leaving his face. His eyes were full of disbelief, his eyes slowly becoming empty.

The remaining xiuzhe was also pale, and wanted to retreat.

Pew!

A white sword energy that had a hint of pink at the tip passed through his chest. His pupils suddenly expanded. He saw the smear of cold smile at the corner of Nian Lu opposite him.

Ma Fan's ambush had shocked the entire field. He had successfully bought time for the Lei Peng's group to breath. Nian Lu had made an ambush, and the panicked enemy had fallen.

Ma Fan suppressed the roiling of the ling power inside his body. Having continuously cast [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction] twice while flying at high speed, he couldn't help but feel a lack of strength. He didn't go to see if the other had lived or not, hurriedly starting his illusory movement method and disappeared.

From the collision of the two side's killing moves, to the three people losing their lives, the sudden change shocked many people. Ma Fan took the chance to escape.

His illusory movement method was most skilled at confusing the enemy. The more chaotic the battle, the more beneficial it was to him.

Ma Fan's entry slowly caused the balance of battle to tilt towards their side. The monstrous training regime of the past while had started to show its power. The combat units started to help cover and aid each other.

Everyone slowly became more used to cooperating with Ma Fan.

The more tense the situation, the more advantageous it was for Ma Fan to attack. He was accurate each time. Without knowing it, the advantage grew on their side.

Bao De felt that this fight today was terrible. Their side clearly had the advantage in numbers, but as they fought, they grew more tired. He felt as though they had entered quicksand and were unable to use their strength.

It wasn't evident in the beginning, but as they fought, the feeling of weakness became even more clear.

The other side was three people, all clearly ningmai first stratum, but they managed to stop him. The other side's tactics were very soft, not daring to face him straight on. He felt he wanted to spit blood.

Every time he was going to defeat the three, that person who came out of nowhere would come and disturb him, making his rhythm pause.

Because of this pause, the advantage he had managed to build up would disappear and he had to start from the beginning.

After fighting for so long, he saw the hints. The three were cooperating very well. One offensive, one distracting, and one defensive, and the offensive and defensive would frequently change positions. At the beginning, he had assumed he could quickly get rid of the enemy, but they had managed to stand up until now. He felt quite embarrassed, and his attacks grew stronger, but he hadn't assumed it got more annoying the more he fought!

Other than the three he was facing, he still had to watch out for the

annoying guy that appeared out of nowhere and was as irritating as a fly.

He dared to disdain the three in front of him, but didn't dare to underestimate Ma Fan.

That guy was ningmai second stratum!

Fuck it, this was no way to fight!

*

Translator Ramblings:

This is the first chapter that Zuo Mo doesn't appear.

A blow-by-blow accounting of a fight won't happen frequently in this story but this one was probably because Fang Xiang wanted to highlight the changes in the people and their shift in perspective as well as what Lil' Miss is doing. Gongsun Cha is an important character for Fang Xiang and giving side characters development can be difficult if the author just sticks exclusively to the point of view of the protagonist and his area of influence.

The Three Talent Formation in this chapter is just a triangle with each person at the corners who then move around in sync in predetermined steps. However, it is actually the name of a true battle formation used during the Ming Dynasty. See the baidu page. It was used because it could increase firepower and decrease damage at the same time.

Thank you for all your comments!

Chapter 218: Spoils of Victory

The entire battle gradually lost meaning.

Seeing that their own side was at a disadvantage, the leader did not hesitate to find a solution – surrender!

With a rattle, everyone surrendered. Gongsun Cha's face was shocked but the other xiuzhe looked as if this was completely normal.

What would they do if they didn't surrender? Escape? In the present Little Mountain jie, unless they were jindan, any xiuzhe would be targeted if they were alone. Fight to the death? Then the group would be crippled. A crippled group either would be killed or swallowed by someone else.

Surrendering was a loss of face, but at least they were not losing their lives.

This leader long knew the importance of this. Moreover, this group clearly did not have many people but were very strong. Rather than being swallowed by another group, it was better to go with this kind of group. Their days would be better. These days, weren't people just looking for a way to survive in Little Mountain Jie?

This loud and noisy battle ended like this.

When Zuo Mo saw Gongsun Cha come back with a large group of captives, he was very shocked. As expected of a crazy battle-maniac. This efficiency was frightening! Before he could be happy, when he saw the thirty something captives, he grimaced inside.

His consciousness would have to bleed greatly again

Bao De was the head of this group. When he heard the head of the other side was going to set in jinzhi in his body he couldn't help but shudder. Compared to those with no sect, he had come out of a little sect and knew more things than normal people.

Wasn't it only jindan that could set down jinzhi? Was there a jindan elder here?

His heart became scared. In Little Mountain Jie, jindan were an invincible existence. Then he became puzzled. If jindan wanted to gather people, then he only needed to stand in the open and people would flock to him. There was no need to engage in fighting; everyone would have already surrendered.

But when Zuo Mo appeared in front of him, he was stunned.

The person putting down the jinzhi was a guy that had just broke through to ningmai first stratum! He was instantly discontent. Jinzhi meant that his little life was on that person's hands. If he did not comply, the gentlest punishment was his cultivation would decrease, the most serious would be the destruction of his soul.

His little life was grasped within the hands of a guy that just broke through to ningmai?

However, he also knew his present situation. He didn't understand. Was there someone behind this guy who supported him? Otherwise, why would so many people that were stronger than him obey him? He thought inside but he didn't dare to show the discontent on his face.

No way about it. The losers could not be brave. Becoming other people's prisoners, they didn't dare to have any other thoughts. When he saw that Gongsun Cha who was standing silently by the side with a light and soft smile, he instantly discarded all his thoughts.

Zuo Mo was very familiar with jinzhi now. Quickly, all thirty people's lives were in his hands.

However, after putting down thirty jinzhi, he lost a lot of energy, looking somewhat drooping.

"How many people died?" Zuo Mo asked.

"Twelve, all the zhuji died." Gongsun Cha's mood wasn't good. Even though they had achieved victory, and the primary backbone was not damaged, but he was not satisfied with this result.

Zuo Mo sighed, his mood slightly down.

"At least we won," Gongsun Cha didn't have much confidence when he said this.

The mood became slightly heavy. The troubled world was like a copper cauldron, no one could escape. Zuo Mo decided to change the topic.

"Did you find ling grains?"

"No," Gongsun Cha shook his head.

Zuo Mo almost spat blood. Originally, he wanted this group to use battle to feed battle, to steal ling grains from other people to lighten his load. Who could have thought that they had come back with thirty something people but no ling grains. He had just expended large amounts of consciousness and now had to care of thirty something more mouths.

He had really lost!

"Aren't there any gains you made?" Zuo Mo was like a tomato after the frost, as he asked weakly.

"We've gotten some items. But I don't really understand their functions, so Shixiong can pick," Gongsun Cha blinked his plum flower sized eyes that sparkled as he said innocently.

From the numbers, Gongsun Cha had gotten many things. Piled up together, it was a little mountain.

Flying swords, talismans, jade scrolls, and materials. They all dazzled the eyes.

Zuo Mo glanced and was quite surprised. The great majority were not worth anything, but there were some good ones. This had been the collections of ningmai xiuzhe. They had some good items.

Zuo Mo's eyes were very experienced and acted quickly. After flipping and picking, he divided the little mountain into several piles.

He pointed at a pile of flying swords and talismans, saying, "This batch isn't bad. Go and divide it among them. Only if they are properly equipped can their battle strength increase."

Gongsun Cha was full of admiration. Shixiong was really someone who could do great things. He had followed Shixiong for this long, and his eyes were not as experienced as Shixiong; but he could generally detect the quality. The flying swords and talismans in this piles were all pretty good. If they could be sold, that would be an enormous sum of jingshi. He hadn't expected Shixiong to take it out.

This generosity, this breadth of mind

"To get the horse to run, we have to feed the horse grass," Zuo Mo said meaningfully.

The admiration in Gongsun Cha's heart reached a peak. It seemed that he was still too new. His level was not enough compared to Shixiong!

"Think of it as wages. They have to put their lives up. It won't be right if they do not get anything," Zuo Mo smacked his lips, and rubbed his chin, "In any case, this batch can't be turned to jingshi and will only take up space."

When Gongsun Cha heard the last part, all the admiration instantly dissipated.

This was more like Shixiong

For some reason, he found he had relaxed; his entire body easing itself of tension.

“Oh, right,” Zuo Mo picked out a jade scroll from the piles of jade scrolls, “There’s not much in this batch of jade scrolls other than this one. This one has some content related to battle generals. You take it to use as reference.”

“A bit of relation to battle generals?” Gongsun Cha instantly became excited and took the jade scroll.

“The materials are useful,” Zuo Mo said to himself as he looked at the little piles in front of him. “The rest can only be given to Lil’ Pagoda. We can store the jade scrolls, open them to all of them for free? Oh, they don’t take up space.”

Speaking of jade scrolls, he suddenly remembered something, “I have a fifth-grade movement method here. I probably won’t have the time to practice it. Give it to someone to use. The stronger they are, the safer we are. As to how to divide it, you can think.”

“Okay!” Gongsun Cha was slightly surprised that Shixiong could take out a fifth-grade movement method but did not hesitate in nodding. He agreed with Shixiong’s words.

After dividing up the spoils, Zuo Mo told Gongsun Cha again to look for yin fiend grounds. Everyone knew that time was tight and didn’t waste words. Gongsun Cha took the pile of talismans and flying swords and left.

Zuo Mo summoned Lil’ Pagoda, and pointed at the pile of talismans and flying swords as he took up a jade scroll to read.

This jade scroll was the only thing that he was interested in of this entire batch of spoils. There wasn’t much high level content in the jade scroll. What it was were some basic methods of making puppets. Now that Zuo Mo was somewhat skilled in formations, it was much easier to learn about puppets, and it wasn’t hard to read.

He had never encountered puppets before. Seeing them now, he found them novel. There were several places that were very unique. To his joy, he found that the puppets could solve the problem of his manpower.

Low level puppets did not have intelligence and could only accept the simplest and most basic commands. Those high level puppets were not much different than people. puppets that were forged with secret methods were not breakable, were as fast as the wind, and functioned as the best subordinates.

No wonder so many people liked puppets.

Of course, these subordinate type puppets were very hard to forge. But Zuo Mo did not think of those puppets. His eyes were set on the easily made low level puppets.

These guys didn't have any great use, but they could barely manage to do some rough and menial labor.

He suddenly thought of an idea. With Little Mountain Jie so chaotic right now, the population drastically decreasing, the mines that had existed before wouldn't have grown feet! The ling veins would have been corroded, but what about the ore veins?

He became more excited the more he thought, his brain extremely clear. Now that it was this chaotic, there was no one that was willing to spend time mining. If the ore veins were not infected and did not belong to anyone, and he went to mine them, no one would care. As for manpower, he could use puppets!

He suppressed the excitement in his heart and started to calculate.

It was not very hard to make the simplest puppet, and what it consumed were very low level materials. He had the power to make them.

Deep in thought, Zuo Mo did not notice Lil' Pagoda greedily sucking in talismans and flying swords.

When the last talisman flew inside Lil' Pagoda's body, Lil' Pagoda suddenly stopped moving.

“Rewards based on achievements?” Lei Peng thought he had heard it wrong, laughing scornfully. “Don’t dream. Food that’s been swallowed, who would throw it back up? Even more, our group has jinzhi, who wouldn’t listen? Who would be so dumb to spend on us?”

Nian Lu said in a rush, “But it’s true. Happening this afternoon! Supposedly, there is a fifth-grade movement method.”

“Ha ha! You’re killing me!” Lei Peng pointed at Nian Lu and then turned to say to Zong Ru. “Listen! Fifth-grade movement method! My ass! Fifth-grade movement methods are not lettuce, and given easily to us sheep. I say, Old Nian, you should understand the market. A fifth-grade movement method, that’s enough for those f***ers at Clear Sky Sect to let you pass. This kind of good thing, people will give it to you for free?”

Zong Ru said cross legged like an old monk in meditation, dignified. He pretended to not listen. Dhyana xiu were very rare in Little Mountain Jie. They cultivated the body and their abhinna. What Zong Ru cultivated was not some high level dhyana scripture, and so he had not formed an abhinna yet. However, his cultivation was rock solid.

He usually had few words, his personality silent and calm. In battle, he was like a whole other person, abnormally ferocious.

The three of them all had different personalities. Lei Peng was fiery like a fire, similar to a bandit. Nian Lu was of a lively temperament, optimistic and easygoing.

Now that Lei Peng said this, Nian Lu felt disbelief rise as well. Fifth-grade movement method, it was enough to become the ultimate spell for a little sect. Who would give something like this for free?

Fortunately, time did not pass slowly. It quickly reached noon.

All the people, including the thirty that had just been captured were

gathered together.

Everyone knew Lil' Miss definitely had important things to announce.

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Translator Ramblings:

Gongsun Cha's respect for Zuo Mo flew up into the sky and bombed back down.

Bao De represents his fellows in being discontent at being led by someone less powerful in cultivation. However, even if it one on one, Zuo Mo will probably be able to beat him.

I totally mangled the translation but I have no idea what is another way of saying you get rewarded based on how much service you did/ how many people you killed.

Chapter 219: Rewards Conference

In secret, whenever everyone ever discussed Lil' Miss's feminine and delicate face, they couldn't help but be slightly scornful of it. However, when Lil' Miss was sitting in front of them, everyone couldn't help but straighten their spines, their eyes straight forward.

People like Lei Peng, who had already spent some time under Lil' Miss' command, had experience of what to do. In front of Lil' Miss, it was best for their eyes to look at their nose, their nose to be pointed at their heart. Do not go looking at Lil' Miss' eyes. You would always find they were freezing.

"Reward based on performance," Lil' Miss' voice was not loud and was feminine as usual.

Lei Peng stilled. Had Old Nian been speaking the truth? There were really going to reward based on performance? His heart quickened and he couldn't help but move his body.

It wasn't just him. Everyone could not disguise the joy on their faces. There were jinzhi in their bodies, so their lives were in Zuo Mo's hands. They had originally assumed that they would be cannon fodder, and the thought had never crossed their minds that they would be rewarded.

"Let's start." Everyone's expression landed in Gongsun Cha's eyes. His heart was very clear, the corners of his mouth rising. He decided to throw out a heavy bomb at the beginning, "This is a fifth-grade movement method. Boss decided to take it out as a reward."

Vroom!

Everyone's eyes turned to stare at the jade scroll in Lil' Miss' hands. So hot they almost melted the jade scroll. The temperature in the room instantly rose.

Fifth-grade movement method! That was fifth-grade.

Any spell, when it reached fifth-grade, the value was not comparable. No matter if it was in Sky Moon Jie, or in Little Mountain Jie, only core

disciples could cultivate fourth-grade spells. This was an unwritten rule. And fifth-grade spells? The majority of sects did not possess a fifth-grade spell.

Now a fifth-grade movement method was in front of them, a place they could touch.

Breathing was rushed in the room. Without knowing it, excitement climbed onto everyone's faces. If it wasn't for the jinzhi, half of the people would definitely go up and steal.

Gongsun Cha was very satisfied with everyone's performance. Fair reward and punishment was a governance that every stable troop must have. Gongsun Cha was not worried this crowd of brutes would betray, but it had been a problem for him to increase their motivation.

"This is a intermediate fourth-grade flying sword, called Black Lock, pure in quality, it is slightly oriented towards the water element. It is the best flying sword of this rewards conference."

The flying sword was about one chi long, the body narrow and black, glistening with a blue light. Once it was taken out, a slightly sword essence rippled like waves across the entire room.

Hiss!

Inhales sounded below. This group all had good eyes. The quality of the Black Lock sword was not average.

Intermediate Fourth-grade!

Most of these xiuzhe were in ningmai, but only five or so of them had fourth-grade flying swords, and of those people, all their flying swords were low fourth-grade flying swords.

"This Nine Dawn Ling Armor, intermediate fourth-grade, it is the best protective talisman of this conference. Wood element, the ling armor has four formations, [Vitality], [Evil Removing], [Tranquil Mind], and [Illusion Break]. In places rich with wood element power, it can automatically absorb wood element power to repair the ling armor."

Gulp.

As they swallowed, everyone stared at the ling armor. This was something good! If they had this ling armor, it was like getting half of a life.

It was like Gongsun Cha did not notice everyone's eyes. One by one, he introduced all the talismans and flying swords.

In the room, the heavy sound of breathing was like thunder. Everyone's faces were red and excited. Many people had pulled open their clothing, a layer of sweat on their foreheads. However, they did not detect it, their eyes tightly locked on the talismans and flying swords in front of Gongsun Cha.

The light given off by the talismans and flying swords merged and reflected off each person's eyes.

Lei Peng's forehead was full of sweat. His throat was dry, his copper-bell like eyes staring wide, afraid he would miss a talisman. When the last talisman was finished being introduced, his heart finally rested. Reflexively, he released a breath.

His ears suddenly heard the sound of breathing. He jumped in fright at his loud breathing.

It was over! If he angered Lil' Miss, it would be terrible! He grimaced at the first thought that came into his head.

But when he saw the breathing of the people around him, he managed to realize that it wasn't just the sound of his own breathing, but everyone breathing out together. The slightly sounds of breathing, under such silent environments, would stand out so clearly.

The room quickly became silent, extremely silent, everyone's hearts rose again.

Everyone knew what was coming next was the most important!

There were only this many prizes, who would get it? How would it be divided? There was a lot involved was this. That would determine what

landed on their own hands was good or trash.

“Those with the most achievements will pick first, one apiece.” Lil’ Miss was extremely clear in this silent environment where the drop of a pin could be heard. “Ma Fan is first.”

A blush suddenly rose on Ma Fan’s face like he had been drinking. In the admiring and jealous eyes of everyone else, he stood up and did not hesitate to pick the fifth-grade movement method.

Even though everyone had mostly guessed already, but they couldn’t help but have disappointed expressions. One of those was Lei Peng.

Fifth-grade movement method!

Seeing it slink away in front of his eyes, this feeling wasn’t just terrible!

But that was just jealousy. No one could say anything to Ma Fan picking first. The effect that Ma Fan had in this battle could not have been done by anyone else.

Before everyone had digested the disappointment from the fifth-grade movement method being picked away, Lil’ Miss opened again, “Lei Peng, Zong Ru, Nian Lu, your group is up. You can pick one fourth-grade, two third-grade.”

Lei Peng’s head rang, and then blanked.

It was his turn

He didn’t know how he stood up. Nian Lu and Zong Ru’s faces were also full of disbelief. It was like a dream. Even Zong Ru, the most composed of the three, didn’t managed to keep his composure.

The three people looked at each other. After a while, they found it hard to decide who would get the fourth-grade talisman.

Seeing the situation, Gongsun Cha decided to decide for them. “Straws, set down the order, and take turns in the future.”

This method was very fair. No one had an objection.

The sweat on Lei Peng’s forehead grew even more dense, his heartbeat

racing because he drew first. The second was Zong Ru, the third was Nian Lu.

He really was shameful, couldn't even calm down! He criticized himself.

But he was not slow in picking. He did not hesitate in picking the Nine Dawn ling armor. Sighs rose in the surroundings. Clearly, there were several that wanted this ling armor. For some reason, when he heard the sighs, Lei Peng felt every pore of him was in pleasure, and extremely smug. He instantly put on the ling armor.

Zong Ru picked upper third-grade vambraces, and Nian Lu picked an upper third-grade boots. Even though they didn't pick something fourth-grade, these two were also very good among the third-grade, the two people were unable to keep their hands off.

Gongsun Cha measured achievement based on combat unit. Each combat unit could pick one fourth-grade item, and two third-grade. The fourth-grade items were quickly divided. Those ranked behind didn't even get one, and could only stare.

But everyone basically got one talisman.

As to the xiuzhe like Bao De who had just turned from captive, they could only stare. Gongsun Cha didn't plan on rewarding them. The remaining talismans were put to be used as rewards for the groups that were exceptional in training.

Gongsun Cha also clearly stated that once the reward was given, it was the person's personal property. Other people could not take it. Like the fifth-grade movement method. Ma Fan picked it, so it could not be given to someone else. If anyone else wanted to learn, they had to ask Ma Fan. As to how to pass it on, or whether to pass it on, that was Ma Fan's business.

No matter if it was Zuo Mo, or Gongsun Cha, they would never have predicted the effect this rewards conference would have.

Gongsun Cha still supervised the people in training. The last battle had revealed many insufficiencies. The three section wave killing charge, if it was a well-trained troop, if it was his mysterious opponent, they would only need to use it once to destroy the enemy.

He hadn't just been unable to destroy the enemy, but had sunk into prolonged fighting. This made Gongsun Cha who usually demanded highly of himself very dissatisfied.

Lil' Miss was dissatisfied so everyone didn't have good days.

However, what Gongsun Cha was puzzled by was just how unexpected these people were in training. Everyone seemed to have been shot up with chicken blood, howling as they furiously trained.

And when Gongsun Cha fulfilled his promise by rewarding the talismans to the group that had finished training, he found to his shock that they completely did not need his supervision.

There was not a novice among this group of people. They all knew the importance of talismans. Who would dislike having one more talisman? On the battlefield, one more talisman was one more guarantee on their own life. There was no danger of dying in training. This kind of good matter, if it was in the past, everyone would distain to attend, but in the cruel Little Mountain Jie of the present, no one had heard of it.

No one fell behind.

Not having gotten any ling grains, and having some more mouths to feed, the pressure of Zuo Mo to supply ling grains instantly increased, especially in the recent days where this group had suddenly started to furiously train for some reason. The consumption of ling grains multiplied.

Zuo Mo felt the pressure multiply. He put one hundred and twenty percent of his effort into studying the mo matrix day and night.

Once he had an idea, he would immediately try it out, not caring for the consumption of materials. Seeing the amount of ling grains decrease, he

felt even more pressured. His progress was not bad. He had eliminated half of the useless constructs. Less than one third of the constructs were remaining.

But this one third included more than seventy formation-like constructs.

Zuo Mo did not have the time to do theoretical analyses. The time was tight. He decided to use the stupidest and most effective method.

Try one by one!

He started to crazily try one formation after another.

In the span of a few days, his room was full of failed products like a little mountain.

Not having closed his eyes for seven days and nights, he didn't even meditate. When his ling power was used up, he would grasp a jingshi to absorb ling power.

He looked quite fragile. After seven days and nights, even if his spiritual power had reached the stage of manifestation, he had reached a limit.

However, Zuo Mo forgot all the labor, all the exhaustion.

He dazedly looked at a peerlessly ugly thing on his hands!

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Translator Ramblings: Mad scientist Zuo Mo is back! Gongsun Cha really wants to motivate his soldiers to train hard and Ma Fan is the teacher's pet.

Do you guys ever go back to read previous chapters of this story? I'm still going to revise the beginning chapters anyways but I'm very curious if any of you ever re-read.

Ripper note : yes, i do read from start! as i am the one doing the edit if necessary!

Chapter 220: The Fatal Rotten Metal Silver

Bao De really had his vision broadened in these past days.

The troop in front of him was different than any other that he had been a part of before. Three people to each squad, that Three Talent Formation, that was a pleasure and a pain, enough ling grains, and there were rewards for the people placed under jinzhi

He looked at these old-timers who were now like children fighting to be first. There was no conspiracy, everything was done in broad daylight, it was so simple it could not be any more straightforward, but the troop had transformed by such a direct method.

The longer he stayed, the more he felt just how powerful the boss of this group was. It wasn't a power that people could see at a simple glance, but a calm power hidden behind fog and mist. Even though everyone was afraid of Lil' Miss, Bao De had been a leader; and he could tell who was truly in charge.

With such finesse, he wouldn't be an ordinary person in the future. To follow such a boss, the future wouldn't be too hard.

But Boss was a little guy around twenty something that had just entered ningmai first stratum the luck

No matter how many thoughts swirled in Bao De's mind, his training amount would not lessen compared to the rest. His past identity as the leader and his ningmai second stratum cultivation did not give him any privileges. What made him feel helpless and depressed was the fact the other two people in his little troop were furiously training.

It was just a few talismans; was it worth all this? Having been a leader, Bao De naturally wouldn't care about just third-grade talismans.

Yet he did not want to get into conflict with his teammates, due to dragging them down, and had to furiously train as well. There was no way around it. Lil' Miss' rewards were based on combat units, other than being

like Ma Fan who was a combat unit on his own. Adding on that Lil' Miss was staring from the side, he did not dare to slack.

Do not offend Lil' Miss in any circumstance.

This was the most widespread phrase in the camp.

However, hm wasn't that Boss? Bao De saw Boss holding a strange object and walk into the camp out of the corner of his eye.

He secretly paid attention. However, with his distraction, the Three Talent Formation that had been flowing smoothly came to an abrupt halt. With the pause, the rhythm of the entire team was disturbed. The three people had to stop. Seeing the dissatisfaction in the two people's eyes, Bao De hurriedly apologized. He could offend anyone except his teammates. Otherwise, he wouldn't even know how he died on the battlefield.

Gongsun Cha saw Zuo Mo hold something strange and couldn't help but ask in curiosity, "Shixiong, what is this?"

"Ling processing" Zuo Mo stopped. He raised the ugly object in his hands in front of his face. Uh, what should he call this?

It could barely be called a talisman. But there were many kinds of talismans. This thing, which category did it belong to? Treasure box?

A strangely shaped box, the box was covered in holes and crack, patched with shapes of various colors and sizes, which made it hard to look at.

"Ling Processing Formation." Zuo Mo pondered and decided to change its shape for next time. Otherwise, it would be hard to even name such an object.

"A bit ugly," Gongsun Cha gave a fair review. Seeing the unfriendliness in Shixiong's eyes, he hurriedly tried to move on, "What's the use of this?"

Speaking of the use of this object, Zuo Mo couldn't help but be smug.

“Oh, not that much. It can just process the ling power in the jingshi, and get rid of impurities.”

“Get rid of the impurities in the ling power of jingshi” Gongsun Cha first stilled but he quickly responded. His eyes suddenly widened, his voice unconsciously raising, “Get rid of the impurities in the ling power of jingshi?”

Gongsun Shidi’s reaction made Zuo Mo even more proud, “Exactly!”

Gongsun Cha’s eyes lit up, his voice tinted with excitement, “It can replace ling grains?”

“Exactly!” Zuo Mo felt his body was unspeakably comfortable. He snickered. “I tried already. The effect is pretty good. Taking it here was to find someone to try it out.”

Without another word, Gongsun Cha stood up, swept the people training, and saw Lei Peng and the other two who had just finished. He beckoned, “Lei Peng, you three come over.”

Hearing the summons of Lil’ Miss, the three hurried over.

Gongsun Cha turned around and asked Zuo Mo, “Shixiong, how do you use this?”

“Oh, put your hand on top of this, and start your scripture.” Zuo Mo put his palms on the two round formations on top of the box.

Gongsun Cha said to Lei Peng, “You try.”

“Oh,” Lei Peng said with confusion. He didn’t understand what this garbage in front of him, but he still complied in putting his hands inside the round formations and started his scripture.

“Huh!” Lei Peng gasped – ling power!

A stream of ling power was absorbed through his palms and quickly flowed along his channels. Such pure ling power! He was overjoyed. Such pure ling power, it meant that he didn’t have to spend so much energy on processing ling power! Endless ling power burrowed through his palms into his body. In a quick while, he felt the empty channels inside his body

feel full.

Only now did he suddenly realize the use of this thing!

Why was Little Mountain Jie so terrible right now?

The most important reason was that the ling energy in the air had become thin, so thin that it could not be absorbed into the bodies of xiuzhe.

Everyone knew that the ling power of xiuzhe was obtained from the world of nature. The ling energy in the air was the most important source. After these ling energy were taken into the body, they were processed and turned to even purer ling power to be stored in the channels of the xiuzhe. The ling energy becoming extremely thin in Little Mountain Jie meant that the biggest source of ling energy for xiuzhe had been cut off.

Xiuzhe were forced to find other ways, like consuming ling grains. The ling power contained in the ling grains were easy to absorb, and were not harmful. The jingshi that people usually used contained more ling power than ling grains, but due to the impurities in the ling power of jingshi were more domineering than the impurities of the ling energy of the air, it was much harder to absorb. If it was used in the long term, it would damage the body.

Only some large sects had secret methods to resolve the impurities in the jingshi.

Secret method

When Lei Peng's hands left the box, his mind seemed to be wandering, his expression slightly strange.

Nian Lu looked in puzzlement at Lei Peng, it was very rare to see Big Peng have this expression. He couldn't help but look again at that extremely strange and hideous box. This garbage had a use?

When his hands left the box, his expression was also strange, muttering something continuously in his mouth like he had seen a ghost.

After Zong Ru tried, his expression could not disguise his shock.

No matter what waves had been stirred up in the three people, Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha were very satisfied with the result of the experiment. The remainder was to slightly modify the appearance. It really was too ugly, even Zuo Mo himself found it hard to tolerate.

Gongsun Cha's sparkling eyes tightly locked on the extremely ugly box. He was very clear what this object meant for them! As long as they had this, there was one less chain that was on their necks!

In the present Little Mountain Jie, the price of ling grains had been inflated to a ridiculous price. In reverse, due to the lack of goods, the utility of jingshi was much less. It was common to see jingshi that had been thrown away. The rare ling grains had become the most common currency in Little Mountain Jie.

"But there is a problem."

Zuo Mo's words pulled Gongsun Cha back. He jumped, "What problem?"

"If we are producing in large quantities, we need lots of Rotten Metal silver," Zuo Mo's tone was slightly bitter, "I still have some, but it is just enough to make a few."

Gongsun Cha stilled, and thought it was unfortunate. He hurriedly asked, "Is this Rotten Metal silver very rare?"

"It is a very common third-grade material." Zuo Mo spread his hands. "I've used a lot so there's not much left."

"This problem" Gongsun Cha thought and then raised his hands, indicating for everyone to gather.

Everyone stopped their training, looked at each other, before gathering. Their expressions were all puzzled. Lil' Miss had never interrupted their training before.

"Who knows where there is Rotten Metal silver?" Gongsun Cha asked.

Many xiuzhe were confused. What was Rotten Metal silver?"

Suddenly, a person raised their hands, "I know." That person was Bao

De.

“Where?” Gongsun Cha stared at Bao De.

When he met Lil’ Miss’ sharp eyes, a cold sweat ran down Bao De’s body. However, he had been a leader before, and suppressed the shock inside, pretending to be calm. “This one doesn’t know about the finished product, but this one knows a Rotten Metal silver mine.”

“Mine!” Zuo Mo’s eyes brightened. “Where?”

Bao De swallowed and obediently responded, “A place about three hundred li from here, called Stone Mountain Beach. Before, it was the location for a sect of Spell Sword Sect, now it’s possessed by a group.”

Zuo Mo turned to look at Gongsun Cha. Gongsun Cha instantly understood what he meant. He wanted the mine. Gongsun Cha was slightly puzzled. Even if they had the mine, there was no one to do the mining. However, since Shixiong said he wanted it, then it meant he had a way.

He turned to stare at Bao De. “How many people are there? What are their origins?”

Bao De hurriedly said. “About sixty or so people. The head, Xie Shan, is vicious and cruel. Ningmai third stratum. His subordinates are all above ningmai. They heard that Spell Sword Sect had ling grains, so they massacred Spell Sword Sect and took over Stone Mountain Beach.”

He then carefully said, “If Boss wants it, you can buy it at very low cost from Xie Shan’s hands. This one has some relationship with him”

“No need,” Gongsun Cha waved his hands, and then said, “Continue training,” to hurry the people away to cultivate. Bao De’s words were choked up in his throat. However, he perceptively went to train.

“What do you plan on doing?” Zuo Mo asked in curiosity.

He knew that Shidi definitely had an idea.

“We can beat them until they are crippled,” Gongsun Cha said unconcernedly. “There is no reason to give them any jingshi. They want to

take food from our mouths, hmph hmph!”

Zuo Mo shook his head helplessly. Gongsun Shidi’s battle mania was acting up again!

Xie Shan’s group was really pitiful!

He couldn’t help but feel sympathy, but when the words reached his own mouth the only thing that came out was, “Hurry!”

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Translator Ramblings: Incremental progress. Lacking supplies is a rational event after being a mad scientist for a week.

Thank you all for your comments about my question. It’s motivating to hear what you guys say. There was a very wide range of response from reading it, to reading some parts, to not reading. I would rather translate than edit which is why edits are so slow.

Chapter 221: What Is Pu Yao Doing?

Zuo Mo quickly made the new product. Compared to the broken box, the new product was like a piece of art.

It was a meditation mat woven from Black Morning Glory, pure black and smooth to the touch. Hair like strands of rotten metal silver forming the formations were in exquisite and complex patterns. If the mat was flipped over, there were five openings that jingzhi could be put in. Zuo Mo had originally planning on making them even smaller to make it much easier to carry, but in the end, he still decided to make them into meditation mats.

His technique of weaving mediation mats was very good.

The meditation mats were named Black Processing Meditation Mats. On the foundation of the ling processing formations, he had added [Mind Concentration] and [Calm Heart] formations. The effect of the black processing meditation mats drastically increased.

In one go, Zuo Mo had used all the rotten metal silver to make five black processing meditation mats.

With the five black processing meditation mats both Zuo Mo and Gongsun Cha steadied their heart. The five black processing meditation mats were not a lot, but if they were used in turns, it could barely suffice.

After giving the five black processing meditation mats to Gongsun Cha, Zuo Mo didn't care anymore.

His gains this time was not just the ling processing formation. The mo matrix on Zuo Mo's body was a low level mo matrix called the [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix]. The biggest effect of this matrix was that it could automatically temper his body. But even as one of the simplest mo matrix, after being analyzed, it was found to be composed of hundreds of little micro formations.

Zuo Mo had never seen the majority of these micro formations and didn't know their effects. But after this time, after finishing his analysis,

and trying to forge, he had a direct understanding of these unfamiliar formations.

Of the many formations of the Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix, there were three formations that Zuo Mo felt were most useful: Ling Gathering Formation, Ling Processing Formation, and Body Tempering Formation.

There had been a detailed introduction about the Ling Gathering Formation in the [Kun Lun Preliminary Formations Jade Scroll]. But the ling gathering formation that Zuo Mo had found this time was different than any kind of ling gathering formation he had ever seen.

It was even more outstanding at gathering ling. The entire formation naturally formed, and was so exquisite that Zuo Mo had sighed countless times at the wonders of nature.

“This isn’t bad,” Pu Yao appeared out of nowhere, and stared at the ling gather formation that Zuo Mo was carving now.

Zuo Mo had long gotten used to Pu Yao’s ghostly appearances. His hand didn’t even tremble.

“Of course I know it is a good thing.” Zuo Mo did not disguise the pride he felt. He glanced at Pu Yao out of the corner of his eyes. “With ge’s skills! How can the things that ge makes not be good things?”

“Oh, not bad, not bad.” Finishing, Pu Yao faintly nodded before disappearing.

Zuo Mo, who had wanted to show off, felt his punch had missed and his chest felt suffocated. However, he was also puzzled. Pu Yao, the guy who did not rise early unless there was something to do, he had just ran over to say that this was not bad?

There was a problem!

Definitely was a problem!

Yet, Zuo Mo couldn’t think of where the problem was. He did not think on it and instead started to work with the ling gathering formation in front of him.

The ling gathering formation he had obtained from the [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix] was exquisite and tiny. The difficulty of carving it was slightly high but the use was also very broad. He could carve this ling gathering formation on talismans and flying swords. Talismans and flying swords could continuously gather ling energy from the air. Over time their intelligence would grow. Any material, if they were put in places with thick ling energy, after being soaked in ling energy, the qualities of the material would gradually be changed for the better.

Zuo Mo had an even more daring idea, to carve the ling gathering formation on the body like the mo matrix. This way the body could constantly take in ling energy from the surroundings. Even though the amount of ling energy taken in each day would be small, but after accumulating for months and years, this amount would be terrifying.

This point, Zuo Mo who had a mo matrix had a direct experience. If it wasn't that his channels were not able to store ling power before, he would have broken through to ningmai long ago. Even now, his cultivation speed was far faster than normal xiuzhe.

The body tempering formation was using ling power to continuously temper the blood, flesh, bones, and tendons of the body. Other than Dhyana xiu, other xiuzhe would rarely cultivate their body, but in Zuo Mo's experience, a strong body was not a bad thing. Even more, no time had to be spent on this. It could automatically temper the body. Would anyone refuse?

Most importantly, the three formations that he had analyzed and separated out did not look anything like a mo matrix. No one would connect it to a mo matrix. In these days where yaomo were roaming about, this point was especially important.

After making the Black Processing Meditation Mats, Zuo Mo instantly felt the pressure decrease. He hadn't found how to use the three micro formations right now. He already had the mo matrix on his body. He didn't need the three formations.

He decided to cultivate his spiritual power.

According to Pu Yao, the road he was on was Star Spiritual cultivation. To Zuo Mo, Star Spiritual cultivation was slightly novel. Pu Yao's suggestion was to first strengthen the ten stars, and he had given the related methods. Zuo Mo only had to absorb star power, then feed it back to the stars in his sea of consciousness to enlarge his source.

It was coincidentally night now. He walked out of the room, and raised his head to look at the sky dotted with stars. He split his legs apart, forward and back, his body like a coiled snake raising its head, his mouth slightly open, his hands pushing on the air by the side, making an extremely strange and awkward pose.

His mind empty, the consciousness leaf hand spread its five fingers and faced the far stars like a sunflower.

His breathing slowly disappeared. A thread of star light fell off the star above Zuo Mo's head. It was like a silver mist, thread after thread swallowed in Zuo Mo's mouth.

Zuo Mo felt his mind have a mysterious connection with the star above his head. A vast and ancient presence, from a deep and unknown place, crossing countless eras, and came to him. For some reason, his heart felt moved.

A faint silver mist burrowed into Zuo Mo's mouth, and effortlessly entered his channels. The ling power in his channels were as quiet as a virgin, not having any enmity against the star power that had been absorbed into his body. These threads of star power made one circuit around the channels inside his body, and then entered the space between Zuo Mo's brows like a sparrow returning to its nest.

In the void above the sea of consciousness, thread after thread of silver mist entered a dim star.

Pu Yao looked at the star above his head and then took away his gaze.

He opened his hand. On his palm, there was a puddle of black water. In the center of the black water, there was a miniature altar floating.

Nether Pool!

“Finally formed!” Pu Yao said to himself, “Hopefully this will work.”

Finishing, he threw the puddle of black water towards the ground. The hand sized Nether Pool expanded in a blink to a black pond about one and a half mu large. On the altar floating in the center, an enchanting black flame jumped.

Pu Yao flew onto the altar. The black fire surrounded him and burned silently. The black water in the Nether Pool roiled as if there were countless serpents restlessly swimming under the surface.

Pu Yao closed his bloody pupil, his expression solemn. He suddenly shouted, “Rise!”

The altar under Pu Yao’s feet suddenly had an astounding power to attract, all the black water in the pool flooding towards the altar. The black water quickly flooded the altar, reaching up to Pu Yao’s feet. Pu Yao did not move, allowing the black water to creep up over his feet.

In a blink, the black water was above Pu Yao’s head.

An enormous ball of black water stood on the altar. The scene seemed extremely unbalanced. Compared to the black water ball, the altar was pitifully small, making one worried that the enormous black water ball would crush the altar into pieces.

Yet this crude altar was as steady as rock.

The black water covering Pu Yao flowed restlessly and sped up.

An hour later, the speed the black water ball was spinning at was at an astounding level. The hissing of high spinning speed was not sharp, but

still frightening.

Having finished his cultivation, Zuo Mo noticed the abnormality in his sea of consciousness. When he saw the scene in front of him, he was very shocked.

What was Pu Yao doing?

The spinning of the black water ball was still increasing. Zuo Mo sensitively noticed that as the spinning increased, the black water ball started to show signs of instability.

“What does this guy want to do?” Zuo Mo muttered, not daring to move his eyes away.

The spinning speed of the black water ball was still increasing. The signs of instability were increasing. The spherical black water ball was majorly distorted.

It seemed the situation wasn't good! Zuo Mo was slightly worried.

Just as the black water ball seemed to be on the verge of collapse, light suddenly shone on the altar, and a heavy presence that was filled with vitality cover the sea of consciousness.

Wait a moment!

Zuo Mo's eyes widened. He was too familiar with this presence!

Earth energy! This was earth energy!

Having been slightly worried, Zuo Mo instantly felt discontent. So this guy had stored the earth energy he had drawn out in the altar. Thinking about the pain he had endured when the earth energy had been drawn out, he gritted his teeth.

Other than anger, he became even more curious.

What was Pu Yao doing?

Clearly, the “yao method” that Pu Yao was conducting was something he had aimed for a long time ago. No matter if it was the Nether Pool, or the earth energy that the other had drawn out, Pu Yao had prepared for a long

time. There were many methods in the world, especially the methods of yaomo. Zuo Mo was too lazy to guess. He definitely would not guess it.

He decided to sit and wait for Pu Yao to finish.

With the help of the earth energy, the high speed spinning black water ball quickly stabilized. The stable black water ball started to increase speed again.

The altar continuously provided earth energy. Zuo Mo's eyes became even more unfriendly. How much earth energy had the guy drawn out of him!

Suddenly, Zuo Mo raised his head and made a sound of surprise.

The ever accelerating black water ball suddenly started to change. With speed visible to the naked eye, it quickly became clear. In the span of a few blinks, the black water ball became a peerlessly clear water ball. He could clearly see Pu Yao inside the water ball.

Through the high speed water, Zuo Mo saw Pu Yao and instantly jumped in fright.

Pu Yao's entire body was as black as ink, the skin exposed to the outside looked as though it had been dyed black. The two red crystals on his earlobes became even more alluring in contrast to the deep black. Zuo Mo almost did not recognize Pu Yao. He started to become nervous – pain made its way onto Pu Yao's face.

Pu Yao had never shown this kind of expression before!

What was this guy doing? Did something happen? Zuo Mo thought uncertainly.

Earth energy continuously burrowed from the altar into the water ball and then into Pu Yao's body. The earth energy seemed to be able to lessen Pu Yao's pain. Pu Yao's expression slowly steadied.

The black on his body started to fade. The speed of the water ball slowly slowed.

When the black completely faded, the water ball also stopped.

Through the round ball of water, a handsome and enchanting male stood.

He opened the narrow right eye that was not covered by his hair.

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Translator Ramblings: Zuo Mo learns from nature. Pu Yao makes an appearance after some time away. Zuo Mo finally realizes that Pu Yao's been scheming against him for a long time.

Chapter 222: Lil' Pagoda's Levelling Up

Pu Yao stepped out of and off the altar, the water ball collapsing behind him.

His expression was not too good.

“What did you do?” Zuo Mo probed.

“None of your business!” Pu Yao’s expression was dark, his tone unfriendly.

Seeing the sign, Zuo Mo knew that he couldn’t get anything out of Pu Yao and went on his own business. Ge was busy.

He started to make puppets for the Stone Door Beach that would soon enter his hands. He had deep confidence in Gongsun Shidi who was a battle crazy maniac. He didn’t know exactly where the confidence came from. When he thought about it, Gongsun Shidi was just a beginner, but Zuo Mo’s confidence in his did not lessen because of this.

“Was this the a psychological shadow from having lost in War Chess several times,” Zuo Mo muttered in his heart.

There were many ways to make puppets. The most commonly seen and crude method was to use paper and bamboo to make puppets. High level used things like corpses. After death, corpses would be buried in the ground. Yin and corrosive energies would permeate for long times, and birth some qualities. But in the eyes of large sects, they still avoided using corpses. However, that was not difficult or hard to find. They only needed a suitable corpse, forge it for a bit, and the power would be significant.

Most of the corpses used would rarely be human since no one wanted their own corpses to be ruined after death. They were mostly animal corpses.

However, Zuo Mo didn’t have the territory needed to find so many animal corpses. The corpse method was not suited to him. He decided to make the simplest paper puppet, with bamboo as the skeleton, the paper as the body. Paper puppets could not be greatly relied upon, but they

should manage in mining.

Zuo Mo decided to make one to try first.

He took out a second-grade Rain Consort Bamboo and second-grade yellow paper. After a while, he finally folded out a paper person. This was the first time he had done this, so his skill was crude, and the paper figure looked very awkward. Zuo Mo did not care. He took up the cinnabar brush, and patiently painted characters on the paper person.

After a while, the body of the paper person was covered in squiggly characters. Zuo Mo put down his pen in satisfaction.

Bending down and pushing it in front of his face, he opened his mouth and blew a breath full of ling energy onto the paper person. The cinnabar seals suddenly lit up. The paper person creaked as it moved, and swayed as it struggled to stand up.

The paper person was about one chi high. As it walked, the creak of the paper and bamboo was endless. Zuo Mo's mind moved. The paper person awkwardly raised both of its hands, making him worry that it would scatter into pieces at any moment.

Woosh!

A belt of palm-sized yellow paper suddenly flew out of the arm of the paper person. Different than the awkwardness of the paper person, the yellow paper that flew out was very nimble, accurately grasping a fist-sized rock. The paper belt shrunk back with the rock and flew in front of the paper person.

Interesting!

Zuo Mo looked at the paper puppet and found it more interesting. He controlled the paper puppet to do all kinds of movements. After a while, the paper person plopped to the floor, and would not get up no matter how Zuo Mo urged it. Zuo Mo hurriedly inspected the paper person and found the ling energy of the paper person had been used up.

This couldn't work. If they stopped after just this little bit, the paper puppets didn't have any value at all. He needed a way to increase the ling

power of the paper puppets. Zuo Mo stared at the paper puppet in front of him, thinking inside.

What he used were all low level materials. They could not store much ling power. This was a problem with all low level puppets.

Zuo Mo suddenly thought of the jingshi talismans. His eyes lit up. Jingshi talismans used jingshi as the source of ling power and could be used in the long term! After thinking it through, he felt that this characteristic of jingshi talismans fit his needs.

He wasn't going to depend on these paper puppets to fight or kill. They were only doing some hard labor. A steady source of ling power would completely fulfill their needs.

After thinking it through, he instantly made modifications. Inside the body of the paper puppet, he used thin bamboo to weave a cage that jingshi could be held and then added new characters along the bamboo skeleton.

The newly modified paper puppet was full of energy. After playing around for several hours, it showed no signs of exhaustion.

However, Zuo Mo quickly found a new problem. The paper puppet did not know exhaustion, but after so many hours, Zuo Mo was tired from commanding it. The new problem was very important. These paper puppets were going to be used in mining. He couldn't always stay in the mine and direct them. That wouldn't be as efficient as him mining by himself.

To get the paper puppets to mine by themselves and not need his control. If he could do this, even if the efficiency was low, he would be able to offload the heavy duty of mining. In any case, he could fold some more paper people!

But quickly, Zuo Mo realized that this problem was beyond his abilities. To make the puppet able to perceive, that mean that the puppet needed to have intelligence. There were many ways to create intelligence, but no matter which one, it wasn't something a ningmai could do.

Did this idea have to be discarded?

Zuo Mo furrowed his brows and thought. There were more and more for him to do. It would be best if he could split himself in two. Split in two ...

Like a bolt of lightning, he suddenly thought

– Lil' Pagoda

Something to replace him and connected to his mind, that was Lil' Pagoda! Lil' Pagoda was even able to control a formation as complex and large as the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation], a dozen or so puppets would be a piece of cake.

Right right! Lil' Pagoda would be perfect as the supervisor. Zuo Mo instantly felt confidence.

Hm, where was Lil' Pagoda?

Scanning the surroundings, he didn't find the shadow of Lil' Pagoda. His mind moved, wanting to communicate with Lil' Pagoda, but found that the connection between him and Lil' Pagoda seemed to be blocked by an invisible force.

Zuo Mo jumped in fright and started to search.

He quickly found Lil' Pagoda in the corner of the room. Lil' Pagoda was silently floating in the air, surrounded by an invisible pressure.

Silly Bird proudly walked its bird walk around Lil' Pagoda in circles, occasionally revealing its concern. Lil' Black had climbed onto the ceiling, the two antennae on its head continuously waving.

Seeing Silly Bird and Lil' Black guarding Lil' Pagoda, Zuo Mo's heart felt very warmed.

However, the warmth was quickly smashed to pieces by the roll of eyes that Silly Bird had thrown over. Silly Bird took back its gaze, raised up her bird head, and continued to calmly strut its walk. Compared to the rebelliousness of Silly Bird, Lil' Black was much warmer and obedient, climbing down from the ceiling, climbing up Zuo Mo's pants until it

reached Zuo Mo's palm. The two antennae on its head waving and fawning.

"So good!" Zuo Mo purposefully took out a lingdan and put it in front of Lil' Black. Lil' Black started to happily chomp.

Silly Bird responded with a roll of the eyes filled with scorn and disdain, completely unmoved.

Zuo Mo was very irritated. At this time, a five colored light suddenly appeared on Lil' Pagoda's body.

Lil' Pagoda was leveling up!

The displeasure in Zuo Mo's heart instantly was thrown away, his eyes unblinking. Silly Bird also stopped walking and stared at Lil' Pagoda, the concern in her eyes completely undisguised.

Lil' Pagoda was Zuo Mo's soul-tethered talisman. In the recent past, Zuo Mo had fed it large amounts of talismans and flying swords. Zuo Mo was not surprised it was leveling up. Zuo Mo knew pitifully little about soul-tethered talismans, and the grades of normal talismans were useless for Lil' Pagoda.

In any case, he only needed to know that Lil' Pagoda was becoming stronger, Zuo Mo comforted himself.

Lil' Pagoda had five levels, and the light released by each level was different. The five colored lights merged and cycled. Inside the five colored lights, Lil' Pagoda spun, the lights becoming even brighter. In a while, Lil' Pagoda was covered in the blinding five colored light, and was unable to be seen.

The five balls of colored light dimmed and brightened like it was breathing. Reflecting off Zuo Mo's face, it was possible to see the nervousness in his eyes.

This leveling up, what change would happen to Lil' Pagoda?

After several cycles, the five colored ball steadied. Zuo Mo closed his eyes. He could barely make out that Lil' Pagoda was changing.

The steady ball of light slowly dimmed until all the light was gone.

Lil' Pagoda's body had become even rounder, the tip of the power almost a ball now. The eaves were even wider and smooth, giving people the feeling of chubbiness. The little gourds under the eaves were bigger, and rounder.

Zuo Mo gaped.

These days, did pagodas also get fat?

Lil' Pagoda shook its body, the chubby five levels of eaves opening and closing like five little hands that were also waving. It didn't seem to have woken up, somewhat dizzy. However, it quickly found Silly Bird guarding it at the side.

The eaves of the five levels opened, and Lil' Pagoda shook the five colored chubby gourds on its body as it skipped over to Silly Bird. Then it spat out a grey bead.

Silly Bird skillfully picked up the grey bead and swallowed it.

A tragic and pain filled voice suddenly shook the skies!

"You people! I say, this is why has it been so long since this stuff had come out, you guys secretly ate it!"

Zuo Mo furiously pointed and swore. He felt his heart was being carved with a knife! Heavens! The grey bead that Lil' Pagoda had spat out a material that was not in the five elements!

With Silly Bird's swallow, Zuo Mo felt the sky and earth turn, he seemed to see a flood made out of countless jingshi enter Silly Bird's mouth like a whale swallowing water!

Pain! Pain of the flesh!

Lil' Black, who had been chewing happily, froze, the antennae that had been waving freezing in the air. It slowly retreated, step by step, as slow as a turtle. When it found that Zuo Mo did not seem to notice it, it shot away from Zuo Mo's body like a black light and disappeared.

Zuo Mo instantly understood, and gritted out, "Lil' Black, so you were

involved too!”

Lil’ Pagoda timidly hid behind Silly Bird, the chubby body shivering.

Only Silly Bird was not scared, glancing at Zuo Mo, her eyes filled with disdain and scorn. She picked up Lil’ Pagoda and proudly stalked her bird walk away. On the feathers above her butt was Lil’ Black that bounced with the strides.

Zuo Mo was so angry he almost spat blood.

Gongsun Cha took back his dissatisfied gaze. The new additions to the troops, training until they could barely fight, it was not easy. In War Chess, the setup for this was training took at least one year. Other than that, it would take more than two real battles.

That could only be considered just having formed, and was far from a mature troop. As to a troop of a hundred battle elite, that was hundreds of li away.

However, the troop in front of him, while far from the troop in Gongsun Cha’s heart, but it had started to take the shape of a troop.

Like in the areas of organization, like the still immature cooperation.

There wasn’t much technique in training but it wasn’t as though there were no tricks, such as real combat. Real battles were always able to quickly increase the strength of the group.

Gongsun Cha stared into the distance, his eyes dark, a cold and cruel smile floating at the corner of his mouth.

In this hundred battle hell of Little Mountain Jie, did he have to worry there was no chance for actual combat?

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Translator Ramblings: A comedic chapter today. I don’t know what Zuo

Mo expected from his menagerie. He is a terrible role model by certain standards so it is almost his fault Silly Bird and Lil' Pagoda turned out this way. The apples does not fall far from the tree. Pu failed at what he was trying to do and Gongsun Cha starts building a troop.

Chapter 223: Another Transaction

“From today onwards, I do not need earth energy.”

Pu Yao’s words were like a pardon. Zuo Mo felt a heavy weight had come off. The damned drawing out of earth energy finally ended! Thinking that he didn’t have to endure the pain of the earth energy being drawn out, he felt very good!

He suddenly thought about the scene in the sea of consciousness. Was it connected? He remembered that Pu Yao’s face had been very terrible then.

Then he noticed a rare hint of hesitation in Pu Yao’s voice. Zuo Mo did not speak, waiting for Pu Yao’s next words. Unexpectedly, Pu Yao did not immediately speak, but remained silent for a long time.

Just as Zuo Mo almost couldn’t bear it, Pu Yao finally spoke, “Let’s do a business.”

“What business?” Zuo Mo’s guard rose up, the shock in his heart growing stronger. Pu Yao’s voice was full of sternness. The more Pu Yao acted out of the ordinary, the more careful he was. He needed to be careful every time he talked business with Pu Yao.

“Help me analyze mo matrixes.” Pu Yao’s tone was light.

“Mo matrixes?”

“Yes,” Pu Yao looked at Zuo Mo, “I have a use for them.”

“What mo matrixes?” Zuo Mo asked in puzzlement.

Pu Yao thought and then said, “Higher level mo matrixes, I’ll provide you with specimens.”

This was too general. Zuo Mo warily shook his head. “You understand mo matrixes better than I do, I can’t help you.”

Even the mo matrix on his body had been carved by Pu Yao. In terms of understanding of mo matrixes, Zuo Mo thought that he couldn’t compare to Pu Yao. Zuo Mo found it strange that Pu Yao had turned and asked him to analyze mo matrixes.

Pu Yao was not angry. Glancing at Zuo Mo, he said, "You are not wrong, but this only shows that I've lived longer than you. Even though I do not want to admit it, but you are the most talented person I've seen with formations. Right now, you cannot overcome me, but you have the potential, this is heaven given talent."

Seeing Zuo Mo keeping his silence, Pu Yao continued, "I am not in a rush. I have enough patience. This can only be good for you. I can supply countless types of mo matrixes. What you have to do is very simple, just study them. [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix] is one of the lowest mo matrixes. The effects of those high level mo matrixes are not things you can imagine."

Zuo Mo's heart moved. Pu Yao had not lied about this. Of the three formations he had gained from the [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix], all of them were very useful, but were not high grade. Take for example the body tempering formation. No matter how strong the ling energy was, the effect of its tempering would have a limit.

If he could receive even higher level mo matrixes, he could find even higher grade formations that were more complete. Even more importantly, the process of analysis was a cultivation progress, and he could increase his understanding of formations.

Pu Yao had not finished his pitch. He understood Zuo Mo's personality. To get this guy to agree to something, it was not hard. He only needed to give something that the other could not refuse!

That was what he was doing now.

"No matter if it is xiuzhe, or yaomo, I know at least a bit about all kinds of cultivation methods. I can guide you in your cultivation. Your cultivation is not pure. Ling power, spiritual power, body, you cultivate all of it. If you receive accurate guidance, you might be a miracle. However, if you keep going like this, it would only become more heterogeneous, and in the end, you will achieve nothing."

Zuo Mo knew that Pu Yao's words were not empty threats. Truthfully, he himself had already felt that his strength was too heterogeneous, yet he

lacked true understanding of each kind of power.

“Or maybe I can help you solve the secret in your body.”

The last bomb that Pu Yao lightly threw down was like a bolt of lightning!

“Changing features and erasing the mind, not many yaomo use these. Only the cruelest of people would do such things.” He glanced at Zuo Mo. “Changing features and erasing the mind, it basically cannot be undone.”

Zuo Mo’s heart sunk. The temperature of the room was not low, but his body felt cold.

“Your body has something else.” Pu Yao’s words were shocking.

“What?” The words jumped out of Zuo Mo’s mouth.

“A very rare five element glass bead.” Pu Yao said, “Sealed inside it is another person’s power, or maybe something else. There may also be a clue.”

Pu Yao continued, “If there is no trace inside, then use Reverse Shadow Spirit Silkgrass. It is very hard for memories to be completely erased. There would always be some fragments left. If you use Reverse Shadow Spirit Silkgrass, you can find these pieces. I know of a place you can find Reverse Shadow Spirit Silkgrass.”

Zuo Mo was silent.

Pu Yao looked at Zuo Mo and knew he needed time to digest this, closed his mouth and patiently waited.

A long time later, Zuo Mo felt his mind start to move. Staring at Pu Yao, his voice was raspy as he asked Pu Yao, “How do you break the jinzhi on the five element glass bead?”

“You to reach jindan, or for me to recover my power.”

“How long would it take me to reach jindan?”

Pu Yao had a careful expression. “I cannot guarantee this.”

“Okay,” Unexpected to Pu Yao, Zuo Mo agreed.

Originally, he had wanted to ask Pu Yao why the other wanted him to analyze mo matrixes, but thinking about it, that didn't have anything to do with him.

"It seems that we will be in business in the long term." Pu Yao's bloody pupil was a patch of peace, his gaze holding none of the underestimation and arrogance he held previously. The three formations Zuo Mo had discovered from the [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix] had been an enormous blow to him. What had blown Pu Yao away wasn't how exquisite the three formations were but Zuo Mo's efficiency.

The time that Pu Yao had spent on pondering mo matrixes was longer than Zuo Mo's lifetime, but he found that his pace was that of a turtle climbing compared to Zuo Mo. The astounding talent that Zuo Mo displayed in formations shocked him, and allowed him to see a thread of hope.

The effect of the Nether Pool was not as good as he had imagined. His situation was not good at the moment. Even more, he didn't have many choices.

A series of factors forced him into a position of cooperation.

Zuo Mo didn't know these reasons. He didn't need to know. Just the "secret in your body" that Pu Yao had said was enough for him to agree to this transaction. This matter had always been an illness plaguing his heart. Zuo Mo was very practical, and he did not have high ambitions. He liked a peaceful life. Even if he knew that his consciousness had been erased, in the depths of his heart, he unconsciously did not hope for himself to enter a life of revenge. Adding on that he had no clues, this matter had been deeply buried inside his heart.

His hard work and labors were not for revenge, but to survive. This was his reality.

Yet no one could disregard their past, especially when he was told that there was a five element glass bead inside his body. His heart was instantly struck.

Who put it there? What connection did the person have to him?

He wanted to know!

Pu Yao was very satisfied with the transaction this time. He was very clear to Zuo Mo's situation. To an expert who was able to massacre Gongsun Cha in the wargames, and having experienced the thousand year battle, Pu Yao's line of thinking was more far-sighted than Zuo Mo.

What did Zuo Mo need most right now?

Strength!

The troop that Gongsun Cha had made could only be considered distant water, and distant water could not resolve nearby thirst.

The growth of strength had its necessary patterns. Pu Yao knew this, but he naturally had his own reasons to dare to say such words. What he was relying on was not anything other than Zuo Mo himself. Zuo Mo's cultivation, due to different reasons, had been constantly suppressed by Pu Yao, and it was this suppression that caused him to be on the precipice of a boundary.

His own situation made Pu Yao realize he had to change his strategy.

"You are at the doorway of a breakthrough," Pu Yao said straightforwardly, "Your body cultivation is in Mountain Physique. Even though it is only one mountain, it is one step away from an abhinna."

"One mountain? Abhinna?" Zuo Mo became alert.

"The mountain physique is divided into three strata, one mountain is the first stratum. You have cultivated to mountain physique, absorbed earth

energy, your body cultivation has truly made it into the gate. Now that you have reached mountain physique, you are not far from an abhinna.” Pu Yao said a little lie right there. Originally, Zuo Mo should have been able to achieve an abhinna a long time ago. However, he had deliberately stopped it, and so, even now, he still hadn’t formed an abhinna.

Pu Yao’s face didn’t blush as he said, “Abhinna is the term used by dhyana xiu. When cultivation of the body reaches a certain level, the self becomes enlightened, and the abhinna forms from the self. The abhinna is born of the self, and so everyone’s abhinna is naturally different.”

Zuo Mo didn’t really understand.

“Oh, dhyana likes talking so mystically. You can understand it like this. What is body cultivation? It is to forge the body as though it is a talisman. When it reaches a certain stage, some abilities would naturally form. Each person’s blood and flesh is different, so the abilities are varied.”

After Pu Yao’s explanation, Zuo Mo felt he understood much more. Talismans, and flying swords, after they were tempered for a long time, they would naturally become more powerful.

“I can form an abhinna?” Zuo Mo was slightly excited. He was very curious what his own abhinna was.

“Oh, pretty much,” Pu Yao muddled, “absorb more earth energy these next days. That stuff is very useful.”

In order not to have his lie seen through, he quickly changed the topic. “Other than an abhinna, there is something else that can dramatically increase your strength.”

As expected, Zuo Mo was guided by his words. He was slightly shocked. “What is it?”

He never knew that he had anything on his body that could greatly increase his strength.

“That five element glass bead,” Pu Yao said. “Five element glass beads are somewhat rare talismans, it can store ling power, and turn ling power into five element base source.”

“Turn ling power to five element base source?” Zuo Mo was slightly shocked. He was reminded of Lil’ Pagoda. Lil’ Pagoda was able to deconstruct talismans and materials into five element energy, but compared to five element base source, five element energy was the lesser variant. Five element energy could form marrow, forming five element marrow. The little gourds hanging on Lil’ Pagoda’s eaves were five element marrow. Five element base source was the finest and best part of five element marrow.

“Yes, five element base source is something very good. When you were injured last time, it was this bead that repaired your body. Five element base source is very easy to absorb, and suitable for body cultivation. I wonder who put it in, they were really extravagant,” Pu Yao said with a smile.

Strangely, Zuo Mo suddenly felt his heart move.

This movement was very suddenly. He suddenly had a feeling this five element glass bead was very important to him!

He could not say why he would have this feeling, but this feeling was strong, so strong to the point that he could not disregard it. He did not know who this five element glass bead belonged to, but the person who put this five element glass bead in him, it must be one of his closest people.

Was it his parents?

He raised his head, his tone decisive. “Don’t use it. Let’s cultivate an abhinna.”

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Translator Ramblings: Pu has plans within plans. Even if the gravestone had Zuo Mo take advantage, Pu still spun this to his advantage.

Pets in the real world usually are domesticated and do as they are told most of the time. However, when these “pets” have human-level intelligence, where is the line between treating them like they are individuals or as though they cannot decide for themselves? A lot of “pets”

in fantasy novels are just as intelligent as other individuals but they are not acknowledged properly. Many times, they are just transportation, or a deus ex machina. What is frequently seen is the main character will spare the life of an animal, and this animal will follow them for the rest of their life. In fact, these animals seem to have better conduct than the humans frequently. They aren't greedy and they are loyal and intelligent. But if they are so intelligent, why aren't they allowed to have a personality? The "pet" doesn't have to do what the main character or "owner" wants. If it is an exchange of services between individuals, why can't the other side be selfish and look out for their own best interest? Think of Zuo Mo's little zoo as individuals and you may find their actions more understandable.

Chapter 224: Pu Yao's Teaching

Pu Yao said it easily, but an abhinna was not so easily formed. After being modified by earth energy, Zuo Mo's body could contain more earth energy. Zuo Mo spent all of his time absorbing earth energy. When the earth energy entered his body, it would turn into hundreds of thin streams that spread throughout every part of Zuo Mo's body.

Zuo Mo felt his strength was very full, and the mountain peak diagram on his palms were becoming increasingly clear.

According to Pu Yao, his body cultivation could be considered to have finally crossed the threshold. As he absorbed earth energy, Zuo Mo savored the difference between body and sword cultivation. Compared to those complex and profound sword scriptures, body cultivation was much easier. He only needed to continuously guide the earth energy to every part of his body and continuously temper it. Body cultivation was a test of his patience more than anything else.

Zuo Mo guided the earth energy into the blood and bones, which previously had had earth energy drawn out from before by Pu Yao. After multiple rounds of tempering, Zuo Mo was very familiar with his body, and it did not require any effort. There was some earth energy that could not be absorbed and swam between his blood and flesh. He was not rushed. Tempering was a labor of time, and it could not be hurried. The blood, bone, flesh, and tendons of his body seemed to breathe. When the amount of earth energy they absorbed reached a certain level, they would become full.

Zuo Mo's knees slightly bent, his two palms were covered in a dark blue light. He continuously used his two palms to hit his body. With each blow his body would lightly shudder as though he was struck by electricity, becoming numb and itchy.

Each blow would cause much of the earth energy to shatter into smaller dust-sized particles. Pia pia pia, Zuo Mo continued for two hours before he stopped. The earth energies that he had taken in today were all absorbed

in.

He stood up. His body, rather than being tired, was in unspeakable ecstasy. He knew that as long as he persisted, his body would become even harder and stronger, becoming as difficult to damage as a talisman.

He suddenly seemed to like body cultivation. The offensive strength of body cultivation and dhyana xiu could not compare to sword xiu, but tempering the body bit by bit continuously built his confidence. Every pore in his body felt stronger every day, and continuously made him even hardier.

Many dhyana xiu would not use a talisman in their entire lifetime because they would use all their time on tempering their own bodies. Their bodies were not the least bit lacking compared to strong talismans. The bodies of dhyana xiu after their death were the best for corpse forging, but no one dared to do so. Xiuzhe who had dared to do so had all been killed without exception by dhyana xiu.

“Mo is the best at body cultivation. The [Vajra Profound Sutra] that you cultivate might be low level, but it isn’t bad to use when building your foundation,” Pu Yao said coldly. Whenever he mentioned something related to the gravestone, he never had a good tone. “From the core, humans are not suited to body cultivation.”

“Because we do not have mo matrixes?” Zuo Mo reacted quickly.

“Exactly. With the mo matrix, the efficiency of body cultivation is multiplied. As for body cultivation, ling power is not the best choice. Ling power is most skilled in transformations. The Dhyana bunch were all people who didn’t have any sword scriptures at the time, and had no choice but to mimic the mo in body cultivation, and only achieved half the effectiveness.”

Pu Yao was full of scorn in his words about the dhyana xiu. He continued icily, “Mo understand body cultivation, but there is a world of difference there. Those slightly better body cultivation mo arts all have strict inheritance rules. Hmph, hmph, the inheritance of yaomo is much stricter than xiuzhe.”

“How do yaomo inherit?” Zuo Mo was full of interest and asked in curiosity.

“The best inheritances in the mo jies are mostly in the hands of mo above the level of general. They are warlords, ruling over large numbers of lower level mo in their territories. In any of the mo jie, inheritances represent strength. In order to learn an inheritance, one has to continuously give their loyalty to their master. In the future, if you encounter a mo army, you have to be careful.”

“Why? Are they even stronger than the yao army?” Zuo Mo was slightly shocked. In his experience, the yao army he had seen that day was so strong that he didn’t even have any thoughts of resisting.

“The yao army obeys commands as one, but in terms of obedience, no army can compare to the mo armies. The military laws of the mo armies are so strict that no one is above them. Any mo general will have hundreds of subordinates that are willing to die for him. Brave, not afraid of death, and fanatical obedience. As long as the mo general is not too dumb, any troop would have a headache when faced against them.”

“They aren’t afraid of death?” Zuo Mo didn’t understand. He found it hard to comprehend this kind of loyalty. It was not that he did not believe in this kind of loyalty, but he felt that this kind of loyalty would only appear on a few select people. If a whole troop was not afraid of death, then it was too scary!

“Because of mo skill inheritances. Any kind of high level mo skill inheritances will have its own unique intelligence awakening technique that can bestow thought. What you people might say is that mo are born from intelligence beasts. In reality, to be able to be called mo, there is one condition, that their intelligence has been awakened. Behind every mo is their clan. But to become mo, their intelligence must be awakened. Only beasts that have their intelligence awakened can cultivate mo skills. If they die, their clan would benefit, and will receive more opportunities to awaken the intelligences of more mo. These are the rules that any mo general in any mo jie would abide by.”

“Why don’t people awaken some more?” Zuo Mo asked.

“Awakening a mo intelligence comes at a price,” Pu Yao looked at Zuo Mo, and said, “There are those that are naturally born intelligent, but the number is very low. Those mo are very talented in cultivation.”

“But then, doesn’t it mean that they forever have to be subordinates?”

“They aren’t stupid.” Pu Yao smiled icily and said, “Joining the army, there is a chance to receive low level mo skill inheritances. The military achievements they accumulate can be used to trade for better inheritances. Even though it cannot be the top mo skills, but the inheritances they receive can be given to their clan members. If they can comprehend the technique to awaken the intelligence on their own, their clan will start to walk on the road to prosperity. As though whether the clan can become a Family, it depends on their fortune.”

“How do yao have inheritances?” Zuo Mo was even more curious.

“The clans of yao are even more complex than that of xiuzhe and mo. Over there, it is very easy to learn low level knowledge.” Pu Yao had a reminiscent expression. “Our reproduction is not as difficult as the mo. Newborn yao would be educated in their clans. When they reach a certain age, they will all be arranged to enter a yao art house, and learn higher level yao arts there. The best that graduate from the yao art houses would have chances to follow more powerful yao and learn even higher level yao arts.”

Zuo Mo gaped as he listened. He had always assumed that the world of yaomo was full of chaos and killing. But listening to Pu Yao, it seemed that they were even more peaceful than the xiuzhe jie.

Seemingly having guessed Zuo Mo’s thoughts, Pu Yao smiled coldly. “Don’t think of it as so beautiful. Machinations in the shadows are never lacking anywhere you go.” When he got to there, Pu Yao seemed to have thought of some displeasing matter, his face slightly ugly.

Zuo Mo twisted his mouth. Pu Yao was too ungenerous. It had been thousands of years, but this guy was still holding a grudge. In the future, he could not offend the other. The guy really held grudges.

Pu Yao's introduction completely changed Zuo Mo's impression of yaomo.

"Your strength is not powerful, and you've learned many things. Even though it is a bit chaotic, but it's not as though there are no benefits." Pu Yao continued, "The [Vajra Profound Sutra] it gave you is rough, but it's truly a mo skill. As for ling power, no matter if it is spells or manipulation, or control, you are not less than any other xiuzhe. There's nothing that needs to be said about spiritual power. Star spiritual cultivation, Great and Little Thousand Leaf Hands, they are all the best of yao arts."

"Also, you are skilled in formations. This is especially important," Pu Yao discussed like one learned in many areas of knowledge, "No matter if it is xiu spells, yao arts, or mo skills, at the core their essence is the laws of the world. If you do not understand formations and practice all three kinds, you will end up with a terrible mixture. Three kinds of power, they have changed and transformed over the long months and years, and now walk on different paths. However, formations are something that can connect all three together."

When he got to there, Pu Yao became careful. "I do not know what you will become in the future because there has never been a precedent. The formations of xiuzhe were the first to develop and the most complete, but xiuzhe do not know much of yaomo so I've never heard of anyone having a breakthrough in this area."

"Why?" Zuo Mo found it very strange that xiuzhe would disregard this. They had fought against yaomo for so many years, but why would xiuzhe still know so little about yaomo?

Pu Yao wanted to rolled his eyes and mock Zuo Mo for his ignorance about history, but upon further thought, he managed to resist it, and patiently explained, "Jingshi and talismans are more effective. As long as there are enough materials, the strength of a xiuzhe would quickly grow. No matter if it is a mo skill or a yao art, even though it can be aided by external forces, but they're very limited and far slower than using jingshi and talismans. Also, mo skills and yao arts are not suited for ling power. The more they are practiced, the more heterogeneous it becomes. Why are

sword xiu strong? Because they only cultivate ling power, only cultivate the sword. They only need more jingshi, better materials, stronger talismans and flying swords! In reality, the path of xiuzhe is to steal, increasingly professional theft.”

Zuo Mo didn't know how to reply. Upon further thought, while he felt that Pu Yao's words were slightly ugly, but they held some truth.

“However,” Pu Yao's tone turned and became full of scorn as he said, “by taking advantage of outside sources in the long term, they comprehend less. Even though I do not know what the situation is like at present, but if I have not guessed incorrectly, the true experts of the xiuzhe are probably fewer in number than thousands of years ago. Ha ha!”

Tilting his head, Zuo Mo didn't know. Sky Moon Jie was a small place, he didn't know anything about the outside world. He unconcernedly shrugged his shoulders. “Never mind them, let's first take care of ourselves.”

Pu Yao snickered and didn't speak.

After Pu Yao's guidance, Zuo Mo felt his own thoughts were clear and distinct. He had a general understanding of his future cultivation. Ling power, body, and consciousness, they represented the three separate areas of xiu spells, mo skills, and yao arts. The three were connected together by a single bridge, formations.

His confidence had increased from when he had analyzed and identified the three formations from the [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix].

At this time, he suddenly found some points that he had disregarded before. For example, the growth of his consciousness was enormously beneficial for control of ling power. Didn't his own fine control of ling power come from his spiritual power, which was far above those of the same cultivation as him?

He suddenly had a feeling that his own ling power would most likely change after his body cultivation improved.

He couldn't help but be full of anticipation!

Translator Ramblings: More of Pu, some yaomo history and society, and Zuo Mo getting educated in what the world really is like. Zuo Mo is coming from a very well protected place of his own ignorance and the small piece of life he was exposed to. Losing memory is almost a better way of getting exposition and world-building than having someone time-travel where the author can just match and use modern-day terms. In summary, Zuo Mo has the best body cultivation similar to that of a mo, the best spiritual teachings that a yao can get, but his knowledge and education that a xiuzhe could have sucks by comparison. It's just a little bit ironic.

Chapter 225: Breakthrough in Body Cultivation

Before Zuo Mo had formed his abinna, Gongsun Cha had already taken Stone Door Beach. The high efficiency made Zuo Mo gape in awe.

The losses this time were smaller than the previous, and the xiuzhe captured were more numerous than last time as well.

Included in this group was the head of the group, Xie Shan. When he saw the Three Section Wave Killing Charge that Gongsun Cha had formed, he understood that the strength of the two sides were not on the same level. Even though there was not a large difference in terms of numbers, his rationality urged him to choose surrender.

After he had surrendered and learned that the other had attacked them just for the Rotten Metal Silver mine of Stone Door Beach, he was so depressed he almost spat blood. If he knew beforehand, he wouldn't have hesitated in giving it to them. In the present Little Mountain Jie, who wanted a mine?

If there were no puppets or xiu slaves, the cost to mining could not be imagined. Xie Shan could not understand, no matter how hard he thought why this group of people would want the mine. However, while he could not understand the other side's intentions, he could clearly see the difference in power.

The xiuzhe that had survived until now all had keen eyes, and a person that could lead a group couldn't just rely on his ningmai third stratum cultivation. Xie Shan naturally had his own unique characteristics. He could see that the group was well trained, not a group of wandering and loose soldiers, and definitely had a deep background.

However, when he was told that jinzhi was going to be put into him, he was dumbstruck. When he saw Zuo Mo, he was dumbstruck again.

A guy of ningmai first stratum

Zuo Mo was well-versed in how to set down jinzhi. It only took a little

while for jinzhi to be put into the bodies of this group of people. Naturally, jinzhi were not infallible. If someone's cultivation reached jindan, the jinzhi would become ineffective.

In this group, the one with the highest hope of becoming jindan was Xie Shan. However, it was just a possibility. The difficulty of breaking into jindan was much higher than entering ningmai. After entering ningmai, ling power would start a constant increase. Reaching the level of third stratum was mostly dependent on an accumulation of ling power, but to breakthrough from ningmai to jindan, it also required comprehension.

Zuo Mo did not worry in the slightest. Of course, the most important reason was that worrying was useless.

The new camp was set at Stone Door Beach. Chun Yu Cheng's beast pool was also moved over. When the three Golden Armor Guards appeared in Xie Shan's vision, Xie Shan finally accepted his fate. The cultivation of the Golden Armor Guards did not seem as high as his, but the aura of danger that surrounded their entire body made his heart shudder. When he saw the date seed ship, the last bit of resistance in his mind dissipated.

Not anyone could possess a jingshi talisman.

In this period of time, other than body cultivation, Zuo Mo had done something else. He had carved the three formations from the [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix] onto the three Golden Armor Guards. With these three formations, the Golden Armor Guards would continuously absorb ling power, and then temper their bodies. Even though Pu Yao had not explicitly stated the origins of the Golden Armor Guards, but Zuo Mo had guessed it. After he had asked Pu Yao, he was informed that the reason these three Golden Armor Guards were so strong was due to having used such quality materials such as ancient dragon bone and Nether water.

It was not possible to buy ancient dragon bone when one wanted too, and all of the Nether water had been used up in the previous matter. It was temporarily impossible to make new Golden Armor Guards. Zuo Mo tried to think of ways to increase the strength of the Golden Armor

Guards. Even more, where else could he find such good experiment subjects like the Golden Armor Guards? Zuo Mo didn't need to worry at all about making a mistake when he carved the formations.

In Zuo Mo's view, the reason that the Golden Armor Guards could not increase in strength was that they could not keep cultivating like xiuzhe could. There were no real differences between Golden Armor Guards and the puppets, they both manipulated the power they already possessed. The three formations that he carved onto the Golden Armor Guards could continuously temper their bodies. With the continuous influx of ling power, theoretically, there was a possibility that the three Golden Armor Guards could improve.

This was only a theoretical speculation.

After moving to Stone Door Beach, the most important matter was to make Black Processing Meditation mats. Zuo Mo made one hundred paper puppets and threw them into the mining pit. The mine already showed signs of excavation. Rotten Metal Silver was not a valuable material, and was easy to sell. To any sect, this mine was a steady source of income.

Lil' Pagoda was set in command of using the paper puppets to mine. The difficulty of mining the ore was extremely low at this location which was why paper puppets could be used. If it was a much more complex and dangerous mine, it would require higher level puppets.

Quickly, Rotten Metal Silver ore was continuously delivered to Zuo Mo's hands. Zuo Mo used the Golden Crow Fire to process the ore. Rotten Metal Silver was extremely malleable and had a metallic sheen. It would naturally form with unique holes that made it look like rotten pieces of metal.

With the Rotten Metal Silver, Zuo Mo immediately made large quantities of the Black Processing Meditation mats. When the people under him personally experienced the benefits of the Black Processing Meditation mats, everyone held their mats with a death grip, afraid someone would steal it. Everyone understood what this Black Processing Meditation mat

meant. As long as they had a Black Processing Meditation mat, they did not have to fight anymore with other people for ling grains, and did not have to worry that their cultivation would collapse one day due to lack of ling grains and die.

The enthusiasm of the troop towards training suddenly increased. With the Black Processing Meditation mat, they could cultivate like they did before to increase their cultivation. For any cultivator, there was nothing that could move them more than this fact.

In such a harsh environment, without any pressure from Gongsun Cha, everyone trained with their life. The Black Processing Meditation mat allowed them to see the hope of leveling up. They were also completely won over by Gongsun Cha's battle tactics after two battles.

No one wanted to die. Able to see hope, anyone was willing to put in their all.

Earth energy continuously moved from the ground into Zuo Mo's body. The infection of the ling veins did not cause the earth energy to also thin, but instead had made the earth energy even more dense, and full of vitality. This kind of transformation was unexpected to Zuo Mo. However, he understood after thinking it over. Now that ling energy was decreasing, Little Mountain Jie was developing in the direction of Bloody Sky Metropolis Jie. This kind of environment was much more suited to yaomo.

The increase in earth energy most likely was only one of reasons. Denser earth energy was more suited to mo to cultivate their bodies.

Zuo Mo's body had been continuously tempered and washed by the earth energy. In the last few days, he had gone over every part of his body, not even missing his hair and nails. Nurtured by earth energy, he did not look as thin and weak as he had previously. His figure became much broader, his he could feel the enormous strength contained in his body as

he moved.

This was purely the strength of his body of flesh. He had tried with the flying sword. If he did not use ling power, the flying sword was unable to slice open his skin. Not just so, his bones and flesh were also tempered. Without using ling power, he could easily punch granite to pieces.

He didn't even exclude the skin on his face. Pu Yao had suggested that he did not temper his face, because it would increase the difficulty of regaining his original features. However, Zuo Mo still persisted in tempering his face. In the present situation, the first priority was surviving before anything else.

Zuo Mo could feel that every muscle and bone in his body had reached the limit that he could reach at the moment.

He instantly understood that he was on the cusp of a breakthrough.

He calmed down his mind, slowly absorbing earth energy. His body was extremely well adjusted to earth energy. Earth energy could easily pass through every part of his body. He felt the pleasure from his bones and flesh soaking in the earth energy, the earth energy flowing past his blood and flesh, making the blood and flesh tremble, and produce a tingly and itchy feeling.

The tingly and itchy feeling increased like there was countless ants climbing in his body. Zuo Mo forced himself to not move. He tried to relax his body to absorb earth energy. His consciousness slowly sank into his body.

His consciousness was much purer than previously. The size of the leaf hand had not changed, but the leaf hand was much denser than before. At the center of the palm of the leaf hand, some patterns had appeared that looked like the lines of a human palm.

Every tiny change of his body, under his consciousness, became clear like they never had been before.

The earth energy became increasingly dense, the amount of earth energy in Zuo Mo's body reaching an astonishing level. Even the channels which

were full of ling power felt the pressure from the earth energy. However, the ling power in the channels would not so easily retreat. Seeing the earth energy and ling power about to conflict inside his body, Zuo Mo's heart rose.

He hadn't expected the earth energy to leave the channels of their own initiative. The attention of the earth energy went back to his blood, bones, and flesh.

The plentiful earth energy started to slowly charge at Zuo Mo's blood, flesh, tendons and bones. Zuo Mo uncontrollably started to tremble. If the charge before had been like the itch of ants, then it was like there was a saw slowly sawing his body.

He didn't dare to move. He knew that this was the earth energy helping him reconstruct his body. If he could endure this moment of enormous pain, the benefits he would receive would be incomparable!

Under the charge of earth energy, each muscle in his body slowly moved. The slightly slack muscles became even tighter and firm, and the connections of the muscles, under the stimulation of the earth energy, started to furiously grow. It was like the root of a tree that continuously grew and burrowed deep into the ground.

Growth, what it changed wasn't just his muscles, even his bones were continuously compressed. The bones became even thinner, but they were multiple times stronger.

Zuo Mo shook like dice, the enormous pain causing his eyes to redden but he did not make a sound.

The earth energy moved and occupied his eyes. His vision became a blur, unable to see anything distinctly.

These days, after Pu Yao's teachings, he had a much deeper understanding about body cultivation. He knew the long that he resisted, the more benefits he would get.

The pain rolled like waves. His body was soaked in sweat, a puddle at his feet. He didn't know how long it had been, his mind was blank.

There seemed to be a voice far away talking to him.

But his mind was unmoving. He didn't hear one word. That voice, it seemed to sound somewhat like the voice that appeared in his dreams.

After an unknown period of time, his wandering and uncomprehending mind slowly recovered.

The scene in front of him slowly became clear.

The bone-aching pain had disappeared like the pain just now had never existed. His body felt as though it was soaking in hot water, the pleasure coming from the deepest part of his body making Zuo Mo want to groan.

But the sweat all over his body told him that the hell like pain had not been a delusion.

Zuo Mo suppressed the urge to sink back into the pleasure, instinctively raising his palm.

When he saw his palm, he was dumbstruck.

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Translator Ramblings: Gongsun Cha is an efficient henchman. Zuo Mo gets another breakthrough. Pu Yao didn't really lie, but his promise of more Golden Armor Guards is obviously an empty one since he cannot really fulfill it right now.

Xie Shan is the closest person we've seen to a jindan who isn't a jindan. Keep in mind that most of these people are middle-aged since they find Zuo Mo very young. If we go way back to the Sword Test Conference, the competitors were all in ningmai except Zuo Mo. However, they would most likely have all been in first stratum. The average power of the people he is encountering has been steadily increasing. He's moved up three stages in ling power which makes this a long read to his power-up. However, this makes each of his breakthroughs much more valuable.

Chapter 226: The Stage of Two Mountains

The previous withered palm seemed somewhat like metal now, with a barely perceptible layer of faint gold. Several golden lines were especially visible on his palm. Another mountain peak had appeared beside the mountain peak at the center of his palm.

“Two Mountains?” Pu Yao suddenly came out, slightly shocked as he looked at the two connected mountain peaks on Zuo Mo’s palm.

Zuo Mo was also very shocked. He had thought that he would form an abhinna this time, and had not expected that he would break through to two mountains.

“This is the stage of two mountains?” Zuo Mo asked with slight curiosity. He continuously opened and closed his hand, feeling the great strength passing from his palm.

Pu Yao looked at Zuo Mo like he was looking at a weirdo. He could not understand how Zuo Mo had reached two mountains so quickly. He had never thought that this was his “achievement.” It was due to him continuously drawing earth energy from Zuo Mo’s body, causing Zuo Mo’s body to have been tempered multiple times that Zuo Mo had been prepped ready.

Zuo Mo seemed to know the cause, but thinking that Pu Yao and the gravestone seemed to be at odds, he decided to muddle over it, changing the topic. “What is the benefit of the two mountain stage?”

His body which had become robust looking had become thin once again. However, each muscle in his body had become stronger and firmer, hard as metal. His strength had multiplied.

He gently stomped his feet. Poof, his right foot seemed to have stepped into tofu, sinking to his calf. He pulled out his foot, and saw the edges of the hole were very clean, like it was carved out using a mold.

“The mountain represent strength. The stage of two mountains represent that you can use two mountains of strength at maximum.” Pu

Yao thought for a while and hadn't managed to find an explanation so he threw the problem to one side. He was gradually adjusting to Zuo Mo occasionally surprising him.

"How strong is one mountain of power? Is it to be able to move a mountain? Is that possible?" Zuo Mo said unconcernedly.

Pu Yao's face was one of disdain. "How is that strange? If a mo skill is at a significant level, moving mountains or flipping oceans is not anything. That Dong Fu Town of yours, wasn't it a town built by a sword xiu lopping off a mountain peak with one blow?"

"That's true, but I feel that I don't have such great strength" Zuo Mo argued as he looked at the his palm.

"How long have you cultivated? You want to move mountains and flip oceans?" Pu Yao's face was full of scorn. "When xiuzhe cultivate ling power, don't they need to also coordinate with sword scriptures and spells? Mo are the same. Other than body cultivation, mo skills also teach you how to use the strength of the body."

He paused and then said, "The thinking of mo is very strange. They feel that their body is the most primal source of all their strength, but also feel the body is a cage. You may have reached the stage of two mountains, but in reality, even if you familiarize yourself with mo skills, you cannot use all of your power. Even if your technique is there, your body would first be destroyed."

"So it's like that." Zuo Mo instantly realized. Pu Yao's words were very reasonable. Suddenly thinking of his goal for this time, he hurriedly asked, "Then have I formed my abhinna?"

"Check, is there a place that is abnormal?" Pu Yao helplessly reminded. It really was hard work to teach a newbie.

"Abnormal?" Zuo Mo hurriedly calmed his mind and took an inner look at his body. He quickly found the abnormality that Pu Yao was speaking of. This abnormality was at his eyes, and not any other place of his body.

His eyes looked into the surroundings. The thick earth energy seemed to

have been attracted by an invisible strength, and tightly wrapped around his eyes.

This was

He didn't dare to move rashly, using his consciousness to carefully examine the two balls of earth energy. What reassured him slightly was that his eyes did not feel any discomfort, but no matter how he worked, he could not affect the two balls of earth energy.

After trying many times, he helplessly came out of his inner perspective.

"Did you find it?" Pu Yao asked with curiosity.

"En, it's the eyes," Zuo Mo was slightly dejected, "I tried, but didn't know how to use them, and don't know what they are used for."

"Eyes," Pu Yao said, "your luck isn't bad. There are many abhinna regarding the eyes, and those are somewhat useful. An abhinna cannot be taught, the abhinna that each person forms is different. You have to slowly experiment, and make your own conclusions. As to not able to use them, don't worry. Many abhinna cannot be used when they first form. They need to slowly form, and stabilize before they can be used. Your abhinna may belong to this kind."

Zuo Mo wasn't depressed. He was very satisfied already with reaching two mountains.

Pu Yao said in a deep voice, "Don't worry about the abhinna. It is not easy to find mo skills, but don't you have a dhyana xiu under your command? You are able to use the fist scripture that he has. In terms of yao arts, [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] and the [Great and Little Thousand Leaf Hands] are enough for you. The worst you have right now is scriptures for ling power. [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation] in the end is still for cultivating the spirit. We need to find you a scripture."

Zuo Mo was shocked at his favor. When was Pu Yao ever so concerned with him?

Pu Yao sunk into thought as though Zuo Mo did not exist.

Seeing the situation, he perceptively went about his own business. However, he clearly noted down Pu Yao's words.

Zong Ru could not be anything but puzzled when he heard the boss had called him. Truthfully, even if he was the only dhyana xiu in the group, he did not have many outstanding qualities. His strength could only be considered intermediate. The only aspect he was good in was probably defense. In this group of sword xiu who didn't seem to know what defense even was, as a dhyana xiu, his defense was like the crane among the chicken flock.

His personality was very steady so even though he was shocked, he was still composed. When he saw Zuo Mo, he respectfully bowed. "Boss."

Zuo Mo couldn't help but praise him inside. In terms of mentality, sword xiu could not catch up to dhyana xiu. The dhyana xiu emphasized mental strength and their Samadhi.[i] Things like illusory formations were less effective against them.

[tl: [i] = Incredibly awkward but "Buddhist meditation" or Samadhi is a different concept than the "mediation" that has been seen previously. Of course, stuff becomes weird here because mediation is a Buddhist practice that became inspiration for cultivation novels, so all cultivators are "Buddhist" from a certain viewpoint.]

Zuo Mo didn't mince words, straightforwardly saying, "I want your [Sky Wave Fist Scripture], give me a price."

Zong Ru shook his head. "[Sky Wave Fist Scripture] isn't a profound scripture. If Boss wants it, please go ahead."

Zuo Mo waved his hand. "This belongs to you. If I want it, I will either buy it or trade for it. Relationships and business are not mixed together."

Seeing that Zuo Mo did not seem to be pretending, Zong Ru was truly

shocked this time. He had followed many people before, and was used to seeing those above demand talismans and scriptures from their subordinates. Hearing Boss's astounding conclusion, the shock he was experiencing could be imagined.

However, Zong Ru was still wary. "All up to Boss."

Seeing Zong Ru's caution, Zuo Mo felt slightly helpless. He wasn't pretending with his words. In the sect, the sect could not unreasonably take the possessions of the disciples. If they wanted something, they needed to pay a corresponding price. That was also his attitude.

He thought and then said, "You can pick a talisman of the same grade as [Sky Wave Fist Scripture], or" he suddenly had an idea, "trade for three formations."

"Three formations?" Zong Ru was puzzled.

"I can carve three formations on your body. One is a ling gathering formation, one is a body tempering formation, one is a ling processing formation," Zuo Mo explained. "The ling gathering formation can constantly help you absorb the ling energy in the surroundings, the ling processing formation is similar to the Black Processing Meditation mat, and can filter out the impurities in the ling energy. The body tempering formation can use ling power to temper your body. You are a dhyana xiu, these three formations are very suitable for you."

The usually composed Zong Ru couldn't help but have an expression of disbelief as he unconsciously gasped, "This ... this is not possible!"

This was not possible!

Zong Ru had walked many places, and had a wide range of knowledge. He had never heard of any formations that could be carved onto a person's body. These three formations ... if they were truly as Boss had described, then was there a need to cultivate at all?

Zuo Mo did not argue. "You can pick two talismans."

Zong Ru's expression changed, his heart conflicted. His reason told him what Boss said was impossible! However, he could easily tell that Boss had

not lied! If it was truly as Boss had said, this was a chance that came one in a thousand times!

Suddenly, he laughed. What did he have to be afraid of losing?

Zuo Mo saw Zong Ru's expression return to normal and knew that Zong Ru had made his decision.

Zong Ru raised his head, and said with determination, "I choose the three formations!"

In a mountain valley about three hundred li from Stone Door Beach.

"Boss, Xie Shan of Stone Door Beach was taken in by someone else." A xiuzhe reported.

"What are their origins?" A xiuzhe with crimson red hair furrowed his brow. He was called Venerable Chi. He had more than one hundred and fifty subordinates, and was one of the major powers in this area.

"Haven't found out yet," This xiuzhe said with slightly terror. Seeing the anger on Venerable Chi's face increase, he hurriedly explained, "We don't know where this bunch of people came out off. There aren't many, but they aren't weak. When they were taking down Xie Shan, there were only a few dozen people."

"A few dozen?" Venerable Chi's expression changed. "Xie Shan should also have about sixty something people, and isn't Xie Shan ningmai third stratum?"

Ningmai third stratum definitely was first rate experts in Little Mountain Jie. In battle, the effect of an expert like Xie Shan was enormous, he could take on seven or eight people by himself.

This xiuzhe raised his head to look at his leader seeing the anger on Leader's face decrease, his heart relaxed slightly. "The battle finished very quickly, and did not leave traces."

“Does this group have some powerful talisman?” Venerable Chi pondered. He was clear about Xie Shan’s strength. He had wanted to conquer Xie Shan a long time ago, but he had not acted due to his fear of Xie Shan’s strength. He had more than one hundred and fifty people under his command, but not one was ningmai third stratum. Suddenly hearing that Xie Shan had been defeated, he naturally became wary.

Did the group also have ningmai third stratum experts?

If it was like that, then it was terrible! Adding on Xie Shan, it meant the other side had at least two ningmai third stratum. The other possibility was the group had a powerful talisman so terrifying that even Xie Shan had to surrender.

No matter which possibility it was, it was not good news to him.

If it was possible, he wanted to immediately take his group and leave behind this place. With the power he had, there were not many that dared to target him.

However, when he thought about the things inside the cave, he gave up on the thought of escaping.

That thing was really too important to him!

Venerable Chi was not a person that did not have brains. He was very clear that once the group had digested Xie Shan’s power, their own strength would quickly increase. The next target would definitely be them.

After thinking for a while, he raised his head, and said in a deep voice, “Call the Three Kong Brothers over.”

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Translator Ramblings: I see the typos you guys picked out, I just need to find the time to edit them. Thank you for your comments.

Zuo Mo advances, and I thought last chapter’s cliffhanger got a terrible conclusion in this chapter. It is such an letdown, but everything to keep you reading, right? Zuo Mo also get his first human subject for his formations.

Chapter 227: Internal Orders

Zuo Mo did not immediately start practicing [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] that he had gotten from Zong Ru. Instead he decided to organize his thoughts first.

Just as Pu Yao had said, he knew a variety of things, but upon further inspection of these areas, the ones that were powerful were pitifully few.

Presently, the most powerful item in his arsenal was the yin fire bead. It was extremely damaging as a frontal attack. However, since yin fiend grounds were hard to find at the moment, he could not create yin beads. So yin fire beads were a limited resource. Also, if the enemy was on their guard, the effectiveness of the yin fire bead was not high.

There was also the five essence sword set. Even though he did not have the scriptures to progress further with it, the little sword formation originated from the sword essence formation and was still astoundingly powerful among the ningmai xiuzhe. However, it had not been tested in battle before, and Zuo Mo did not know just how powerful it was. What the five essence sword set used was a sword formation. From this perspective, it was more like a formation disk that was forged from five flying swords.

Over time, he had also managed to get five moves of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] from Pu Yao. [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] had many variations and was hard to predict. He could only barely manage to cast the five moves, and was still far from being smooth and familiar with them. What [Little Thousand Leaf Hands] manipulated was the ling energy of the world. It had many requirements for the environment and was not easy to cast. But once it could be successfully cast, it would be immensely powerful.

After practicing [Sky Wave Fist Scripture], he would have another move. However, Pu Yao had also said that [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] was not some powerful fist scripture, and the power should not be very shocking.

Thinking about it that way, Zuo Mo felt that overall his moves were

lackluster. In terms of talismans, Lil' Pagoda was a soul-tethered talisman, but it was more skilled in controlling formations. While the other talismans that he possessed were valuable, but he did not have talismans that were at the very top of the grade.

No matter the grade, the finest talismans of the grade would have their own special characteristics.

A strong feeling of danger arose.

Zuo Mo had already decided to use gang fighting against the jindan expert of Clear Sky Sect, but that did not mean that he did not need the power to protect himself. At the very least, he had to guarantee that he could survive the upcoming gang fight.

The best place to cultivate was in the camp. Zuo Mo decided to move to the camp.

Having Boss personally come to the camp instantly made everyone alert; they did not dare slack off. Their eyes occasionally floated in the direction of Boss. No matter if it was an old-timer or one of the new members, they all knew one thing, Boss had many good things in his possession!

The first person to benefit had been Ma Fan. A fifth-grade movement method, many people had stared at it with red eyes. These days, they personally saw Ma Fan practicing the fifth-grade movement method that he had received. The dazzling images that had been produced before could not even be perceived now. He was like a wraith, suddenly appearing and disappearing. Every xiuzhe who saw this scene had uncontrollably inhaled sharply. When they thought of Ma Fan's untraceable and powerful [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction], together with this silent and untraceable movement method, they knew he was able to kill any of them without a trace.

Lil' Miss had also given Ma Fan a beast service card. No one dared to

underestimate the grey and non-descript butterfly.

While Ma Fan made everyone jealous, they had nothing to say. Ma Fan's power was obvious. His cultivation was not as high as Xie Shan, but his effect during battles was not something Xie Shan could compare to. Even Xie Shan would admit it. What was more, the numbers of enemy killed were written in bright red cinnabar and his score not something anyone could hope to match.

But Zong Ru's encounter had gotten many people thinking.

Zong Ru was a docile person and could not defend against the probing of these people and had completely admitted to everything. Boss had insisted in trading, and this reassured them all. What dissatisfaction could they have in following such a boss? However, a few days after the inquiry, Zong Ru's furious improvement shocked his team members, Nian Lu and Lei Peng,

Lil' Miss also discovered Zong Ru's present situation, and instantly took him out to cultivate on his own.

Eventually everyone had found out that Zong Ru had three formations carved onto his body which had lead to such miraculous effects! Instantly, everyone's heart moved. Fifth-grade movement method was a reward based on service, and there was no chance to change this. But these three formations were something that Zong Ru had used a fist scripture to trade for.

In other words, these formations could be traded for!

These experienced old-timers, how could they not understand this?

Boss had also came to cultivate at the base. With such a good chance, how could they let it slip past their fingertips?

The first one to try was Lei Peng. He had been stimulated the most after practicing with Zong Ru everyday. This guy seemed like a rough man, but in reality, his mind was extremely attentive. He even had managed to get the effects of the three formations out of Zong Ru.

The use of the body cultivation formation was not large for him, but he

drooled at the other two formations. This guy was extremely daring, and took advantage of a chance to rest to approach Zuo Mo. This rough man used an extremely ingratiating tone to say, "Boss, can an ask you for something?"

Zuo Mo looked with slight surprise at Lei Peng. "What is it?"

"An also wants three formations carved on the body." Hearing Boss make a sound of surprise, his heart jumped and he hurriedly said, "An is willing to use [Abyss Ghost Sabre Scripture] to trade."

Zuo Mo instantly understood.

Was there any reason to refuse business that came up to the door? Even more, he was still very unfamiliar with carving formations onto the body. It was rare that there was an experimental subject that came up to him. Zuo Mo's heart rejoiced.

Zuo Mo made a sound and pretended to think. "Carving the formations is not so simple. There is a risk."

Lei Peng had already mentally prepared for this point. There was no free lunch in the world. How could there not be any risk in such a speedy and simple method? However, he asked cautiously, "Would it harm the cultivation?"

"No, but it will leave behind scars if it fails. Because it uses a special ling liquid, even scar removing dan may be unable to remove it."

Lei Peng instantly released and breath and chuckled. "An's a man, so an doesn't need to be so pretty." The failure of the carving would just be a scar. Which guy that lived off a bloody blade to survive would care about that?

Seeing the situation, Zuo Mo said expressionlessly, "I don't need a sabre scripture. If you want to trade, you have to use something else." He had already learned a variety of things, he didn't plan on adding a sabre scripture to the mix.

Lei Peng instantly panicked and flung open the hundred treasure pouch on his waist and emptied it. "Boss, take what you want, an will trade!"

Zuo Mo narrowed his eyes and swept across the objects. Suddenly, his gaze slightly froze. He picked out a fist sized jade rock from a pile of knick-knacks and said, "This one."

"Okay!" Lei Peng was overjoyed. What he was most worried about at the moment was that he didn't have anything that Boss wanted. He seemed to be afraid that Boss would regret his decision, and he hurriedly packed away everything else.

"Come with me." Zuo Mo stood, and after an exchange with Gongsun Cha, he left with Lei Peng.

When Lei Peng joyfully returned in the evening, the camp instantly exploded. When Lei Peng bared his upper body and showed off the three formations that had just been carved, other people drooled.

With an example of success, the crowds started to move.

Who didn't have something good on their bodies? Materials, talismans, jade scrolls. Boss traded for everything. Boss was even willing to take some talisman remnants. Also, Boss never demanded an outrageous price. He would only pick one item each time.

Many times, everyone felt that Boss was a businessman full of professionalism!

Almost all the xiuzhe decided to carve the formations. Zuo Mo's waiting line had already formed a twenty day backlog. He felt he would be driven insane by what he was gaining this time!

After taking down Xie Shan, he had one hundred and ten people under his command. Other than Zong Ru and Lei Peng, everyone else had queued up for getting formations carved. What was more practical and valuable as increasing one's strength?

None of them were beginners. Everyone understood the value of these

three formations. Even if Zuo Mo's condition had been more stringent, the great majority would still have chosen to get them carved. However, Zuo Mo's conduct of "picking only one" had left an impression of "not greedy" on the people.

If Zuo Mo's facial expression could move, he would definitely be smiling widely.

There was not much in terms of talismans that could move his heart, but there were some precious jade scrolls. He had even found the Summer Flower ling farming jade scroll. He had been searching for this thing for a very long time. The result was that he had picked it out from a pile that appeared to be garbage.

What he had gained the most was all kinds of materials. These people all had cultivations in ningmai, which of them would collect normal materials? Zuo Mo had picked all fourth-grade materials. He had the Golden Crow Fire now and could process these materials.

Even Pu Yao felt jealous of Zuo Mo's gains!

However, the transaction between them did not include the dividends of the profits Zuo Mo would get from using the formations. If it had been in the past, Pu Yao would have no consideration in taking from Zuo Mo. But right now, Pu Yao was in a position of asking a favor from Zuo Mo, and could not do so.

The red-eyed Pu Yao could only use another method to vent the dissatisfaction in his heart.

"You've already familiarized yourself with the [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix]. This is the mo matrix for [Golden-Wing Great Roc]. You should try to analyze it as fast as possible." Pu Yao threw out a jade scroll. The mo matrix recorded inside the jade scroll was much more complex than the [Copper Rhinoceros Mo Matrix]. After just one look, Zuo Mo felt slightly dizzy.

Pu Yao was very smug.

In any mo jie, Golden-Wing Great Rocs were nobility, and possessed an

unique bloodline! They were born abnormal, not needing any technique for their intelligence to be awakened. They had the highest kind of inheritance. After evolving each generation, their bodies gradually became perfected, and the mo matrix on their bodies was also perfected. Their only weakness was one common to many clans with superb bloodlines, low reproductive ability.

Such a complex mo matrix was far beyond Zuo Mo's abilities.

Pu Yao had purposefully given the [Golden-Wing Great Roc Matrix] to Zuo Mo to douse Zuo Mo's arrogance. A mo matrix as perfect as this one held a fatal attraction to Zuo Mo. Zuo Mo would uncontrollably be attracted to it, and be tortured by it. When the fire was right, he would then throw a low level mo matrix to Zuo Mo.

The more Pu Yao thought, the happier he became. For some reason, when he saw Zuo Mo's recent smugness, he was very displeased inside.

Just as Pu Yao had imagined, Zuo Mo was completely enchanted by this mo matrix, deeply enchanted! Pu Yao could clearly detect when Zuo Mo first saw the [Golden-Wing Great Roc Matrix], his breathing had stopped!

However, unexpectedly, Zuo Mo had displayed astounding self-control. The first thing he did after his trance was throw the jade scroll into the ring.

Then Pu Yao heard Zuo Mo grit out as he carved formations for people, his mouth almost convulsing as he chanted, refrain, refrain!

There were frequent screams that came out of Zuo Mo's room.

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Translator Ramblings: Yes, Zuo Mo has now carved formations onto his group of captive-soldiers. Zuo Mo has a very low level mo matrix and the three formations are simplified from that so they are even more basic. It doesn't mean that the three formations aren't advanced, but the mo matrix has other attributes which Zuo Mo cannot copy onto the formations.

It is very funny though that Zuo Mo has managed to win with great

benefits. He gets people to feel that it is good to work for him, they will become stronger due to the formations and he also got paid in materials.

Chapter 228: Ma Fan's Decisiveness

Ma Fan had a separate cultivation area, which Gongsun Cha had specifically drawn out for him. It was a little corner closest to the water.

The geography of Stone Door Beach was very wide, next to the mountains and water. Occasionally, white birds would swim by on the water. The cruel conflicts in Little Mountain Jie had not affected them, thus they still lived idle lives. They did not have anything that xiuzhe would scheme after. They were not ling beasts, and the change in ling power did not affect them.

The remnant rays of the dusk reflected off the water, the white birds dragging their long shadows, the reeds gently waving in the wind. Unconsciously, Ma Fan stopped training, and walked to the water, looking into the distance, his heart peaceful and serene.

Suddenly, he lifted his eyelids, wariness flashing through his eyes.

Without changing expression, he lowered his arm, the jade card that was tied to his wrist touched his fingertip. A finger-sized grey butterfly silently grasped onto the inside of his middle finger, looking like a nondescript grey ring.

Ma Fan's eyes were covered in an imperceptible layer of grey. It looked as though his eyes had become dimmer.

[Ling Pupils]!

His vision silently changed. The dense reeds gradually became transparent, and a ball of shadow was visible as it hid among them.

So that's where they were hiding!

The other's position was about one hundred and fifty zhang away from him. He didn't have the confidence to kill with one blow at this distance. From the position the other had chosen, the other could be considered very careful. If he could not kill with one blow, it would be unlikely to be able to stop the other in this open landscape.

Ma Fan guessed that it was a spy from some other faction. This distance

was more suited to watch but not an ambush.

If this was in the past, Ma Fan would have most likely chosen to disregard it. It was better to not invite trouble, he disliked trouble. But today, the first thought that flashed through his mind was actually to kill the other person!

When he managed to respond, he couldn't help but feel shock at his first instinct. However, he didn't waste much time on his emotions. He recalled the reminders Gongsun Cha had said many times to him.

"The greatest taboo on the battlefield is indecisiveness! You are the core, you must be decisive, you must make the choice in a lightning flash! No matter if the choice is right or wrong!"

This distance ... he wasn't certain of killing with one blow, what should he do?

"You have to believe in your fellows, don't just go at it alone. What would you do if you don't have a chance? Very simple, you have two choices, you can make chances for your teammates and your teammates can make chances for you."

Ma Fan turned around, his expression normal. He saw three fellows. He only recognized one person of the three, the guy that was called Xie Shan. He had been the leader of the group they had captured last time. Supposedly, his cultivation was ningmai third stratum.

In reality, he had hoped that the three people he saw was the Lei Peng team. Even though Xie Shan's power was far stronger than the Lei Peng team, but this team was made of new members and didn't have any familiarity with him.

However, he didn't have a better choice.

"Old Xie," He raised his arm, and shouted.

Xie Shan stilled and stopped moving, turning his face towards Ma Fan, puzzled on the inside. He naturally recognized Ma Fan, the core of the

entire troop. The one with an incomparable position, the most trusted subordinate of Lil' Miss.

But Xie Shan had never spoken one word with him.

"Hey!" Even though he was puzzled, he still responded with a smile. In the troop, he was the newest of the new. Even if his individual power was the highest, to gain Gongsun Cha's trust, it required time. He wasn't so stupid as to offend Ma Fan.

"Come help me train, let's try my new movement method," Ma Fan's tone was intimate as he shouted.

Xie Shan imperceptibly furrowed his brows. He might be a newbie, but he was used to being the leader, no one had dared ask him to assist in training. However, the other's intimate tone did not hold any negativity. What puzzled him even more was that he had never seen Ma Fan find someone to train with him in the past.

It was slightly strange

Suddenly, his eyes locked onto the palm that Ma Fan had raised up, a finger sized grey butterfly peacefully grasping his middle finger.

His heart suddenly jumped!

It had been Gongsun Cha who gave the grey butterfly beast service card to Ma Fan. It was rare to see him use it. If it really was a spar, Ma Fan should not have summoned the grey butterfly.

Xie Shan was very experienced. He thought as he smiled and walked towards Ma Fan. "Okay!"

The other two xiuzhe on the team looked at each other and did not speak. They could not afford to offend Xie Shan, much less Ma Fan. The two just stopped to watch.

Ma Fan and Xie Shan did not waste words, starting immediately.

What Xie Shan cultivated was the [Aurora Mirage Sword]. This was a rare fifth-grade sword scripture. He didn't need to show his flying sword, raising his hands, multicolored sword energies flew out like an extremely

beautiful aurora above the snow.

An icy presence instantly spread. Under the aurora in the sky, snowflakes danced, sharp as knives!

Sword essence!

Ma Fan's heart instantly shook. This was sword essence! In the camp, all one hundred and ten xiuzhe were all ningmai, but there wasn't more than five people that had comprehended sword essence.

As expected of the strongest person of the camp. With this attack, Ma Fan felt the pressure increase. The bright sword essences were like mist and dust, carrying a cold presence. Under the beautiful appearance was fatal killing intent!

The slowly spreading sword essence was like countless thin strands that were invisible to the naked eye that would silently trap a person.

However, you aren't the only one who comprehended sword essence! Ma Fan's grey eyes slightly narrowed.

Xie Shan intended to show his strength. In the previous battle, he had not displayed his strength. Gongsun Cha's three section wave killing charge had been too ferocious. It was like an enormous hammer. With one blow, Xie Shan's group had been broken into pieces. Seeing the situation, Xie Shan had immediately surrendered. Up until now, he had not had a chance to showcase his own strength.

It was a pity that Gongsun Cha was not at the camp. Xie Shan felt some regret. If he could display his full power in front of Lil' Miss, it would be of great aid to increasing his status within the troop. However, there were only benefits and no disadvantages to displaying his strength in front of his fellows.

He was quickly surprised by Ma Fan's strength.

Theoretically, there was a level of strength between the two. Xie Shan

was ningmai third stratum, and Ma Fan was just ningmai second stratum. However, from the battle, it did not seem like a battle between two opponents of different power levels.

Xie Shan had never seen the confidence and determination that Ma Fan showed in another person. Was this what it was to be the core?

Each of Ma Fan's blows would create many fake illusions that dazzled the eyes, but what shocked Xie Shan right after was that the afterimage of each sword energy did not disappear, but howled as they shot towards Xie Shan as though they were tangible!

Sword essence!

Ma Fan actually also comprehended sword essence!

The last thread of underestimation in Xie Shan's heart disappeared. He did not use his full power, but he was also clear the other also had killing moves.

A ningmai second stratum was able to match him. Xie Shan couldn't help but feel slightly bitter inside.

The multicolored aurora and the intangible sword shadows flew into the sky. There were continuously sounds of explosions but were controlled to an extremely small area, sounding like corn popping.

The xiuzhe in the camp had all stopped, turning their faces up to watch the fight. Everyone had an excited expression. One was the definite core of the troop, one was the xiuzhe with the highest cultivation of the camp. The battle between the two was the strongest collision!

In the sky, a multicolored ball of light dozens of zhang appeared. Inside the ball of light, it was tightly packed with multicolored sword energies and illusory sword energies, the figures of Ma Fan and Xie Shan flickering in and out of sight.

Gasps rose at the ground. The two had displayed extremely high control to have suppressed the sword energies to such a narrow space. Inside the light ball, the ling power and sword energy density had reached a terrifying level. Any consciousness that wanted to peer in would be torn to

shreds.

Everyone's hearts reached their throats. What was the situation like inside?

No one would have thought inside the ball where sword essences were blowing and killing intent was spilling, the two people were chatting and smiling.

"What's the situation?" Xie Shan said with a smile.

Ma Fan praised Xie Shan inside. The two had never cooperated before. Xie Shan was very strong to be able to detect his intentions.

He didn't waste words. "There's a person crouching in the reeds."

"Oh." Xie Shan was very surprised. He had carefully inspected the surroundings when Ma Fan had asked him for a spar, but had not found anything. He did not doubt Ma Fan's skill. Gasping on the inside, his expression became serious. "What do you plan on doing?"

"Kill!" Ma Fan did not hesitate in saying.

Xie Shan was shocked at Ma Fan's viciousness. A normal person would first think of capturing the enemy alive in this kind of situation in hopes of obtaining useful knowledge through interrogation. He hadn't expected that Ma Fan didn't think before he said to kill the other.

He did not object, and said briskly, "Okay."

"I'll flee and you'll chase in the direction of the reeds."

The people on the ground saw a figure suddenly break through the ball of light, the sword essences that made up the light ball collapsing. Sword energy pieces that could not be countless lost control, and shot into the surroundings!

The surrounding crowd jumped in right and took up their flying swords to block these sword energy pieces. These sword energy pieces might look

broken and scattered, but in reality, they were extremely sharp and deadly.

As the ball of light dissipated, Xie Shan's hands were covered in a five colored light.

A multicolored sword about half a zhang wide, and three zhang long appeared above Xie Shan's head.

"Go!"

Xie Shan's hands suddenly closed together, the enormous aurora sword turning to a thick multicolored light that shot at Ma Fan in the air!

As the enormous aurora sword appeared, the expressions of those on the ground changed slightly.

The terrifying presence spread by the enormous sword made everyone feel shock! When it turned into a stream of light, the entire sky seemed to change color.

Ma Fan was in danger!

Just as Ma Fan appeared to have been hit by the flowing light, he suddenly disappeared.

Impossible!

The sword essence of the enormous sword was very dense. If it had locked on, it was an extremely difficult matter to escape. Any kind of movement method would be slowed, no matter how short the pause would be.

But Ma Fan did not show any pause. He disappeared in the air!

Having lost the target, the enormous sword light rushed at the reeds!

A grey shadow suddenly shot out of the reeds and moved to escape.

The enormous sword made an unexpectedly nimble turn in the air and charged at the grey figure.

The grey figure stilled slightly. He felt a bone-aching sword essence pressuring him in from all side. The enormous sword essence had tightly locked onto him!

Damn it!

Shocked, he channeled all the ling power in his body towards the flying sword and aimed it at the streaming sword light! With this attack, his own flying sword would undoubtedly be destroyed.

He didn't have the time to mourn. He suddenly saw a grey flying sword silently appear at his side.

His pupils suddenly expanded, his heart dropping in an instant.

He ferociously bit through his tongue, a flush of blood flashing on his face as he spat out a bloody arrow!

If he could stop this attack, he could escape!

The other did not seem to have any intentions of dodging, the second flying sword welcoming the arrow of blood. A joyous expression came onto his face. This arrow of blood was his secret life-saving method. It was extremely powerful! If the other wanted to meet it head on, it would definitely stop the enemy for a few moments.

Pia!

A clean and crisp collision, the joy on his face froze.

Everything in his vision became so slow, he could see it with the utmost clarity. The arrow of blood collided with the flying sword, the expected retreat did not occur.

The arrow of blood was turned to a handful of bloody mist, a cloud of dust-sized blood droplets that flashed in front of his eyes as beautiful as a painting.

A flying sword emerged from the bloody mist and entered his body.

It was as though he was hit with a thirty-thousand-catty hammer. A bloody mist floated out of his body, the surroundings moved backwards with astonishing speed. A last thought flashed through his mind

----- Such a heavy sword!

Translator Ramblings: The cast page has been updated but I forgot to include the pets this time. Thank you for your comments.

Ma Fan is becoming someone that doesn't find trouble troublesome anymore. All of this is due to Gongsun Cha who has really shifted his attitude around. Ma Fan is obvious as the teacher's pet. Xie Shan is powerful, and he's trying to find a way to carve his own spot into this group. The events of this chapter are an exercise in teamwork.

Chapter 229: Formation Breakthrough

When Lil' Pagoda led Zuo Mo into a storeroom, he was dumbstruck.

Inside the storeroom, the piles of Rotten Metal Silver were like mountains. Other than the Rotten Metal Silver ore, there was a little pile of ore of various colors.

"Where did this come from?" Zuo Mo pointed at the little pile and asked Lil' Pagoda.

Lil' Black shot and climbed up to his hands, furiously waving its pair of antennae. Zuo Mo instantly understood. So it was Lil Black. He complimented, "Lil' Black is very smart!" He put a lingdan on his palm. Lil' Black used its forelimbs to grab the lingdan and cheerfully climbed away.

Lil' Pagoda was connected in mind with Zuo Mo. He could feel Lil' Pagoda's intentions of wanting credit. As he saw its round and chubby body swing and tremble, he instantly grinned.

Feeling Zuo Mo's happiness, Lil' Pagoda was even more smug, twirling around Zuo Mo, shaking its body so the gourds on the eaves rang.

Silly Bird was full of pride, but her eyes were staring greedily at the lingdan that Lil' Black was pinching. Gulp, the throat visibly swallowed. Zuo Mo coincidentally caught it, and instantly roared with laughter, pointing at Silly Bird and mocking, "You glutton!"

Zuo Mo was not angry, and threw two lingdan at it. Silly Bird easily picked them up in her beak, shook the feathers on her body, and, without a trace of shame, proudly left.

After he finished laughing, Zuo Mo looked at the mountainous piles of ore and felt a dilemma.

After making the Black Processing Meditation mats, his need for Rotten Metal Silver had instantly decreased. However, if he didn't use the large amount of ore that was piled up here, then it was such a waste. The grade of the Rotten Metal Silver was not high, but it was a frequently used material. But if it was to be smelted and purified, it wouldn't take just a

while to finish with such a large pile. It was not worth it to spend the time.

Zuo Mo quickly thought of a solution to roughly process the ore.

He would make billets of Rotten Metal Silver, and then forge them again when it was time for them to be used. Metal billets would not take as much space as raw ore. Zuo Mo had to consider the amount of space his dimensional ring had. The other reason was that he could use formations to do rough forging which saved time.

Zuo Mo had never seen formations used specifically for forging, but it did not stop him from making such a decision.

As his comprehension of formations deepened, Zuo Mo's confidence increased. It was undoubtedly an extremely interesting matter to do something that had never been seen before. He decided to make a large formation that could forge all of the Rotten Metal Silver ore into billets.

Rotten Metal Silver was a third-grade material, and it was not hard to smelt. It did not require Golden Crow Fire. Zuo Mo did not plan on using Golden Crow Fire. Golden Crow Fire might be pure, but there was not enough, especially to smelt so much ore at once.

The fire formation Zuo Mo chose was of course not a low level formation like Li Fire Formation, but a fourth-grade fire formation called [Jade Flame Formation]. [Jade Flame Formation] could produce green flames that were more than enough to smelt the Rotten Metal Silver ore.

However, it was the first time Zuo Mo was working with so much ore. He needed to carefully consider how to set it up.

Pu Yao and Gongsun Cha were fiercely fighting in War Chess.

To let this person and Yao play War Chess anywhere, Zuo Mo remade the War Chess again. The excuse was to make it a leveling kind of game. Then he threw it to Gongsun Cha. Gongsun Cha guessed it, but was happy to play stupid. In any case, he just wanted to play War Chess with the mysterious person.

Without anything to do, Pu Yao was naturally willing, especially when he saw how smug Zuo Mo was recently, he became very discontent. His [Golden-Wing Great Roc Matrix] did not produce the effect he predicted. Pu Yao vented all his displeasure onto Gongsun Cha.

The pitiful Gongsun Cha, having just managed to make an acceptable three section wave killing charge and just as he reached the level of being able to use ten soldiers to kill five of Pu Yao's soldiers, Pu Yao, without a second word, directly put out a new killing move – the interlocking wall style defense formation that was specially made to defeat the three second wave killing charge.

Consequently, Gongsun Cha was defeated by Pu Yao so badly he couldn't find which way was north.

Gongsun Cha was so abused that he wanted to die. He gritted his teeth with red eyes as he started the game again.

Feeling that he had not vented the displeasure inside, Pu Yao did not hesitate in accepting.

Twelve matches, Pu Yao used twelve different tactics. Each time, Gongsun Cha's forces were completely obliterated, not one soldier remaining.

Even if Gongsun Cha was extremely hardy, and did not falter, he had been killed to the point that his face became green. When he returned to the camp, Gongsun Cha's black face, and the terrifying pressure and coldness exuded by him made everyone shudder, their little hearts jumping rapidly.

Gongsun Cha slightly raised his head. On his handsome face, there was a small dark smile.

The camp instantly became deathly silent.

At night, Gongsun Cha found Zuo Mo. "There was someone spying on us today, he was killed." He looked full of energy, without any of the displeasure and darkness he had during the day.

“Did you find who it was?” Zuo Mo stopped what he was doing.

“A subordinate of someone called Venerable Chi. Xie Shan recognized him,” Gongsun Cha said unconcerned. “Supposedly, he has about one hundred people.”

“They have intentions towards us?” Zuo Mo felt slightly surprised. It was the first time he had encountered someone that had tried to find trouble with them of their own accord.

“Maybe they feel that we pose a threat,” Gongsun Cha pondered as he rubbed his chin.

“Why don’t we fight?” Zuo Mo probed. He was very surprised. Gongsun Cha was a battle maniac, but speaking up until now, he still hadn’t mentioned fighting.

“The group has progressed very quickly recently. It’s best to wait a while longer,” Gongsun Cha explained. They had enough jingshi at the moment, and did not need to rush.

Zuo Mo also understood. After the formations had been carved, the equilibrium of their bodies had been broken, the growth of ling power had increased. This situation would continue for a while longer until they reached a new equilibrium.

He suddenly thought of a wonderful idea. “I have a way for them to quickly increase strength.”

Gongsun Cha hurriedly asked, “What way?”

“But there is a possibility of injury.” Zuo Mo hesitated.

“That isn’t a problem!” Gongsun Cha said in a normal tone of voice.

Everyone smelt something different when Boss came to the camp again. Even though everyone was training hard, but secretly, they were all paying close attention to Boss and Lil’ Miss.

Thinking about the inhuman treatment they had received yesterday afternoon

Even Ma Fan, the core who usually received the best treatment, couldn't help but shake.

A nightmarish memory!

They saw Boss start to work at a corner of the camp. Pieces of materials appeared in Boss' hands and then quickly turned to streaks of light that entered the ground.

So he was making a formation. Their hearts landed. Everyone knew that Boss was skilled in formations.

Maybe Boss felt the camp was not safe enough after the spy had come yesterday!

However, many people felt that Boss' caution was unwarranted. These recent days, they had detected their improvement. After two consecutive victories, two victories where they were fewer in number than the enemy, their confidence had exploded. The effect of the three formations were too evident. Many people wanted someone to come to their doors so they could try it out.

Zuo Mo worked for half a day before finally standing up in satisfaction.

He took out his five essence sword set. The five flying swords of different colors spun restlessly in front of him. Looking at the five flying swords, he felt something that he didn't know how to describe. After the five essence sword set had been completed, he had never used them in battle. Now, he was using them to make a formation.

He was using the five essence sword set to make a formation as he suddenly recalled the sword essence formation when Gongsun Cha said the group was in a period of increasing strength.

The sword essence formation of the sect had many transformations, and had been incredibly effective to the growth of his strength, especially his understanding of sword essence.

The group of people under his command were growing their ling power. If he could give them some pressure, it was beneficial for their progress. When Zuo Mo discovered that only five people of the one hundred or so

had comprehended sword essence, it strengthened his thinking.

It had not been hard for Zuo Mo to comprehend sword essence. At Wu Kong Sword Sect, both Wei Sheng Shixiong and Luo Li Shixiong had comprehended sword essence. In the Sword Test Conference, the majority of competitors had comprehended sword essence which had caused Zuo Mo to unconsciously feel that it was not a very difficult matter to comprehend sword essence.

How could one not comprehend sword essence?

With the five essence sword set as the core, and adding on some necessary formations, it was the weaker version of the sword essence formation.

Other than adding pressure to the people, it could also help them comprehend sword essence. Sword essence was shapeless, everyone's sword essence was different. Many things could only be understood and could not be passed on in speech. It was better to throw them into a place full of sword essence. Even if he could not guarantee that they could definitely comprehend sword essence, but it could greatly increase the possibility they could comprehend sword essence.

As to injuries, Gongsun Cha who thought of life like grass didn't care, how could this bunch that lived so dangerously care?

The entire formation took up seven or eight mu. When the formation took form, sword essence dominated, and killing intent was dense. In the sky above the formation, a black cloud formed, thunder and lightning occasionally occurring. People's hearts shook.

When they saw Gongsun Cha's faint smile, their hearts sank.

Zuo Mo had gained great inspiration from the creation of the sword formation. When he finished, he ran to the storeroom to start to set up the formation to smelt the ore. He didn't move the ore, using the storeroom as the dan cauldron and started to set up formations.

Many of the rules and restrictions now flew away. He felt free and

unrestrained. Spells and materials flowed from his hands, flying into the walls of the storeroom as though they had eyes.

He was completely in a trance, his mind open. Every detail of the formation continuously floated up into his mind. It seemed that just as a thought would appear, the spell on his hands would finish!

The change of his ten fingers became increasingly faster, like moving clouds and flowing water. On the walls in the surroundings, profound character patterns spread out with amazing speed.

In just two hours, the walls, ceiling, and floor of the storeroom was covered completely with characters.

The big formation was finished!

Zuo Mo dazedly stood motionlessly at his spot. His mind was still in that free and unrestrained state. That feeling was just too wonderful!

A beat later, he gradually came back. When he swept across the complicated characters patterns on the wall, his heart instantly felt full!

However, he quickly came out of this intoxication, shaking his head and smiling. Then he swept the pile of other ores into his ring. After that, he took out three pieces of fourth-grade jingshi and put them into the center of the formation.

He didn't even inspect the formation. He was extremely confident that this formation had no mistakes!

Translator Ramblings: Some of you are really good at predicting at what Zuo Mo does with his stuff. I have to admit I was always a step behind and got surprised many times in the story, I'm not very good at predicting what goes on at all.

Pu Yao continues to "abuse" Gongsun Cha who is the way to vent his frustration so Gongsun Cha gets better at commanding. Then Gongsun Cha vents on everyone else and everyone trains harder so everyone wins, especially Zuo Mo who caused all this in the first place by irritating Pu Yao.

I can't remember the exact number but less than five percent of the people in the last chapter had sword essence. They are all ningmai, and a lot of them probably have higher cultivation than Zuo Mo does. I know Zuo Mo kept on saying how he was a little character and such before, but in this group, he really had a privileged time with Wu Kong Sword Sect. Despite Zuo Mo, Luo Li, and Wei Sheng comprehending sword essence early on and the variety of people from the Sword Test Conference, sword essence isn't grass and the majority of people now do not have it. This is just for ningmai and below though. Sword essence isn't essential to progress and become a jindan. It's just the harsh environment of Little Mountain Jie which means that if you know how to fight, you probably won't survive. Gongsun Cha lucked out in staying with Zuo Mo.

There was an interesting comment on how Gongsun Cha and Zuo Mo would deal with the spy. Mjp thought that Xie Shan had the right idea to capture and interrogate which Zuo Mo would appreciate while Lil' Miss would want the kill. If it was Zuo Mo alone that faced this matter, he may do a live capture, or kill just so he can scalp the person. However, Zuo Mo, as it will be shown in future developments and as he said before, is not an expert in strategy as Gongsun Cha is. He would actually leave the decision to Gongsun Cha on the basis he trusts Gongsun Cha will make a better decision. Zuo Mo is the guy with the main vision, Gongsun Cha is the one that will accomplish what Zuo Mo envisions.

Chapter 230: Sky Glass Wave

Venerable Chi's mood was terrible. For a few continuous days, his subordinates did not dare to even breathe loudly.

Big Kong had been killed. When the news had passed to his ears, even he had been suspicious that he had heard it wrong. Big Kong was the most skilled at sneaking and spying, and had never failed before. This time, it was just to spy. Theoretically, there should have been little danger.

He was both shocked and regretful. His shock was that the strength of the other group was beyond his expectations. His regret was that Big Kong had died. That combined formations that the Kong Family had were now halved in power now.

He still had a headache over comforting Second Kong and Third Kong. Their elder brother was killed, how were the two brothers willing to let it go?

Just now, he had said all he could to barely manage to persuade the two. If they could hold back for another month

Zuo Mo stood outside the storeroom. The storeroom was like an enormous fire cauldron, a warm and serene green fire pouring out of the walls. Within three zhang, there was no feeling of burning. The green light was so warm that one could not relate it to fire.

This showed that the setup of the formation was very successful. Every thread of fire power was under control. Zuo Mo was very satisfied. Even he was slightly surprised that he could reach this level. Precisely controlling every thread of ling power was one of the final goals of all those who used formations. However, that was only in theory. It was not possible in reality. If the [Jade Flame Formation] fire formation had been perfectly controlled, it only needed one piece of fourth-grade jingshi, not three pieces.

The fire formation needed to be maintained for three days and nights.

Luckily, Zuo Mo did not need to stand guard over it.

Shrieking like that of pigs being killed could be heard from the far away camp. Zuo Mo patted his head with some irritation. He forgot to add a sound blocking formation on the outside of the sword formation. Yet when he thought about it, he did not continue the idea since other than some voices, there was no other disadvantage.

It was better for Gongsun Shidi to deal with the matters of the camp.

The [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] had reached his hands for a long time. It took Zuo Mo some effort to cultivate. The difference between fist scriptures and sword scriptures was very large. He had never cultivated one before, and needed to start from the fundamentals. He had called Zong Ru over again. When Zong Ru was told that he needed to teach Boss how to practice the fist scripture, he instantly became dumbstruck.

Most of those that practiced fist scriptures were in Xuan Kong Realm. Kun Lun realm was where the sects of sword xiu were, and Boss' sword scripture cultivation was not low, why would he think of cultivating a fist scripture? He didn't ask, but tried to do his best. None of what he learned was some kind of secret. He had cultivated to ningmai mostly on his exceptional persistence.

Yet the speed of Boss' improvement made him gape in shock.

In the span of a few days, the fist scripture took form on Boss' hands. Even if there were some places that were not perfect, but this speed was really frightening. [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] was the spell that he practiced the most, and had the deepest comprehension of. This fist scripture was not complex. It was the exact opposite and could be considered simple, but simple did not mean it was easy. It demanded highly of the body of the person who cultivated it, and the path was one of one person defeating ten. There was not much technique. In Xuan Kong Realm, many dhyana xiu that were of great age did not have the power to cultivate it to a deep level.

Behind the fist scripture, there were special chapters which described

how to exercise the body and bones. Most beginners needed to start from there.

Boss' body was so strong! Zong Ru was shocked and slightly puzzled. Boss looked very thin, and did not show any signs of strength.

It must be that Boss was exceptionally talented, he thought with some admiration inside.

Dhyana xiu that had no sect were even fewer in number than roaming xiu, their days were extremely hard. Body cultivation required many ling medicines. There was a common saying of 'seven-tenths scripture, three-tenths medicine'. It could be seen how important resources were. However, ling medicines were very expensive. The dhyana xiu of sects were better off with the supplies from the sect. Dhyana xiu with no sect were a tragedy. Before ningmai, dhyana xiu had nothing else to show except a body full of physical strength. They could only do things like hard labor.

Zong Ru quickly adjusted his mentality. The scriptures that he practiced were all very average. This caused him to not have any exceptional areas. However, what no one knew was that his Samadhi was extremely deep. This was the most important reason he could reach ningmai. It had to be said that this was the place that dhyana xiu surpassed all others. Everyone could cultivate Samadhi, simple and easy to learn, it did not cost anything to learn. As long as you put the effort in, you could cultivate to ningmai.

Those with extremely deep Samadhi would have strong minds and resolute determination. The effect of things like illusory formations were lessened against these people.

Zong Ru did not hide anything. The version of [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] that he cultivated was not complete. Many of the unique parts had been discovered by him through his own cultivation. He was also willing to pass it on.

Other than the slightly displeasurable aspect of having jinzhi put into his body, the time that he had spend under Boss had been the most comfortable days he ever lived. Everyday, he only needed to cultivate. In

the two battles, he didn't need to worry about anything. The division of spoils was also extremely fair. Boss was the most generous of all the leaders he had worked under.

But what he really could not resist were the formations!

He didn't know what the other people thought, but in his view, these three formations were custom-made for dhyana xiu. Due to his body cultivation level not high enough, he had broken through to ningmai but still had not formed an abhinna. With the three formations, he now had the confidence of forming an abhinna within a year.

Privately, everyone was speculating that Boss had other formations.

Zong Ru did not like conflict, but he was not stupid. With such good benefits, he wouldn't leave even if they threw him out. Not just him, many of the xiuzhe that had no sect were thought similarly. No one was more clear than they were regarding the difficulties of not having a sect.

The world was no longer the same. Previously in Little Mountain Jie, as long as they did not have much ambition their ningmai cultivation was enough for them to have an idle life. But now, if they were not in jindan, then living alone was the same as asking for death.

These days, it was not a simple matter to find a good boss.

Zuo Mo did not know how many thoughts went through Zong Ru's heart. He was fully concentrated on practicing [Sky Wave Fist Scripture]. Zong Ru's understanding of [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] was deeper than he had imagined. He gained much from the other's guidance on many points.

Carefully savoring the change of ling power inside his body, he understood.

Right now, he was in the two mountain stage. His body looked thin, but in reality, his body was extremely compact and suitable for [Sky Wave Fist Scripture]. The moves of [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] were very simple, but had their unique qualities. In one instantly, [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] was able to use all the ling power in the body and after revolutions in the arms,

expel it with punches. This demanded extremely highly of the user's body. Otherwise, after the ling power made several revolutions, it was enough to tear the channels and body apart.

After the ling power continued for five revolutions in his body, the ling power vibrated like running thunder. Zuo Mo stood, his legs apart, breathing out as he punched!

A jade green fist energy left his hands. The fist energy expanded dramatically in the air and roared like a tiger!

Zong Ru's pupils suddenly expanded, shocked inside. This punch had eight-tenths of his own full power blow! But compared to how long he had cultivated, and how long Boss' had cultivated

Zuo Mo managed to get the feeling. The crux of this fist scripture was not the amount of ling power, but the number of times it moved forward and in reverse! The more revolutions there was, the longer the preparation time was, the stronger the fist energy!

He instantly became excited. Just now, after five revolutions, his channels had shuddered, but did not respond in a major way.

Maybe he could add a few more revolutions?

As his mind worked, the ling power in his arms started to circulate again.

One revolution, two revolution, three revolution

Out of caution, he did not dare to add too many at one time.

Eight revolutions!

Green light came out of the skin of his arms. Adding on the black green metallic sheen that his body already carried, what appeared was a black greenish metallic color.

At the side, Zong Ru's eyes suddenly widened!

This was

Ha!

Zuo Mo shouted, and the green fist energy left his hands again!

Zong Ru was familiar with the bright green watery light that glowed. That was the sheen that would only appear when the fist energy was concentrated to the extreme!

The green watery fist energy attracted the water energy in the air as they left the hands, the watery energy furiously heading towards the fist energies. As the fist energies flew past, it left behind a while trail of mist!

Zong Ru was stunned. This was so powerful when it just hit empty air. If it hit a person, then what would it look like?

His thinking had not been wrong. Zuo Mo was more excited now that he had received motivation. It had been so long since he had felt so excited!

Eight times was enough for him to feel pressure, but that was not his limit.

Maybe, he could see where the limit was?

When this idea popped up, it could not be stopped from taking over his entire mind. His hands did not listen to him as they began a new round of preparations!

His thin arms suddenly expanded. The bright green sheen that had risen before dimmed instead. Zuo Mo's skin that was exposed to the air became black green, and seemed to have waves rippling underneath.

Twelve revolutions!

The channels in his arms were in pain from expansion. It was like a bow pulled to the limit. A gentle shake would cause Zuo Mo's arm muscles to tremble!

His arms were heavy as though they were made up of lead. He felt extremely burdened. When he raised his arms up, his movements were extremely slow, and occasionally shook and the big drops of sweat on his forehead all showed that he was using great effort.

Zuo Mo's eyes were open wide as though he was going to tear open his eye sockets. Sounds of his teeth grinding came out of his mouth!

“Break!”

Using the last of his strength, his fists punched out!

There was no wind, no howling. Two green fists that appeared to be carved out of crisp green glass drew out two green light streaks as they landed on a two person high rock far away.

The two fists were extremely detailed, even the joints could be clearly seen.

Pew!

The moment the fists and the rock collided, it created a cloud of dust, covering the entire rock.

Zuo Mo almost collapsed. He could not stop himself from sitting down on the ground. Without the energy to look at the result, he furiously panted. It had been too dangerous just now! The ling power in his arms had almost gone out of control. If he lost control, then his arms would have exploded!

Thankfully

He still felt fear.

A gust of wind blew and the dust scattered. Where the rock had been, there was no nothing except a half zhang deep hole.

There was no scattering rock, no explosive force, no shocking sound.

The rock had turned to dust in an instant!

Zong Ru, whose mind had always been strong and composed, paled, his eyes terrified!

That was

The killing move of [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] – [Sky Glass Wave]!

Translator Ramblings: The people are definitely enjoying the sword essence formation. Danger comes from Venerable Chi and we get a glimpse of dhyana cultivation from Zong Ru.

Chapter 231: Warning

“Miss!” The middle-aged person said respectfully, “We’ve just received a message from Jin daren. They were attacked by an unknown force. Seven dead, sixteen wounded, Jin Daren was also lightly wounded.”

“Oh,” Mu Xi’s expression changed, “who did it?”

“A female, origins unknown. Jin Danren’s subordinates have already started a search, but there has been no success up until now.”

“One person?” Mu Xi was slightly shocked. She had not interacted much with Jin Bo Zhen, but the few times were enough for her to conclude he was an experienced and calm person. With the protection of an entire corps, yet he was still wounded by a single female. She naturally was shocked. “A jindan?”

“The situation is not clear.” The middle-aged man clearly was puzzled as well. “However, the female is said to also be seriously wounded. Jin Daren hopes that Miss can keep this person in mind”

“I hadn’t thought that a measly Sky Moon Jie still had crouching dragons and hiding tigers!” Mu Xi sighed and then said, “You can keep the incident in mind. If we encounter her, do not let her go. The threat of a jindan is extremely high to us, however, our energy should be mostly spent on the original plan.”

“This subordinate understands,” The middle-aged man responded. He hesitated before saying, “This subordinate does not understand, if it really is a daren then why would they not try to get in contact with us?”

“There are many possibilities. Maybe the daren is not in a good situation, or maybe he does not want to see us.” Mu Xi said unconcernedly, “That has nothing to do with us. Our job is to find that daren, even if it is just a trace. There naturally will be other people to deal with the remaining matters.”

“Yes, this subordinate has asked too much!” the middle-aged man hurriedly said.

Mu Xi waved her hand. "There's no need to be so careful. I have not been commanding for long. I still need to borrow your experience."

"It is this subordinate's honor."

Seeing the respect on her subordinate's face, Mu Xi was helpless. She suddenly recalled something. "Have we found the moon mo brigadier?"

"No, the other is very careful, and did not leave behind many traces," The middle-aged man said.

"Oh, be careful." Mu Xi thought and then said, "If you find the trail, do not enter into a conflict with the other. This battle will be long, and will not end so quickly. Yao and mo should be allies, not enemies."

"This subordinate understands!"

Zuo Mo had also started cultivating in this period of time. No matter if it was ling power, spiritual power, or body cultivation, he was in a period of rapid progression. This was the golden time to cultivate. He didn't dare slack off.

During the day, he cultivated ling power and his body, at night, he cultivated his consciousness. He even temporarily pushed his studies into formations to the side. Formations were the core, but it was a labor of time. In the short term, it could not increase his strength, but cultivation could.

[Sky Wave Fist Scripture] was just a very normal scripture, but with the mountain physique the great strength produced motivated Zuo Mo.

Especially the [Sky Glass Wave], it was even more powerful than Ma Fan's [Illusory Shadowless Sword of Destruction]. What Zuo Mo needed to do now was to compress the amount of time needed to prepare the attack, to complete twelve revolutions in a shorter period of time. This was not impossible. Zuo Mo was already skilled in controlling ling power, but shortening the preparation time would dramatically increase the burden on his ling channels.

Zuo Mo had to increase his level of body cultivation, he had to in order to tolerate the greater load, and enable this killing move to have practical value. Otherwise, such a strong killing move would be greatly discounted by having an overly lengthy preparation time.

Luckily, he was in the middle of a period of rapid improvement. As long as he did not slack off, after cultivating for a while longer, his body should be able to tolerate him using this killing move.

Of course, this also meant that other than going forward step by step, he did not have any other methods.

In the camp, howls would occasionally be heard from the sword formation. Over the last few days, people had gradually gotten used to them. Every person that went into the sword formation would shout and yell like so, but once they crawled out of the sword formation, they would immediately enter seclusion. Up until now, the remaining people that had not entered the sword formation did not even know how scary the inside was.

They only knew it was very scary, very very scary

But they also knew there were many many benefits

Compared to those xiuzhe who felt a mix of terror and anticipation, Zuo Mo did not have any discomfort at all. He was already used to these howls. When he had carved the formations onto them, the howling that had started up under his hands was no less than the present ones.

Suddenly, the beast service card at Zuo Mo's waist suddenly shook.

Hmm, Zuo Mo's mind moved, and he unconsciously stopped his actions. This was the first time the beast service card had done this. He hurriedly summoned the rainbow butterfly.

The Rainbow Mark butterfly flew out, made a nimble turn and started to fly towards outside the camp.

There was a situation?

Suddenly thinking about how someone had been spying a few days ago, Zuo Mo was extra cautious, and beckoned at Zong Ru's unit which was closest to him, indicating for them to follow.

The three exchanged looks and hurriedly followed.

Those that noticed this from far away all had admiring gazes. Zong Ru's little unit really had the best luck. Boss trusted them. Those with experience all knew that familiarizing their face with the boss was directly related to future benefits.

However, even though Lil' Miss was not at camp, no one dared to stop their cultivation without Boss' orders.

Gongsun Cha's eyes were red as he stared deathly at the enemy which seemed like a tide.

He had already lost this match, but the other side did not have any intentions of stopping, pushing him into a little corner to proceed with the last massacre.

It was not the first time he had encountered this kind of situation. Once he showed a weakness, what awaited him was retreat after retreat. The other was like a dog with a bone, biting on tightly. What followed after was fierce attacks. Any little crack would be hammered into large gaps in a very short period of time.

Gongsun Cha was already used to the other pursuing and beating him.

However, he decided to give the other a little "surprise" this time!

Zuo Mo led the little team and followed tightly behind the Rainbow Mark butterfly. He rarely used this third-grade ling butterfly. From the grade, this was a very fine top of third-grade, but all three of its spells were related to poison. Zuo Mo rarely interacted with poison so he never used this Rainbow Mark butterfly unless he was feeding it.

It was the first time that Zuo Mo had encountered the beast service card actively giving a warning. Zuo Mo was very curious.

Lei Peng and the other two had similar ideas and formed a perimeter with Zuo Mo in the middle. No matter what time, protecting Boss was their first job. Compared to Zuo Mo's curiosity, the three appeared as though they were facing a great enemy.

The rainbow butterfly flew extremely quickly as though someone was attracting it.

The mountain valley that Zuo Mo had headed to was in the mountains near the water. The mountain valley curved through the mountains, and the mouth of the valley directly faced Stone Door Beach.

The mountain valley was very deep. Zuo Mo had not sent anyone to explore since they had only come here for Rotten Metal silver and did not plan on staying here for a long time. Right now, the amount of Rotten Metal silver billets on Zuo Mo's hands formed a mountainous stack. He guessed that it was about time to depart from Stone Door beach. Zuo Mo decided to wait for the group to all go through the sword formation before they left Stone Door Beach.

Even more, Zuo Mo had set down formations at the important places. Even though it was not a large formation like the [Skyring Moon Chime Formation] on the Desolate Wood Reef, but these small formations were not easy to overcome either.

Zuo Mo did not put any formations on Stone Door Beach. The camp was constructed on the patch of sand. The view was wide from there, and everything could be seen at a glance. After the spying incident last time, the guard by the water had become even heavier.

Was there some worldly treasure that was attracting the Rainbow Mark butterfly?

Zuo Mo felt that it was not possible. This had been the site of a sect before. If there had been some treasure, it would not have been left for him to find. Suspicious, he tightly followed behind the Rainbow Mark butterfly.

After twisting and turning, the mountain valley became much steeper, and the humidity from the plants and trees grew.

The wariness on Lei Peng and the other's faces grew even heavier.

Suddenly, the Rainbow Mark butterfly at the front furiously started to flap its wings. In the blink of an eye, with it as the center, a very small whirlpool formed.

What was going on?

Zuo Mo stopped moving, even more puzzled. There clearly was nothing in the surroundings.

He suddenly thought of the specialty of the Rainbow Mark butterfly, poison!

Was there some poisonous object!

His mind moved and let the Rainbow Mark butterfly cast a spell on him. The Rainbow Mark butterfly gently flapped its wings, and a five colored light emerged from Zuo Mo's body. Zuo Mo's eyes were instantly covered in a layer of five colored light.

Zuo Mo instantly jumped in fright!

In front of his eyes, threads of black mist were being attracted by the Rainbow Mark butterfly's whirlpool, and surged into the whirlpool.

This was poison!

Zuo Mo suddenly realized and hurriedly pulled back the three people beside him. If it wasn't for the [Rainbow Pupils], he wouldn't have been able to find this kind of poison! Even though he did not know how poisonous it was, Zuo Mo couldn't help but feel fear.

A tasteless, colorless, and undetectable poison was more than scary enough! Even more, with the Rainbow Pupils, the threads of black mist made Zuo Mo's hairs stand on end.

Was there some terrifying poisonous organism nearby?

That wasn't right!

If there was something so poisonous, Xie Shan and the others who had lived here before should have already been turned to a pile of bones.

The joy the Rainbow Mark butterfly passed on to Zuo Mo did not make him happy, but made him felt as though he had fell into ice, his entire body went cold. He had recalled the other spell of the Rainbow Mark butterfly [Poison Change]! The Rainbow Mark butterfly could absorb all kinds of poisons to transform. The happier it was, the more deadly this poison was!

Poison was something the great majority of xiuzhe were wary off.

Some great poisons could even directly kill a jindan. They were extremely strange. Some poisons could be merged with the ling energy in the air, and could not be detected. Some poisons could pass through ling shields. There were all kinds of weird and wondrous poisons.

Without a doubt, this one was an extremely terrifying poison!

Someone was scheming against them!

No matter how stupid he was, Zuo Mo instantly realized it. Other than fear, killing intent uncontrollably rose!

The three people beside Zuo Mo could not see the deadly poison in the air, but were sensitive enough to catch the killing intent that spilled out of their boss. Their hearts shook!

Zuo Mo did not speak, and made a hand movement. After watching Lei Peng and the others work together for so long, he knew some of the simpler hand movements. Then, he started to fly up along the walls of the valley, using the Rainbow Mark butterfly as the border. The other side of the boundary was filled with black threads of poison.

Zuo Mo decided to make a circle to avoid the poison.

He wanted to see who was scheming against them!

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Translator Ramblings: Chun Yu Cheng's pets are in the spotlight again. Remember the water butterfly back when they were on the boat and the grey one Ma Fan had a few chapters ago? Chun Yu Cheng is the silent contributor, he works behind the scene (or is it behind the words?)

Gongsun Cha is busy in war chess, and everyone else is roaring to go into the sword essence formation. We also get a little peak at what the yao soldiers are doing.

Chapter 232: Gongsun Cha's Insane War Tactics

Pu Yao felt very good.

He felt a certain kind of satisfaction each time he trampled Gongsun Cha, especially after he was defeated by Zuo Mo. That guy was getting more and more clever over time, and was not so easily tricked. The price he paid with each transaction was increasing. If the conditions were not what Zuo Mo wanted, it was basically impossible to persuade him. What made Pu Yao so irritated about Zuo Mo was that if he felt it was not good, he would just ignore the deal, and not be swayed no matter how Pu Yao provoked and willed.

Many times, Pu Yao felt he was a mouse pulling Zuo Mo, the turtle, and had no other solution.

Compared to the hardheadedness of Zuo Mo, Gongsun Cha was like a girl with her arms open, allowing him to do as he wished. Every time he was blocked off by Zuo Mo, Pu Yao would find pleasure from Gongsun Cha's body.

This time, the battle situation was not different from any previous time. He had built an advantage very early on. What came after was more of a game of cat and mouse.

Pu Yao had more than enough skill to be proud, especially in the area of directing battle. In his eyes, Gongsun Cha was just a slightly talented youth. This kind of talent was not enough for him to be shocked. Through the Thousand Year war, he had seen too many young genius battle generals.

This kind of talent, oh, maybe he could only be the head of a little squad.

It was a pity Zuo Mo was not interested in becoming a battle general. Pu Yao smacked his lips with regret. If that was possible, it would be so satisfying to abuse him! Pu Yao yearned for the scene of Zuo Mo being totally defeated by him.

He had no interest in teaching Zuo Mo to become a battle general, but Zuo Mo clearly had no interest in playing with him, so facing Gongsun Cha became his only choice.

It was so boring recently, Pu Yao sighed inside. He propped up his chin, his bloody pupil filled with an empty loneliness. After spending thousands of years in the Yao Forging Tower, his soul had been seriously damaged. Cultivation was not very useful to him at present. Previously, the secret method that he had been placing his hopes on did not bring the benefits that he had imagined. Right now, he could only pin his hopes onto Zuo Mo.

But that hope looked so infinitesimally small.

Maybe, very soon, he would dissipate like smoke. He smiled. He thought of the gravestone, and the loneliness in his eye decreased.

Hmm!

When he swept across the battleground from the corner of his eye, he couldn't help but still.

An ambush?

A middle-sized troop of Little Edge Mantis mo suddenly appeared at the side of his main army.

Pu Yao knew a great deal about any kind of yaomo. Little Edge Mantis mo was not an exception. Little Edge Mantis mo was a low level mo, the same level as White Scaled Attendants. However, its offensive power was three times that of a White Scaled Attendant! In low level mo, the offensive power of Little Edge Mantis mo was able to rank third.

Most mantis mo lived in the forests. They were natural blade wielders in the forest. After their intelligence was awakened, the pair of blade-like raptorial forelegs would detach, and become their best mo blades. At the same time, their instincts would also wake.

Compared to those high level mantis mo, Little Edge Mantis mo was one of the lowest mantis mo, but even so, their strong offense was enough for them to be famed among low level mo.

However, compared to their powerful offense and grand blade mo skills, their defensive power was pitifully low. The thin mo armor on their bodies was like paper, and almost could not stop any attack. This was also the weakness of almost all the mantis mo.

Due to the characteristic of the Little Edge Mantis mo, they were frequently used to fill battle technique units, not main attack units.

Gongsun Cha had actually used an ambush of a troop of Little Edge Mantis mo, and there was a lot of them.

There was no time for him to think more. The black blade lights were like a tide crashing against the shore, layer building upon layer. The entire troop was like a burning hot blade easily slicing through butter.

Little Edge Mantis mo's attack power that was beyond its power level was completely shown at this time!

Pu Yao's army was cut apart at the waist.

This group of Little Edge Mantis mo was also damaged, with not even half remaining.

The troops that had been pushed to the corner of the battlefield attacked at the same time, like a spring that had been compressed to the limit and exploded with all its power! The troop formation changed from an orb formation to a column formation. The two troops attacking from the left and right towards the two sides of Pu Yao's forces, a furious counterattack!

Pu Yao saw the sudden change in the battle but was not panicked. The other's counterattack was sharp and furious, but it was just the last vestiges of strength.

He did not hesitate in pressing his forces forward. The perimeter did not attack, but stuck to the enemy, keeping a mid-range distance. He furiously calculated inside. He was waiting for the other to run out of power. Once the other was fully expended, it would be time for him to counterattack. The middle of his forces had already prepared. The following attack would be like lightning and quickly destroy the enemy.

He believed that the other's troops would soon collapse. This had

already happened multiple times previously.

He did not worry at all about the remainder of the troop of Little Edge Mantis mo. The fragile defense of the Little Edge Mantis mo meant that they only had one chance to attack in such a crowded battlefield. No matter how high their attack strength was, they would quickly be killed.

The two troops that had broken through towards his flanks, which were guarded by his troops, so they had no chance of escape. Pu Yao smiled coldly inside. Gongsun Cha's commander definitely would be in one of the troops.

In the wargame, a loss would only be set when the highest ranking general was killed. Gongsun Cha's highest commander definitely was hiding in one of the two troops that had tried to break away.

Yet suddenly, something shocking happened.

The Little Edge Mantis mo, of which half had been just killed, divided into two little groups that charged straight into the back of Pu Yao's forces.

What was he doing?

Pu Yao was slightly puzzled. Two little groups, each group had less than twenty people. This kind of Little Edge Mantis mo troop basically had no use.

Little Edge Mantis mo troops were frequently used to ambush, but their fragile defense determined their extremely short lifespans on the battlefield. If the other's formation was dense, in order to complete the break through, there needed to be a certain number. The reason that the group of Little Edge Mantis mo had been able to so easily cut through his forces had been due to how thick the troop had been.

It was like a blade made from ice. It might be sharp, but it would quickly melt.

Such a small troop, other than causing some fatalities, they basically could not affect the battlefield at all.

Suddenly, a blinding light suddenly lit up at the head of the Little Edge Mantis mo troop at the very front.

That was not right! Those were not Little Edge Mantis mo!

Pu Yao's bloody pupil widened, his face full of disbelief!

Boom boom boom!

A string of powerful explosions. A gigantic gap appeared in Pu Yao's forces in the back half that had been cut away.

This light Pu Yao recognized it.

Balloon Fish mo's Suicide Detonation!

Pu Yao instantly realized what had happened.

Those two groups hadn't been Little Edge Mantis mo at all, but were all Balloon Fish, that used illusions water mist illusions. That was correct. If it was him, he would also have chosen water mist illusions. The illusions that were made up of countless threads of water mist would tightly wrap around the person it was cast on.

Most importantly, the water mists could provide rich moisture to the Balloon Fish mo

Balloon Fish mo was something no one willingly provoked. They had hundreds of little sacks on their bodies. Those sacs contained the water element power that they absorbed from the Endless Ocean. If they encountered an enemy, these pure water element power would become their weapon to attack their enemies. No one dared to provoke them, not because they were strong, but due to their Suicide Detonation.

This was the last move of the Balloon Fish mo to kill themselves and their enemies. The Suicide Detonation of the Balloon Fish mo was extremely terrifying. Even mo of higher levels would not be able to easily deal with it. Adding on that their intelligence was not very high, and they were not afraid of death, if they were provoked, what waited was serious damage to both sides.

But Pu Yao's reaction was a beat too slow. The second group of Balloon

Fish mo burrowed into the hole that had just been carved out by the explosions!

Another fierce string of explosions!

Pu Yao's expression was extremely bad. His rear forces had been very dense. The Suicide Detonation of the two groups of Balloon Fish mo instantly increased his losses greatly!

However, he released a small breath inside. The battlefield this time only had some small sized ponds. There would not be high numbers of Balloon Fish mo. Gongsun Cha should not have any more Balloon Fish mo.

Wait!

Pu Yao's face changed again!

He suddenly realized that he had missed an important question.

The Suicide Detonation of the Balloon Fish mo was powerful, but it was rarely used because there was a rule in war chess. In the regulations of the war chess, the Suicide Detonation of the Balloon Fish mo was only possible under one condition

His eyes suddenly turned towards the two groups that were trying to break away.

The two groups that should have been furiously trying to break through, in Pu Yao's eyes, looked somewhat loose.

That was right

The bloody pupil suddenly shrunk, Pu Yao's gaze was sharp and fierce!

Gongsun Cha's highest commander was not in these two groups, but in his gaze landed on the remaining Little Edge Mantis mo that was located at the rear of his forces!

There!

At this time, Pu Yao finally comprehended Gongsun Cha's intentions. The forces that had been forced to retreat back into the corner was bait. The ambush forces were the true attack force. This had been a trap, an

extremely convincing trap!

Just as Pu Yao realized that it was the Suicide Detonation of the Balloon Fish mo, he could not react in time. No one had used this kind of tactic before. In war chess, the setup for the Balloon Fish mo had been they would only agree to detonate only under the direct orders of the highest commander! In the past, the Balloon Fish mo had always acted as the last barrier in front of the highest commander.

Gongsun Cha's intention had not been to break away, but to kill Pu Yao's highest commander!

For some unknown reason, Pu Yao felt a burst of coldness rise into his heart.

The entire battlefield, all the forces, they were all sacrifices! No, they were all cannon fodder! The two troops needed to attract the attention of the front forces, so they had to get the other to move closer, and fight for time for their own middle forces. What waited for these two groups was only complete fatalities. As to the ambushers? There was only one outcome, death!

Even if Gongsun Cha managed to kill his highest commander, he could not charge out of such a thick encirclement. To not attract Pu Yao's attention, the personal guard was disguised as Little Edge Mantis mo. There could not be many people, and the outcome was naturally fated.

In other words, Gongsun Cha had never thought of winning this battle. He only had one thought – to die together!

“This madman!”

Pu Yao muttered, his eyes unfocused.

*

Translator Ramblings: Fang Xiang has left all of us hanging on Zuo Mo's situation but we see what Gongsun Cha gets to do. To clarify, what Pu Yao and Gongsun Cha are playing isn't one battle with a fixed army, they are going through a whole battle campaign each time. So starting from making the army, taking territory to setting up defensive lines.

For the balloon fish mo, I don't know what to say. They seem to be great bombs, but if you think of them as people, then they are the most expendable troop on the battlefield. If they go onto the battlefield, their only use is to explode so it must be terrible to fight if you are a balloon fish mo. The only benefit is that your commander is going to help out your clan, if what Pu Yao said holds.

The tags are there for the benefit of you guys. So if you just want to read Zuo Mo's part, or Wei Sheng's, or Pu Yao (for the comedy), it is easy to do so.

Chapter 233: Bloody Horned Great Serpent

Zuo Mo suppressed the killing intent flooding his chest, silently flying along the walls of the valley like a thread of smoke.

In his Rainbow Pupils vision, the black and forbidding mist turned. It was already a patch of death. Even though the Rainbow Mark butterfly was doing its best to absorb the poison, but the poisonous mist in the valley was too abundant and it did not make a difference.

Lei Peng and the others could not see the poison, and did not understand. However, the three were not stupid. They instantly guessed that Boss had found something. They were both wary and shocked. It was the first time they had seen Boss full of killing intent. The wooden face without any expression, even his gaze, which did not seemed to change, but the killing intent that occasionally flashed past made even the air around him solidify.

Boss did not make a sound as he flew at quick speed, making them unconsciously think of Ma Fan. However, compared to Ma Fan who disguised himself as harmless, and unnoticeable, the Boss may be silent, but he was like a black sword that could absorb light. Under concealment, each body part was an edge!

At the other end of the mountain valley.

Third Kong looked with fear at the black gourd far away, and couldn't help but ask, "Is this going to work?"

The black gourd was entirely glossy black, the mouth of the gourd open.

Second Kong stared at the black gourd and was slightly smug, but in the deepest part of his eyes, there was a hint of terror. "Don't worry! Wind will rise in this valley every night. This wind is very strange, it will only blow along the valley, but not outside it. This Six Poison Black Gourd was hard to forge. I spent a lot getting it out of Shortie Hu's hands."

He immediately said, "When we get revenge for Big Brother, we'll leave here immediately."

"Where?" Third Kong asked.

"We'll discuss after we leave here. This poison is extremely strange, colorless and odourless. If one is poisoned, it is hard to detect at the beginning, yet nothing can save them." Second Kong was slightly regretful. "This Six Poison Black Gourd is powerful, but it can only be used once."

"En," Third Kong nodded in response and said with fury, "Venerable Chi is too dishonourable! We three had put our lives on the line for him for so long. Big Brother's bones haven't even cooled, yet he actually does not want to get revenge for Big Brother."

"Hm, exactly!" A thread of hate came into Second Kong's eyes. It's a pity that there is just one Six Poison Black Gourd. Otherwise, I definitely will also let him have a taste."

His eyelid suddenly jumped, his expression changing, "Careful!" His suddenly jumped up.

A flying sword silently brushed past his waist. His body suddenly lit up, a set of silver ling armor appearing.

Third Kong was instantly shocked, and then flashed towards the side. Light flashed over his body, and a red ling armor covered him.

Four figures silently appeared, surrounding the two.

They had been surrounded!

The two people's hearts instantly sank.

Lei Peng and the other two had not previously understood the situation, but when they saw the two people and the black gourd, they instantly understood.

Zuo Mo was very dissatisfied with the sword strike he had used in ambush. However, he didn't have any good methods. When he had been in Wu Kong Mountain, he was only in zhuji, [Li Water Sword Scripture]

had been enough for him. However, in Little Mountain Jie, where only ningmai remained, the power of [Li Water Sword Scripture] was somewhat unacceptable.

He lacked an ambush move. Zuo Mo knew that.

He started to examine the two people.

The style of the silver ling armor was very unique. It was made of thousands of fingernail sized silver scales. A dark and cold serpent could be seen coiling inside and moving freely. Having managed to block Zuo Mo's strike, the ling armor was unharmed. It could be seen how strong it was.

The ling armor of the other person was unordinary as well. Entirely deep red, it was possible to smell the tang of blood from far away. Zuo Mo was slightly shocked. This ling armor had been forged with a rare blood method. In Zuo Mo's eyes, however, this ling armor was a half failure. If it was properly made, it definitely would not have such a heavy odor of blood.

But the majority of his attention was on the black gourd not far away.

In the vision of the Rainbow Pupils, the black mist was continuously flowing out of this gourd.

This black gourd was extraordinary!

Zuo Mo did not hesitate despite his shock, shouting, "Kill!"

Lei Peng and the others instantly attacked!

Lei Peng's [Abyss Ghost Sabre Scripture], Zong Ru's [Sky Wave Fist Scripture] and Nian Lu's [Lotus Sword Scripture] were all cast. The three had worked together for a long time, and cooperated very well. In the camp, they were one of the strongest teams.

Second Kong and Third Kong reacted rapidly.

Second Kong's hands cast a spell. A circle of light appeared beside the two. At the same time, Third Kong flicked his finger, and a dot of light perfectly landed in the circle of light.

The circle of light brightened, and exploded!

Lei Peng's sabre energy, Zong Ru's fist energy, and Nian Lu's sword energy instantly shattered when they encountered the spreading light! The broken energies that had not lost all their momentum headed at them like a wave!

These people were prickly!

Zuo Mo didn't dare to slack off, his right hand coming together and drawing in the air.

With a light hiss, countless electrical energies suddenly light up, and gathered at the air at Zuo Mo's fingertips like numerous silver snakes. A goose-sized lightning bomb formed, its body flashing with a slightly red light.

[Yang Fiend Hard Lightning]!

The faces of Second Kong and Third Kong suddenly changed. Hard lightning! It was actually hard lightning!

Even Lei Peng and the others couldn't help but inhale sharply, their faces shocked and fearful as they stared at the little lightning ball at Zuo Mo's fingertips.

Hard lightning!

Lei Peng and the others had never seen Boss fight before. In their eyes, the existence of this boss was far too weak. Most of the time, Boss usually took the role of the quartermaster, which caused Lei Peng and the others to be less afraid of Zuo Mo than they were of Gongsun Cha.

Seeing Boss show such an amazing hand at this moment, the shock of Lei Peng and the others could be imagined. The one most composed of the three was probably Zong Ru, because he had personally saw Boss use [Sky Glass Fist.]

However, at this time, he also could not keep his composure!

Hard lightning was not commonly seen, but there were occasionally people who used it. They would not pale because they saw hard lightning.

What amazed them was the strength of control Boss had over hard lightning!

They could not even feel the unique presence of hard lightning, the destructive, extremely yang and powerful presence!

This meant one thing.

-- Boss' control of the hard lightning was amazing high!

Xiuzhe deeply loved the power of hard lightning, but accordingly, the difficulty of using it was to a degree that most could only look with yearning. This little lightning bomb had none of the presence of hard lightning, but no one doubted its power.

Second Kong and Third Kong knew its power and didn't dare to underestimate it, Second Kong reached and slapped his ling armor, a large serpent flying out of the silver ling armor, growing in the air. In an instant, this large serpent had expanded to ten zhang long, its body as thick as a water barrel, inspiring fear in those who looked upon it. Third Kong started chanting at the same time, reaching out and pointing at the big serpent. A bloody light flew from his fingertip, and entered the body of the big serpent.

The big serpent flickered out with its forked tongue, a pained expression floating into its icy eyes.

Two bumps suddenly appeared on its forehead, the bumps quickly growing as though something was going to grow out. Pew, two fresh coral red horns pierced through the bumps and grew out.

Hiss!

The pain in the big serpent's eyes retreated, the icy snake pupils tightly looking at Zuo Mo.

Zuo Mo's eyes did not move as though he had not seen the enormous Bloody Horn Serpent. He carefully controlled the lightning bomb on his fingertip. [Yang Fiend Hard Lightning] was one of the strongest killing moves in his arsenal. Zuo Mo had spent a lot of effort on it. Pu Yao had not been sparse in his teachings. Zuo Mo had managed to make some

variations on this one move of [Yang Fiend Hard Lightning]. This lightning bomb was one of them.

There were more variations, but the difficulty of controlling hard lightning did not decrease in the slightest.

[Yang Fiend Hard Lightning] was not like the other kinds of hard lightning xiuzhe used. The hard lightning this moved used was the hard lightning that existed naturally in the world! The power to manipulate the power of the world, this was the core of [Little Thousand Leaf Hands].

This also meant that Zuo Mo needed to be extremely attentive with his control. His consciousness was still not large enough, there would be a clear time where his lightning bomb would form. If his consciousness was large enough, he could take in all the hard lightning from a one hundred li radius area. But right now, the area he could control was only twenty zhang in radius.

Finished!

The last thread of hard lightning was absorbed into the lightning bomb. Zuo Mo did not hesitate and flicked his finger!

The lightning bomb turned into a burning stream of light tinted with red as it charged at the two people.

Nothing could compare to the speed of lightning!

The lightning bomb reached the two people just after it left Zuo Mo's hands. The Bloody Horn Serpent saw that he could not move to their aid in time so an unexpected scene occurred! The lightning bomb flew to a distance three zhang from the two people, and could not move in any further!

The swirling lightning bomb was forcefully blocked by an invisible wall!

The hearts of Lei Peng and the others shook!

A space shield!

Fifth-grade!

This Bloody Horn Great Serpent was actually a fifth-grade ling beast!

How was it possible!

Fifth-grade ling beasts definitely were not something a ningmai could deal with, but at the same time, a fifth-grade ling beast was not something a ningmai could control.

But what was happening in front of them was not an illusion!

The invisible wall that stopped the lightning bomb was a space shield, a space shield that only fifth-grade ling beasts could have! The space surrounding any fifth grade ling beast would naturally form an invisible defensive area, like it was a wall of energy, which people called a space shield!

This was a space shield!

Zuo Mo also recognized it was a space shield. He didn't have time to think further, the spell on his hands changing with the flow.

Pia!

Like an egg being cracked, the lightning bomb instantly shattered.

Boom!

The compressed hard lightning inside the lightning ball suddenly exploded like an ancient yao beast waking up from its dream. A destructive presence suddenly expanded!

In an instant, a thread of fear came into the icy snake eyes of the Bloody Horn Serpent!

Countless electrical snakes rampaged within the space shield!

The thick body of the Bloody Horn Serpent suddenly started to twist. Second Kong and Third Kong were flicked into the air like bags of sand!

"Bastard!"

"Beast!"

Second Kong and Third Kong were full of anger and fear. They had never thought that the Bloody Horn Serpent would not be under their control! The two of them exchanged a look and did not hesitate in turning and

fleeing.

Lei Peng and the other two seemed to wake up from their dreams. They knew it was not the time for their minds to wander. If they were not careful, with this ferocious ling beast in front of them, everyone would die here today.

“Sky Wave Fist!

“Abyss Beast Soul Consuming Sabre!”

“Lotus Flower Fall!”

Three figures crossed as they charged at the Bloody Horn Serpent!

Zuo Mo tightly followed the furiously twisting Bloody Horn Serpent. Strangely, he did not feel any terror.

There was a space shield over every part of the Bloody Horn Serpent. The yin fire bead could not penetrate the space shield, and be fully effective.

Zuo Mo's face was expressionless, his eyes as deep and serene as water, his two hands slowly rising. His slow movements, in this frantic battle, was abnormally attention-catching!

*

Translator Ramblings: We are back to Zuo Mo in this chapter. The plot barely moves along, just action.

I have a bit of a throbbing headache that's continued for two days. I don't actually remember how I edited this chapter so sorry if you see any weird mistakes or typos.

Also, someone noticed a typo in my last chapter title!

Chapter 234: Fury and Killing Intent

Lei Peng and the others attacked at the same time.

At this time, they felt the taste of what it was like for Boss' lightning bomb to not be able to move forward. It was like there was an invisible ball of energy in front of them. The flying swords and sabres in their hands were forcibly blocked. Destructive ling power flooded in, but there was no response, like mud cows entering the ocean.

The three were very shocked. Before they were able to retreat, a force suddenly came. They were not able to control their bodies.

Woosh woosh woosh!

The barrel thick body of the Bloody Horned Great Serpent twisted and turned. Like three sandbags, the three people were thrown about.

Zuo Mo did not raise his head. Every stray thought in his mind had flown away at this time. The arms that he had raised slightly wavered, the movements soft like the ethereal willow branches in the spring.

Hiss!

The Bloody Horned Great Serpent opened its bloody maw, revealing the arm thick fangs covered in saliva. A nasty odor spread everywhere. When the venomous saliva dripped on the ground it would create a bloom of smoke. The almond yellow eyes of the snake were empty, so cold there was no warmth, only the most instinctive desire to kill.

It stared at Zuo Mo, the killing desire in its eyes became even heavier. Just having suffered from the lightning bomb, the Bloody Horned Great Serpent was full of hate towards Zuo Mo.

Hiss hiss hiss!

The snake tail covered in fine silver scales was like a quickly vibrating rattle, giving out a soul-shocking sound as it shot towards Zuo Mo like an arrow! The space shield around the snake tail also vibrated at high speed. Everywhere it passed, the air was cut up into pieces.

The souls of Lei Peng and the others who were still in the air almost left their bodies. They could only see the snake tail! They were only able to see a ball of shadow, a shattered figure like a school of fish made from many little fishes!

All three of them were battle hardened, yet an instinctive terror uncontrollably spread into every corner of their body!

Even if Boss had a ling shield, he definitely could not stop this attack!

The attack of the Bloody Horned Great Serpent was close to the peak of physical power!

There were countless methods in the world, but no matter which kind of power, when they reached the peak, all paths ended up at the same place.

The three felt as though they were in a glacier, the blood in their bodies freezing in an instant. If Boss died, all of them would not be able to survive! The jinzhi on their bodies would restrict their souls instantly!

Suppressing the soreness of his body, Zong Ru forcefully bit his tongue. A thick tang spread in his mouth! Of the three, only he had a thread of energy. He had not wasted his training in this recent while! In blocking this kind of physical attack, dhyana xiu had a natural advantage.

Ling power furiously circulated through his body, moving without regard for the consequences.

He was like a piece of lead, suddenly dropping down. Bam, a figure shot out of the dirt!

He suddenly appeared in front of Zuo Mo, the scattered afterimages at the center of his vision. The frightening rattles did not have any effect on him now.

His mind was empty, focused on one aim, no shock, no joy, no fear, no anger, carefree!

A string of wooden Buddhist beads on his wrist slowly lit up, a warm and deep yellow light covering his entire body.

Inside the light, Buddhist sounds rang, and countless flashing sutra

characters swam.

Pew!

The snake tail forcefully whipped the golden light on Zong Ru's body. The golden light instantly dimmed, and wavered uncertainly like a candle flame lingering in the wind.

The Bloody Horned Great Serpent felt as though it had whipped a burning piece of metal, and hissed painfully, the thick serpent body furiously twisting! Paing! Each bone was in pain, pain that reached the marrow!

Pia pia pia!

The wooden Buddhist beads on Zong Ru's wrist simultaneously exploded into dust, the yellow light extinguishing. Zong Ru uncontrollably spat out blood and fell backwards!

Before he fell unconscious, he seemed to see two glasslike lights flash.

[Sky Glass Fist]!

Fourteen revolution [Sky Glass Fist]!

The fists that appeared like glass were so detailed that every line could be seen, just the same as Zuo Mo's fists!

Fear finally slipped into the emotionless yellow eyes of the Bloody Horned Great Serpent. Yet the two fists that were so detailed they look like toys moved silently, but seemed to have a deadly attraction. It could not muster up a thought of dodging.

Bam bam!

The two fists hit its space shield.

There was no earth-shattering sound. Its space shield, which had be so strong and never had been penetrated before, was like a bubble which had been gently poked!

Impossible!

This was impossible!

For the first time, its body was exposed to the outside!

Terror had not even spread through its heart when a non-descript little bead impacted its enormous body.

The almond yellow eyes became blank. A pale coldness furiously spread along its body with astonishing speed.

Hiss!

The Bloody Horned Great Serpent made a sound as though it was being carved by a knife, yet the wail seemed to have been gripped and cut off by something else. It felt darkness flood it and drown it.

Zuo Mo's mind was ringing. He could only hear the sound of his heartbeat, his eyes blurred. Everything on the outside seemed so illusory, like they were shadows without any feeling of realism. Compared to the illusion of the outside, his body was extremely detailed in his vision. He was able to see the clearly defined channels of various sizes, the blood vessels which were like tree trunks, the strangely constructed muscles, and the ling power spread through his marrow and tendons, and the earth energy that was repairing his body

Lei Peng and Nian Lu saw the remaining half section of the Bloody Horned Great Serpent, and couldn't help but gulp, their eyes full of disbelief.

Fifth-grade!

This was a fifth-grade ling beast!

Boss was able to kill a fifth-grade ling beast!

The Bloody Horned Great Serpent had become an ice sculpture, motionless, its entire body was a pale white.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu's eyes suddenly shrank. The two stared with terror

at the horns of the Bloody Horned Great Serpent!

It was withering away!

Withering away at a rate possible to be seen with the naked eye!

Lei Peng did not know how many fights he had experienced, but the terror caused by the strange scene in front of him was uncontrollable, especially since it was a fifth-grade ling beast. He used all the energy in his body to turn his gaze away.

He didn't dare to watch!

It was a kind of pale white that was lifeless. It had a strange and abnormal powers. He was afraid he would lose the last of his courage.

When his gaze moved to the other size, he instantly became alarmed. "Boss!"

Boss was still maintaining his stance after the punch!

A bad feeling suddenly rose. Lei Peng furiously flew towards Boss. After Lei Peng's shout, Nian Lu also woke up. When he saw that Boss was unmoving, his expression changed dramatically!

Crash!

Like a piece of wood, Zuo Mo collapsed head first.

The two flew towards Zuo Mo. The jinzhi on their bodies had not acted. The two felt slightly reassured. That meant that Boss was not fatally wounded.

They could not attend to the Bloody Horned Great Serpent that was withering. One of them grabbed Zuo Mo and the other grabbed Zong Ru before they flew quickly towards the camp. The two didn't dare to go through the valley. That black gourd had not looked as though it was a harmless object.

The two of them were filled with fear. Who could have thought that two ningmai could summon a fifth-grade ling beast.

A fifth-grade ling beast and a fourth-grade were just separated by one

grade, but the difference between the two was a deep abyss that could not be crossed. The space shield was just one of the major differences. Ling beasts fifth-grade and above were completely protected in the space shield. In reality, a space shield was just an area with ling power, a ling power area controlled by the ling beast and had many abilities.

Fifth-grade ling beasts were existences that only jindan could touch.

Overtaking their fear was a furiously burning anger, one that burned to every corner of their hearts.

When Gongsun Cha returned to the camp, his face was as dark and heavy as water. He had lost the round! He had killed all the way to fifty paces from the commander of the enemy. Only fifty paces! He was extremely furious. If he only had another small troop of Balloon Fish mo, he could pull the other into the ground with him!

Gongsun Cha did not feel happy at all, it was the his first time he made the mysterious person enter such a sorry state and yet his plan had not succeeded. Even though he would lose every match, even though he should be used to defeat, but even so, he hated failure, had an unparalleled hatred, even if the other was stronger than him, more powerful than him!

This battle definitely had given the mysterious person a shock, but so what? No matter how great the shock was, but it was a defeat. To him, there was no meaning!

Damn It!

Gongsun Cha appeared in the camp with a dark face, and the atmosphere at the camp instantly decreased. Everyone knew they could not provoke Lil' Miss at this time!

Just at this time, when Gongsun Cha saw Lei Peng and Nian Lu stumble back with Zong Ru, he felt all the blood in his body freeze!

Clang! He felt that his head was hammered and there was a period of blankness.

When the camp saw the wounded Boss and Zong Ru, the camp exploded, everyone's expressions changing.

Damn it!

Wasn't this taking their lives as well?

If Boss died, everyone here would not survive! Everyone's heart was being frantically, their complexions terrible.

"Who f***ing did this?"

"Kill them!"

... ..

Gongsun Cha woke up from his daze. He took a deep breath. The energy in his body that had just left came back in a flood. The blood which had just frozen seemed to have suddenly started burning, and rose up!

A blush came onto his face as though the delicate face could drip blood.

"All of you, shut up!"

The anger in his head was like the eruption of a volcano, the burning blood turning to a shout.

The tendons in his forehead, at the corner of his eyes, and his neck bulged like they were earthworms, extremely fierce when paired with his ruddy face!

All the noise in the camp suddenly stopped, and entered a deathly sentence. Everyone was frightened by the fierce Lil' Miss.

"What happened?"

Gongsun Cha suppressed the boiling fury inside, his voice rough and controlled, like a black cloud covering everyone's hearts. The deliberate calm of Lil' Miss made everyone's heart uncontrollably shudder.

Lei Peng and Nian Lu hurriedly narrated everything that had happened in detail.

When they heard that the two xiuzhe had summoned a fifth-grade ling beast, the camp was full of gasps, and when they heard that Boss had

killed this fifth-grade Bloody Horned Great Serpent, everyone gasped.

In the deathly silent camp, everyone dazedly listened to Lei Peng's trembling voice as he described how the serpent turned a terrifying pale white and then broke down into dust.

"It's the Kong Brothers under Venerable Chi's command. Of the same group as the guy who spied on us last time," Xie Shan opened. "Boss isn't seriously harmed, Zong Ru has much heavier wounds, and needs to rest for a while."

His cultivation was the highest, his eyes the keenest and able to accurately judge the wounds. His words caused everyone to relax.

Gongsun Cha's expression did not turn even the slightest bit better. He generally understood the situation of the Rainbow Mark butterfly.

If Shixiong really met an unexpected occurrence, then he himself

He fisted his hands, unaware that his fingernails had cut into his flesh.

He definitely would not forgive himself!

He raised his head, his eyes bloodshot. He relaxed his fist and the fingernails came out of the flesh.

"Organize and depart!"

*

Translator Ramblings: Gongsun Cha lost all of his virtual army and still didn't manage to kill Pu Yao. Now Zuo Mo's state is pouring fuel onto the fire.

Thank you guys for your comments.

WanderingGummiOfDoom was super and revised a whole bunch of past chapters. I'm just slow at going through them after he is done but they will be posted. I feel like if I do not have it down in writing, I won't do it, which is why the revisions of my first translation have been sitting on my computer for months.

Chapter 235: The Butcher's Three Section Wave Killing Charge

Zuo Mo laid on the ground, the three Golden Armor Guards by his side.

His body was like a sponge, continuously absorbing earth energy from the ground. Fourteen revolutions of ling power was over his body's limit. The terrifying ling power had almost destroyed his arms.

The uncontrolled ling power travelled everywhere inside his body. The earth energy was like paramedics, trying their best to repair Zuo Mo's body.

Destruction, repair, destruction again, repair again

Zuo Mo's body was like a battlefield, the ferocity of battle almost unimaginable. His limbs occasionally convulsed which looked extremely strange. No one noticed that as his body was repeatedly damaged, the impurities in his flesh and blood would be tempered immediately.

The earth energy that came after was like glue that was full of life, reconstructing the broken flesh.

This was just the start.

The Golden Crow Fire was also rampaging. When it was completely free from suppression, it silently spread, merging with the ling power and started a new round of damage of even greater magnitude.

The five element glass bead detected danger, and automatically turned, absorbing ling power from the surroundings. At the same time, threads of pure five element base source were released. They mixed with the earth energy, and repaired Zuo Mo's body.

The mo matrix on Zuo Mo's body flickered on and off. The three Golden Armor Guards by his side did not move. They were like statues, standing with their swords, motionless.

Suddenly, Zuo Mo's frozen and wooden face started to boil like boiling porridge, appearing extremely frightening.

The Golden Crow Fire and the ling power had entered his face, and started to rampage and destroy. The earth energy and five element base source arrived at their tail, and the two sides started a new skirmish on his face.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao's expression was heavy.

The present situation's complexity was far beyond his predictions, and was outside of his limits to deal with. His blade like narrow lips did not have any of the usual scorn and mockery, only a deep bitterness and helplessness.

After he had escaped the Yao Forging Tower, his strength had started to slip away.

Even though he had predicted it beforehand, but he had not thought that the power would slip away so quickly. His present power was not even a quarter of what it had been when he had first met Zuo Mo.

This bit of strength was not enough to support him, to choose another person to hold his soul.

His expression was unparalleled in its ugliness, ferocity flashing through his eyes. The hatred in his heart had no place to vent. He could only try to think and recall if there was any spell or secret method that was suitable for Zuo Mo's present situation.

Pew pew pew!

Zuo Mo's face suddenly exploded, blood and gore flying. His face had been forcibly changed by someone before. There were many blood clots and flesh tumors below his skin. That was the true cause of his paralyzed and wooden face. The Golden Crow Fire and ling power mixed together into a destructive force that swept away these blood clots and tumors.

The earth energy with the five element base source was like a loyal bodyguard. Everywhere it passed, the exposed flesh stopped bleeding, and new flesh grew at a rate visible to the naked eye.

The same battle was happening on every corner of Zuo Mo's body.

Flesh continuously exploded, and then regrew. Gradually, the blood scabs on Zuo Mo's body became increasingly thicker.

In the sea of consciousness, Pu Yao was slightly panicked. A thought flashed through his head. When he recalled a previous situation on Wu Kong Mountains, he suddenly turned around his face, and started to swear at the gravestone.

“What are you waiting for?”

The gravestone shrouded in the black clouds suddenly sucked the surrounding black clouds into it.

The black gravestone became even more deep and dark, the surface of the gravestone was black but was as shiny as a mirror.

Suddenly, there seemed to be a shadow moving on the gravestone.

Gradually, the shadow became clear on the gravestone, it seemed like the shadow of a person!

The figure was very indistinct, and the features were not clear. As the figure appeared, a vast presence suddenly appeared.

Pu Yao dazedly looked at the indistinct yet familiar figure on the gravestone. It was as though a body paralysis curse had been cast upon him. He was motionless.

“The mountain valley twenty li ahead is Venerable Chi's base.” Xie Shan was very familiar and naturally knew because he had been in conflict with Venerable Chi for a long time. He was also full of fear. If something really had gone wrong with Boss, he would have died without an explanation.

Gongsun Cha did not hesitate, and said darkly, “Kill!”

As his voice landed, the chisel shaped attack formation of the moving group instantly changed. The two wings spread out like two gigantic claws that viciously pushed forward.

Such a ruckus, the other side naturally was prepared.

Seven xiuzhe flew up and welcome them. One of the people opened and inquired, "You"

"Kill!" Gongsun Cha did not have the interest in chatting with the other and interrupted him.

Three little teams were like three bolts of lightning. Without a word, they leapt at the seven enemies.

The seven xiuzhe evidently had not expected that Gongsun Cha would not even give a greeting before starting the fight, and instantly panicked.

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack!"

One of the xiuzhe had learned a spell similar to [Sky Thunder Sound]. When he shouted, it echoed through the mountains! The enemy had come brimming with killing intent. The seven people quickly worked together in defense.

This place was their base. If they could hold the other side back for a moment, their reinforcements would arrive. All of the xiuzhe that could survive in Little Mountain Jie were old-timers experienced in fighting. Everyone knew what they had to do, and what they should not do.

"Form the formation!" The leader shouted.

The other six moved into position, their flying swords and talismans out.

But right after, the expressions of the seven changed!

A little team from the other side charged at them with no signs of slowing down!

The three people were like a little chisel, their flying swords in their hands pressed to the maximum, each spitting with long sword energies! The three sword energies crossed and merged, forming a terrifying sword energy two zhang wide, and ten zhang long!

Woo woo woo!

The sound of the enormous sword energy tearing the air shook their souls!

The seven people had never expected the enemy to attack with such determination, without holding anything back! That was insane! While this kind of attack would be powerful, but it meant sacrificing any variation. If the enemy was able to dodge or bear it, these three people would become calves waiting for slaughter.

The seven people unconsciously chose to dodge.

It was unwise to face such a ferocious attack head on.

The seven people that scattered did not realize the formation they had just formed instantly crumbled.

The three people holding the gigantic sword energy were like a enormous and sharp sword, and could easily slice through the seven people. The two other little teams that followed tightly after were like panthers that smelt blood, and silently followed. The seven people that had been scattered were quickly divided into several groups.

At this time, there were xiuzhe continuously flying from the valley into the sky.

Without Gongsun Cha needing to order, the teams on the two flanks started to attack.

Three section wave killing charge!

With the little team as an unit, one wave charged forth after another as though there was no end. Each team would not linger in battle with each charge, and would leave the space for the team behind them.

The three section wave killing charge was the first battle tactic that Gongsun Cha had learned. Up until now, it was the tactic he was most familiar with using. Compared to the past, it really had completely transformed, and was in a completely different style than Pu Yao's three section wave killing charge.

Pu Yao's three section wave killing charge emphasized strength. It was like a heavy hammer thirty thousand catties heavy, using force to break technique.

Gongsun Cha's three section wave killing charge emphasized transformations. It was especially skilled at dicing and dismembering the enemy.

If Pu Yao's three section wave killing charge was a large hammer, Gongsun Cha's three section wave killing charge was like a little hammer and a little knife. He first used the knife to dismember the enemy, then used the little hammer to smash the pieces. In terms of brute power, his three section wave killing charge was far from Pu Yao's, and many places were raw and in need of perfecting, but in terms of efficiency, he had reached a certain standard.

Several little teams continuously charged and killed among the ranks of the enemy like sharp daggers!

Dismemberment, it was the work butchers were most skilled at.

The former butcher coldly stared at the chaotic battlefield like he was looking at the corpse of a ling beast. The pathways for each slice was so clear in his eyes.

He continued to pass down orders of minor adjustments through the Same Heart Necklace. He had left the Golden Armor Guards behind to protect Shixiong. The target of the Same Heart Necklace had therefore switched to the little teams. Under Gongsun Cha's continuous adjustments, the entire team was like a fine-tuned machine, working faster and cooperating better.

Compared to the scattering and looseness of the enemy, the xiuzhe under his command maintained three people battle units. This caused them to always have the advantage of numbers in battle.

After a while, Gongsun Cha stopped his adjustments, looking at the battlefield without a word.

They had securely taken control of the battle!

No matter if it was in terms of battle tactics or in strength, the xiuzhe under his command held the advantage. This recent while had been a period of rapid growth for those xiuzhe. With large supplies of jingshi, the

Black Processing Meditation mat, and the engraved formations, each person's strength had received a certain degree of improvement.

With the fury of almost having died without knowing, with Lil' Miss' dark stare like a blade at their backs, every team went crazy. No one dared to keep anything back, and no one would do so.

Xie Shan stood guard next to Gongsun Cha. As the person with the highest cultivation in the camp, he had been promoted to Lil' Miss' bodyguard.

If it had been in the past, for the life of him, he would not have believed that he would act as someone's bodyguard one day. Much less a person who was so young and only of zhuji cultivation.

However, he felt no discontent right now. Looking at the xiuzhe to his side that was in control of the battlefield and the dazzling battle tactics, he sighed in admiration.

This was skill! Skill that he definitely could not possess!

In this chaotic time, individual power was so insignificant. This kind of skill meant true power!

He looked with slight sympathy at the xiuzhe who were working to resist on the battlefield. Xiuzhe dropped frequently from the sky like kites who had their string suddenly cut. Falling down from such a high elevation, unless it was a dhyana xiu skilled in body cultivation, other xiuzhe had no chance of survival.

Venerable Chi raised his head to look at the sky, his face ashen.

Just a few more days

He had not expected the other to have attacked them at their base at such a crucial time, and had not expected the other to be so powerful, and for his own subordinates to not even stand up to one attack.

He recognized Xie Shan who was far away, but his gaze landed more on the young person standing next to Xie Shan.

He knew that he had no chance of flipping the situation.

“Let us surrender!”

Venerable Chi said three words that he didn't dare believe he said.

*

Translator Rambings: Pu Yao finally admits some things to himself. I hope this explains some of his actions. With Lil' Miss and the rest in such a fury, this battle does not require more than one chapter. Their training really shows in this chapter compared to the untrained people.

Zuo Mo is undergoing another transformation. I feel the rate of his growth is actually growing faster, which is true to what Fang Xiang wrote in another chapter, but I'm so unused to it. We also get an explanation for why his zombie face is so wooden and paralyzed. It's all scar tissue!

Chapter 236: New Life?

Surrender was a very normal matter in Little Mountain Jie. It was extremely hard to survive here. The result of fighting to the end was injuring both sides. Once a group's power was damaged, they would quickly be swallowed up by another group.

Surrender became an implicit agreement between the factions in Little Mountain Jie. Those that did not understand how to surrender died quickly. Those that did not accept surrender also died quickly. Fight and surrender was the bread and butter of life. There were all kinds of people under Venerable Chi's command. In Little Mountain Jie, anything like loyalty was an illusion, no one would speak of it.

Seeing the situation was not to their benefit, it was normal to him that the remaining people would surrender.

Xie Shan suddenly went next to Gongsun Cha's ear and said something in a low voice. He was very joyful inside. He hadn't expected Venerable Chi to have something as good as this!

Gongsun Cha's face was dark as he listened to the end without saying a word.

Just at this time, the surrounding xiuzhe suddenly shifted restlessly.

Noticing the shock and fear on everyone's eyes, Gongsun Cha raised his head to follow their gaze. His pupils suddenly shrunk, his dark face changing instantly.

At some unknown time, the blue sky where the sun was shining brightly was filled with stars of various sizes.

There was none of the brightness of the stars at night time, but every single one was extremely distinct. Even the blinding sunlight could not steal their light.

Gongsun Cha felt a bone-piercing cold rise from the bottom of his feet.

“So strange! Why would stars appear in the daylight?” Someone asked with puzzlement.

“Dunno. It’s an apparition, probably not anything good.” The person responding was full of worry.

Everyone discussed in low voices. Even those xiuzhe who had surrendered and were tied up put their attention on the sky above their heads.

Gongsun Cha did not say anything. His entire body felt cold, his limbs numb. It was like there was a heavy rock on his chest.

Stars in Daytime!

He did not know what its appearance really meant, but he clearly remembered the first time he saw the Stars in Daytime in Sky Moon Jie, the nightmarish terror that made his bones tremble.

Now, Little Mountain Jie had a repeat of Stars in Daytime.

For some unknown reason, terror took over Gongsun Cha’s body. He forced himself to lower his head, tearing his gaze away from the strange sky.

After a while, his feelings calmed. Such a strange apparition definitely had nothing to do with him, why should he care? His attention landed back on the xiuzhe who had surrendered.

The other xiuzhe had calmed down after than Gongsun Cha did. In their minds, even the strangest apparitions could not compare to the enormous change in Little Mountain Jie.

Seeing Gongsun Cha’s attention land back on the xiuzhe, Xie Shan hurriedly asked, “What to do with these people?”

“Kill them,” Gongsun Cha’s expression was calm as he lightly said.

“Kill all of them?” Xie Shan was startled and asked instinctively.

“What?” Gongsun Cha tilted his head to look at Xie Shan.

Meeting Lil’ Miss’ calm and slightly delicate gaze, Xie Shan’s heart froze

as he unconsciously avoided the gaze.

Gongsun Cha's orders were loyally carried out. However, everyone's faces were slightly unnatural. They were shocked at Lil' Miss' viciousness. Killing was extremely normal to them. Who hadn't killed? But massacring captives

But when they saw the calmness on Gongsun Cha's face, no one dared to speak.

From beginning to end, Gongsun Cha personally watched as all the captives were killed, his eyes not even blinking. That was truly killing without blinking! Xie Shan's scalp felt numb. The faint and bashful smile on Lil' Miss' face made him only have one thought – run!

Suppressing the urge to turn and run, he was full of regret. Why had he showed off? Now, he was Lil' Miss' personal body. Xie Shan's mouth felt bitter.

Gongsun Cha clapped, the usual shy smile on his face. "Everyone performed well today."

No one made a sound.

"Five teams stay and guard here. Everyone else, return to camp, now." He did not look at the corpses on the ground, turning and leaving.

Clear Sky Sect was built on top of a snowy mountain, the jie river roared past here as it entered Sky Water Jie. Among the white snow, tall towers stood, all of them built from second-grade snow crystals, extremely extravagant! Six thousand steps of ice stairs curved down the mountain. At the bottom end of the ice stairs was a crystal tablet made from a whole piece of snow crystal seven zhang tall. Written on it in cinnabar ink were two bright words – Clear Sky.

At this time, Clear Sky Sect was a mess.

"What happened?"

"I don't know! Old Forefather rang the warning bell!"

“Then something major definitely happened!”

“Stop wasting effort guessing. Let’s move faster. We’ll be punished if we are late.”

Disciples of various ages hurried to the big hall. In a short while, all the disciples had gathered, an entire patch of silent black. The sect leader and others were standing on the side.

On the meditation mat at the very front was a xiuzhe whose hair was loose. He was wearing a snowy-white robe, appearing about forty or so. He was Clear Sky Old Forefather. The remaining and only jindan of the Clear Sky Sect.

Clear Sky Old Forefather slowly started to speak, his voice clear.

“Just now, there was a worldly apparition. Stars in Daytime, it is an inauspicious omen.”

Once the words came out, the crowd fell into a fervor. Many people had seen the Stars in Daytime just now, but no one had expected that even the Old Forefather was also alarmed.

“Send someone to investigate!” Clear Sky Old Forefather said, his words absolute.

“Yes!” The sect leader lowered his head in compliance.

“How are the recent supplies?” Clear Sky Old Forefather asked, “Have the ling grains from Hundred Flower Alliance been delivered on schedule?”

The sect leader said respectfully, “They have been delivered at the scheduled time. They hope that they can trade for some third and fourth-grade gold element materials, and have given extremely generous prices. They are willing to use a batch of third-and fourth-grade talismans to trade. They are also willing to give Old Forefather a sixth-grade Begonia Lantern in tribute.”

Clear Sky Old Forefather said in a deep voice, “Hundred Flower Alliance are skilled in entering the path through flowers. I have heard of their

Begonia Lantern before, it's not a bad talisman. However, they want gold element materials, not wood element materials?"

"Yes, this disciple does not understand, but they are truly purchasing gold element materials," the sect leader responded.

Clear Sky Old Forefather thought and then said, "Send them a reply. Find a place inside the jie to open a market and sell ling grains. Get Hundred Flower Alliance to send a group of xiu slaves. We will sell them to other people, and use ling grains to purchase materials."

"Old Forefather is wise," the sect leader flattered.

"How many ningmai disciples does our sect have?"

"Old Forefather, there is one hundred and twenty people."

"Too little!" Clear Sky Old Forefather shook his head, "Go recruit a group of ningmai and make them the Outer Hall. Their job is to take care of the affairs of the jie."

"Yes!"

"You shall personally go to Sky Water Jie." Clear Sky Old Forefather thought and then said, "You are to do two things on this trip. The first matter is to see if there is a chance to meet and ally with other factions. The other is to buy a secret paradise to become another home for the sect. Disciples of the sect who show promise shall all go to the second home to cultivate. If our sect can have a few more jindan, this Little Mountain Jie will become our backyard."

"This disciple understands!" The sect leader was full of admiration. Old Forefather was a visionary. If these matters could be accomplished, Clear Sky Sect's rule of Little Mountain Jie could not be shaken.

The ling energy of Little Mountain Jie had withered, but the mines had not been exhausted. It was more than enough for this one jie to support Clear Sky Sect!

"Do not worry. I will stay and guard for you." Old Forefather waved his hand.

Zuo Mo's vision was completely black, a rank odor continuously burrowing into his nose.

Where was this?

Had he died?

That wasn't right, he hadn't died.

After thinking for a while, he finally recalled fighting with the Bloody Horned Great Serpent.

That big guy was truly strong. Fear still lingered.

Impulsiveness was really a flaw! Why had he not managed to control himself? He made a deep self-reflection, and built his resolution that he would turn and run the next time he met something like this.

It had seemed as though that he had killed the big guy, he thought back uncertainly.

Many of the memories were blurry. After thinking for a while, he had not discovered anything.

Itchiness occurred all over his body, pulling him from his memories. His attention came back to the question of where he was.

He did not move, but controlled his consciousness. After he started practicing [Embryonic Breathing Spiritual Cultivation], it had become his habit to always use the consciousness to investigate when he encountered something.

Hm!

Why was it like this?

If he did not clearly know that this was his body, he definitely would not believe the body in front of him had any connection to him.

It was full of vitality!

Extremely dense vitality!

The earth energy inside his body was so thick it was almost in liquid form, and flowed through every corner of his body. A blooming vitality, strong life force. Zuo Mo could clearly feel that intoxicating feeling.

What shocked him anymore was that he could not find any bit of familiarity with the body.

Blood, flesh, sinew, bone

It was completely unfamiliar. It was like a brand new body, a new and perfect body.

At the same time, he found the shell that was tightly covering his body! So strange, why would he be inside a shell?

He reflexively pushed out. Pia, the shell cracked. Light streamed through the crack. It was slightly blinding. Fresh air flowed into the shell. Zuo Mo felt it was unspeakable pleasurable. He greedily breathed in and pushed out!

Bam!

The shell instantly shattered into pieces and flew in all directions.

Zuo Mo stood naked in the air. The fresh air, the bright light, it made him feel like he was reborn.

It really was comfortable. He could not help but breathe in deeply.

At this time, he finally noticed the Golden Armor Guards standing nearby with their swords. So he had came back to camp. His heart relaxed.

Suddenly, he detected many people were flying near on the outside. It was Gongsun Shidi. He bent his head and scanned his bare body, instantly paling.

“Who took off ge’s clothes?”

He hurriedly found a set of ling armor inside the ring and rapidly put it on.

Just as he finished dressing, the door opened with a bang. Gongsun Cha rushed in with a group of people.

Gongsun Cha narrowed his eyes. “Who are you?”

Zuo Mo stilled, his heart discontent. “Shidi, you don’t even recognize me?”

Gongsun Cha’s expression froze on his face. The other people also had strange expressions like they had seen a ghost.

The response from everyone made Zuo Mo realize something. He unconsciously reached to touch his face.

It was like his hand had been bitten by a snake, shrinking back lightning fast. His expression changed dramatically!

This feeling was not right

Without another word, his hand flipped, and a ball of mist floated at the center of his palm, quickly turning to a smooth water mirror.

Zuo Mo was dumbstruck.

*

Translator Ramblings: I didn’t realize so many of you were interested in Zuo Mo’s face.

Fang Xiang slips in more information about life in Little Mountain Jie. It is not a good life right now. Winning is very important. We also meet Clear Sky Forefather, the jindan that Zuo Mo has to defeat in order to leave this jie. The Clear Sky Sect is has its own plans.

Credits

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